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RICHARD HOLT HUTTON.

BY JULIA WEDGWOOD.

RARELY can it have happened that death brought so keen a sense of personal loss to many homes where it extinguished the light of no familiar countenance as when, on September 9 of this year 1897, it forbade all readers to hope for another word from Richard Hutton. The lay sermons from him had come to be looked for no less eagerly than the letters of an Indian mail day. We cut the *Spectator* with as much confidence as we broke the seal dropped by a friendly hand. The article expressed a relation as well as a judgment; it left the mind stimulated as by news of the beloved absent, cheered as by expressions of affection for one's self. For the same reason, no doubt, there were many to whom it said nothing. The *Spectator*, under Hutton's guidance, addressed rather a public than the public. It was faithful to a tradition of periodical writing which, disregarded and defied as it is by the cheap periodicals of the day, will perhaps be felt by those who compare these later publications with their fore-runners to be exactly what makes periodical literature living. A specimen of every opinion of a particular epoch has its own interest, no doubt. It cannot be in any case the ideal of a newspaper; but the *Spectator*, under Mr. Hutton's guidance, was so much more than a newspaper that we naturally

compare it with those clusters of writings which in our day aim at little more than this, and the strong aroma of an individual mind affects us as something unique. Let us, before the sympathetic hush of attention pass away, as it passes so soon, gather up and set on record the grounds of an impression so peculiar.

In noting one negative qualification for this influence, I anticipate no dissentient voice. No one—not even the writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, who encloses Richard Hutton's audience within the walls of a Rectory garden—will deny that he abjured, throughout his career, that alliance with scorn which ordinarily supplies journalism with its most pungent condiments. Nothing that he has written is bitter, or stinging, or pregnant with *innuendo*. Think of all that he cut off in that renunciation! Remove ill nature, and how much of what the world counts wit would remain? Perhaps the best, but how vastly reduced in amount! That removal, at all events, would blunt no single sentence due to his pen; no criticism from him ever wounded a tender memory, or impoverished the springs of creative power in a single mind. Could the same be said of any other journalist of his time? Think over all the temptations to smartness which beset a writer who has

to consult the exigencies of the hour, and weigh the renunciation of one who always refused the cheap efficiency of depreciation. I remember well the laugh—not altogether scornful, and perhaps as much at himself as at any one else—of a Saturday Reviewer, who confessed he found it a difficulty in the way of reading the *Spectator*, that it was “so just.” He was the spokesman of the larger half of the newspaper-reading world. Nothing, indeed, is really less dull than justice. Were it less rare it would be recognized as the spring of literary no less than of moral excellence. But the renunciation of epigram precedes the attainment of that delicate accuracy of interpretation which is as much more satisfying as it is more rare. Perfect justice is perfect literature, but imperfect justice lacks the piquancy of slashing abuse without necessarily attaining the subtle grace of accurate discrimination. It says more for Hutton that he never tried to attain the first of these things than even that he sometimes came very near the last.

Two negative concessions must be made in connection with this negative claim. In the first place we must allow that a critic who aims, above all things, at doing no injustice to any one whom he mentions, whatever his other excellences, will rarely attain that of a simple style. Justice, either in what we must reluctantly call the true sense of the word as an impartial estimate of praise and blame, or in Hutton's sense of a careful allotment of every word of praise that can sincerely be given, is not a simple thing. The endeavor to strain away from condemnation every word that is untrue in itself, and then again every word that, being true in itself, is yet misleading in its general connotation, as so many true words are—this is an endeavor which the exigencies of periodical writing almost inevitably associate with an involved style. There is not time to boil down the substance of every parenthesis into the main sentence, and the frequent use of parenthesis must be accepted, no doubt, as a defect in style. The majority of newspaper readers discovered this defect in Hutton's writings, and their opinion must here stand

for a verdict. But for my own part, I never found his meaning obscure after giving the amount of attention which his subject seemed to me legitimately to demand, and his careful parentheses were to me a characteristic expression of his anxious candor. It is only at second-hand, therefore, that I take note of this disadvantage. But it is impossible for any of his admirers not to feel, at times, that the substance as well as the form of his criticism suffered from this cause. His ideal of the critic's office, as far as he carried it out in his own person (and I can remember but few inconsistencies in what he permitted), was like that of a captain described by Xenophon, who “thought it enough to praise the good, and not to praise the bad.” Whatever things were true, whatsoever were sincere, if there were any virtue, and any possible praise, it was Hutton's care to bring these things before the attention of his readers, and he does not seem to have felt it incumbent on him to appraise them in comparison with similar productions, or in any way to graduate his approval. He had hardly any sense of *rank* in literature. It is a very rare defect in a critic, and perhaps we might without loss get a little nearer that ditch before making any attempt to fill it up. The mutual admiration of a clique, no doubt, is common enough. But Hutton's occasionally exaggerated praise, whatever else it was, had no relation to the mutual admiration of a clique. It might betray the leakage of personal friendship; it never suggested the insurance of a benefit society. He over-praised the unknown, the ineffective; he was a keen critic where his praise might have roused a sonorous response. Still, we must concede that a critic who thinks that the review of a book, like the character of a servant, may consist of, and not merely contain, all the recommendation which he can pronounce with absolute sincerity, will sometimes mislead his readers. Proportion is a primary requisite in literature, and one who looks at all excellence apart cannot be accepted as a guide in the paths of literature strictly so called. But it is not on the field of literature strictly so called that we

looked for the wise and healing words we shall hear no more. It is in literature as an expression of the deepest truth, literature as an answer to the most profound yearnings of our nature. Surely this must always remain the most perennial realm of literature; and when we say that we met our guide here, we can afford to concede, without much sense of loss, that he sometimes failed us elsewhere.

For this recollection is needed to give us a clue to his best work, and an explanation of any disappointment in the rest. His least satisfactory piece of criticism (though full of charm) seems to me his little biography of Scott. A critic of that great genius must turn to what is mere literature. Mere literature—one shrinks from the epithet! It seems almost like talking of mere life. Still if we compare Scott with other great writers we see that the expression, as characterizing his work, is not unmeaning. A more famous attempt to fix his place in literature brings out this limitation with all the force, whatever that may be, of great exaggeration.

"The great mystery of existence," says Carlyle of Scott, "was not great to him . . . no man has written so many volumes with so few sentences that can be quoted. The Waverley novels are not profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for edification, for building up or elevating in any shape. The sick heart will find no healing here, the darkly struggling heart no guidance, the heroic that is in man no divine awakening voice."

I can hardly persuade myself to copy words so unjust, but I have conceded that unjust words are not always untrue, and whatever truth there is here shows us that the creative genius of Walter Scott would not be the best fitted to elicit the critical acumen of Richard Hutton. He had a delicate apprehension of what was most characteristic of Scott. I remember his enjoyment of an expression I quoted from Ruskin, who speaks somewhere of Scott's "far away Æolian note," and many allusions prove him to have been led toward that biography by real sympathy; nevertheless when he concentrated his attention upon a writer who avoided all the depths of life, his reader felt him not at his best. But now turn to his review of the writer, who,

of all novelists least avoided these depths, re-read (for every one who reads these lines must have given it one perusal) his review of "George Eliot as Author," and you have such a specimen of his true intellectual guidance as will either justify those who leaned upon it, or show a divergence rendering a common view impossible. One is at this date somewhat chary of re-opening a review of George Eliot, so much was written about her at the time merely recording, with that uncritical fervor which so soon becomes vapid, the spell of a great genius dealing with the problems of the hour. But in re-perusing the essay in Hutton's "Leaders of English Thought," we come upon that enlightening criticism which I remember its object once declaring no less rare than original creation. It is a luminous and pregnant essay on English fiction, rich in expressions which reveal some characteristic feature in every great writer with whom George Eliot could be compared. "The breadth and spaciousness of Fielding," "the delight in rich historic coloring of Scott," "the bas-reliefs cut out on the same surface" of Miss Austen and the society novelists—all these phrases, simple as they are, gather up the appreciation of a glance at once penetrating and wide reaching; they are the utterance of a mind in direct contact with that which the reader is taught to appreciate. "What we care to know of men and women is not so much their special tastes, bias, gifts, humors, as the general depth and mass of the human nature that is in them"—there we have much more than a clue to the special power of George Eliot. "There is a concentrated sort of egotism about common novels which is one reason why the interest of them is apt to die away in riper years." There again you have a general judgment in the form of a special recommendation which anybody can understand and yet which comes to the mind quite freshly. These judgments are all literary, but the critic was guided toward them by his instinct for what lies deeper than literature. It is his discernment that George Eliot was a preacher as well as an artist which enables him to judge her artistic work.

"To banish confusion from a picture," he says in this essay, "is the first duty of the artist, and confusion must exist where those lines which are the most essential of all for determining the configuration of character are indistinctly drawn." Perhaps that sentence may explain the limitations of his criticism, certainly they indicate the powers which made him a welcome guide to many seekers in his generation.

Thirty-six years ago, when the *Spectator* came under his influence, such guidance as his was even more consciously needed than it is at the present day. It was one of those epochs in the history of the world, when men became suddenly conscious of all that is weak in the assumptions of the past, and those among them to whom those assumptions were precious stretched out groping hands, seeking a new guide. A man of science had just startled the world by showing (as it seemed then) that the creation needed no creator. A brave missionary had admitted the atmosphere of rational judgment to that closed chamber where the notion of literal inspiration, like the corpse in a hermetically sealed tomb, crumbled to dust at that admission. A multitude of agencies, of which these were the most obvious and important expressions, converged upon the faith of the past, and either destroyed or expanded it. Men were shown at the same time that the Bible was full of errors, and that the Creation was a process going on at the present day. Either half of the demonstration would have shaken the fabric of orthodoxy; combined they shattered it. Those who were driven from its tottering walls found various refuges. Many among them awakened to the discovery that, if it were no longer possible to believe in God, it was quite easy to forget Him, and that, while belief was arduous, distracting, incomplete, oblivion might be absolute. Perhaps the discovery had never been made before. Nothing is so unlike oblivion as hatred, and those who had formerly attacked Christianity were, equally with Fénelon or Whitefield, preachers of its vital importance. For the first time in history since Christianity ex-

isted it was possible to ignore Christianity. Nay, it was even found possible, in turning from it, to carry off much that was supposed its inalienable property. The wreck of orthodoxy, it was discovered, had not overwhelmed its treasures, and they who fled the quaking walls carried with them no contemptible proportion of the hoarded wealth. The novels of George Eliot reproduced so much of what had been regarded as Christian feeling and belief that for a long time her simpler readers studied them as pious effusions, and confused her striking aphorisms with texts from the Gospels. The fervor of the pulpit was found also in other writers; and doubtless it was nothing new to find the fervor of the pulpit in an assailant of Christianity, but always previously the true character of this fervor had been forced on the attention of all because it had been employed in a definite attack. But when the mere dictum of science was accepted as making God unnecessary, it became waste of force to explode hypotheses based on His supposed character and operations. They could simply be let alone. "People with a taste for these chimeras may study them," it was felt and said; "we have something better to think of." And nothing in their lives revealed to the world any moral disaster. On the contrary, there was in many cases the withdrawal of a perturbing influence, which left a great calm.

It was one of the equipments which fitted Richard Hutton to become the guide he was to his generation that he understood this state of mind. I cannot think of any one else who did. Many persons noticed it. Maurice and some of his followers set it down, in their indictments against the clergy of the English Church, that they had failed to bring the message of their Master to a world which rightly turned from a travesty of His teaching. Except among those who supposed that any one who took no interest in religion must be wicked, or that any one who ignored religion must be courageous, I cannot conceive a greater misunderstanding of the position of the agnostic. It has long since been confuted by the mere existence of the

party known as the Broad Church, a party of which the *raison d'être* may be described as the abjuring of theology. But this view did not need any experimental confutation for one who really came in contact with this kind of unbelief. A letter lies before me, written by Richard Hutton about a generation ago, of which I will here copy all that is important, though not the whole of this is relevant to the special point now before us. "What you say of Ewald," he addresses his correspondent, "strikes me as profoundly true. Not only does every line of the history prove that the Jewish people, as a people, did *not* devote themselves to the search for God, but were, first from servility, afterward from pride and self-confidence, always revolting against His guidance; but I think nothing is more notable about the attitude of their highest prophets than the *involuntary* character, so to speak, of their inspiration. Theirs is not the tone of *searchers* after God, "if haply they might feel after Him and find Him," but of minds constrained to say, not, indeed, unwillingly, as in the case of Balaam, but still *constrained* to say what they did say. It is to invert the very characteristic of the Hebrew literature to speak of their greatest teachers as Platonic feelers after Deity. But do you not feel it strange that so little of this divine constraint of conviction shows itself even among the finest and truest of modern religious writers? Sometimes God seems to me to have intentionally intermitted His action on the self-conscious side of human intellect in these latter days. Witness the remains of A. H. Clough (one of the finest and truest of modern poets—a man whom I knew well and honored deeply) who gives it as his repeatedly expressed conviction:

"It seems His newer will
We should not think of Him at all . . .
But of the world He has assigned us, make
What best we can."

"Such belief," he goes on, "seems to me inconceivable, yet I clearly follow the series of spiritual disappointments which led Mr. Clough to adopt it seriously as God's real will for the modern world."

As I copy the last sentence, after the interval of so many years from the first perusal of the letter, I see afresh how that double vision of the reasonableness and unreasonableness of Agnosticism qualified Hutton to be the religious teacher of our generation. He had nothing more to say of this averted attention than that he understood it. I do not suppose that is all there is to say about it. But he who saw it, and saw beyond it, was fitted to deal with the problems of our time as no one was who missed its significance, or distorted its explanation. Forty years ago almost every religious thinker seemed to me to do one of these things. It was alike bewildering to be told either that the sudden oblivion of the Eternal which came upon us then as definitely as the dropping of a curtain was a mere generalization from an exceptional case here and there, or that this vast eclipse was due to misstatements in sermons which had not been heard and books which had not been read. How refreshing, when wearied with an endeavor to extract some nutriment from either assurance, to turn to one of those weekly essays which always put us in contact with the facts of life! It is difficult to justify this sense of refreshment; perhaps it will hardly be understood by those who study his books. Important documents for the student of the spiritual life of the nineteenth century, these volumes cannot reproduce the sense of greeting, of encouragement, of stimulus brought by him to an audience listening week by week for his voice in the *Spectator*. Those who try to give an account of any such influence will always, I believe, be astonished to find how much of it is negative. A blank cannot console; a blank cannot stimulate—no, but what we need is contact with some broad stream of thought and feeling that a blank will often admit. Some of the hardest and most scornful atheism of our day has been probably provoked into expression (of course, not created) by the endeavors which originated in sympathy with its supposed perplexities. Nothing so stiffens and hardens unbelief as the attitude which, in confusing it with doubt, betrays an incapacity to apprehend any part of its

real ground. And hence it happened that, from the very start of the *Spectator*, the Broad Church was a subsiding influence in religious life. Whatever it may have accomplished in Christian work, in literature, in ecclesiastical organization, all competent to judge will allow that, as a force in thought, it went for almost nothing. The name of one great leader of thought is sometimes associated with it; but Maurice had no real sympathy with its aims, nor, to say the truth, any clear insight into the difficulties it confronted. A clear recognition of those difficulties, a steady glance beyond them—if this seem a small thing, it can be only to one who has never known these difficulties. Triumphant wrong—unpurifying pain—these things, alas! are as old as humanity. What could any work on the origin of species do to enforce the cogency of their terrible argument against the existence of a divine Father? This, that for the first time it provided a coherent, workable hypothesis of Creation which ignored the existence of a divine Creator. The notion of an automatic creation forced on the intellect a question that had never ceased to torment the heart—why believe in anything above nature? With the attempt to justify an affirmative answer, its difficulties sprang into sudden illumination. Any daily paper was a refutation of the belief in the Divine for one who had leaned heavily on the old view of a Creator, and found it suddenly give way; the list of ordinary casualties and crimes seemed suddenly to need some explanation that had become unattainable. It was discovered then by some who still found support on the old ground that faith in God is, in its simplest form, a mystic faith. A critic in the *Times*, who shows himself intimately penetrated with sympathy for what was most characteristic in the writing of Richard Hutton, says that he was not prone to mysticism. He who, as the same critic happily expresses it, “gave shape and intellectual cogency to what in others were aspirations, vague, unsatisfied desires” was certainly the very opposite of a mystic in the sense in which the word is sometimes used, of making feeling do duty for intellect. But if we

may not say that the mystic element in faith was what gave Hutton the power above described, then we must find some other word to express that element. When one turned from any Broad Church utterance to an essay from his pen, one felt not so much that there was any difference of actual belief—it might be that the views were precisely identical—but that he was moving in a different direction. *Il mare mi chiama*, says the Venetian fisherman. What is it that “calls” each one of us? What magnet determines the curve of our thought? We must look beyond the actual movement to answer that question. On a vast scale the tangent and the circle are for a time indistinguishable; they who are about to part company forever may for a long period, as men reckon time by months and years, appear inseparable allies. What “called” Richard Hutton was the truth of a sacramental belief. The pure theism of his youth melted into those convictions which find their justification in the discernment that language can convey adequately only such truth as belong ultimately to the deliverance of the senses; that, for the truth which appeals to what is deepest in man, words are mere signposts, and facts—what in some form we must call experience—the road that leads to our goal. A sacramental Church, where it is understood, is felt to be no enclosure shutting in an exotic principle inapplicable to ordinary life, but a fertile spot exhibiting the true character of all indistinct and impoverished growth around. “Take, eat; this is my body broken for you,” is an address heard not only within the sacred walls; it is converted there to a promise, but it is heard everywhere. “To them that are without, these things are done in parables”—are *done* (*yivetai*) in parables, not told in them.

This growing approach toward a faith at the opposite pole from the rationalism of his youth seems to me traceable throughout all the writings of Richard Hutton. It explains the strange rumor of these later years, that he had joined the Catholic Church. He had a great sympathy, no doubt, with some doctrines of the Catholic

Church. I remember his speaking to me of an interesting passage in the life of Charles Dickens—his dream that he met once more a dear friend returned from the world beyond the grave, and in answer to his eager inquiry what was the best religion, was told by her, “*For you, the Roman Church is the best.*” “And I can imagine,” said Mr. Hutton (whose repetition of the story is my authority for it, as I never read the book), “that those words were true. The Roman Catholic religion *would* very likely have been the best for him.” If any one thinks that there is no one for whom Roman Catholicism would supply the best discipline, these words, no doubt, will tell us an implicit surrender to the Roman claims. To measure the distance of such discernment from such a surrender would delay us in a tangle of truisms. But it remains that the great historic Church owes its permanence to its hold on the truth of spiritual life, as manifested in fact rather than expressible in words. It is a truth which will always appeal with a peculiar force toward a Unitarian whose faith expands. No writing of Hutton’s so reveals his deepest thought as that essay which gives an intellectual outline to his later faith. “The Incarnation, and Principles of Evidence” sets forth, under what seems to me an unfortunate title, the aspect under which a divine Son appealed to a heart always faithful to the belief in a divine Father. Are we the children of God, as Hamlet and Othello are the children of Shakespeare—beings whom he has invented, and in our case endowed with sentient and conscious existence? Or are we the children of God as that little namesake of Hamlet, whom the poet laid to rest in a green Warwickshire churchyard, was a child of Shakespeare? * Is human paternity, besides being the greatest *fact* of human history, also an expression of something that transcends human history? Is it a sacrament as well as a human relation? This question was that which Hutton set himself to answer in the explanation of his change of belief, which he gave to the

series of “Tracts for Priests and People,” and which, with some omissions very significant for the rapid growth of a sacramental faith, he afterward included in his collected essays. He sought therein to explain the degree in which he felt the great truths of theology dependent on the verdict of historical criticism, and justified the claim that even events, when they were also symbols, should be so far emancipated from that dependence as to be contemplated, to some extent, by their own light. We may feel the existence of a divine elder brother so real, that the fact of his entrance on human history may need even *less* evidence than the birth (for instance) of a son to Julius Cæsar. The *minus* of evidential force noted by the intellect in all that deals with the supernatural may be cancelled by the *plus* of evidential force that springs from what the spirit of man recognizes as most profoundly natural.

It is but following out this train of thought on the other side to suggest a connection between the events of a particular career and the convictions of an individual mind; and the first volumes from the pen of Richard Hutton, though perhaps not in other ways what his admirers would wish to bring forward—for, in truth, they show little of his strength—are a legitimate quarry of information about him. Hutton’s expansion of faith was preceded, whether or not it was influenced, by a vast grief. The wife of his youth was torn from him after a mere moment of union. Perhaps even that moment was overshadowed by the coming separation. Across the interval of half a century comes back her dignified, serious aspect, shrouded in a sort of remoteness, like one whose fine ear catches a distant summons, inaudible to surroundings. The anguish with which he mourned her was soothed by the sympathy of her brother, an author of various pieces in verse and prose, which Hutton edited after his early death. The volumes dedicated to the remains of William Caldwell Roscoe chronicle a wonderfully close friendship, enshrine some verses breathing the atmosphere of true poetry, and recall to one or two persons still living an engaging personality, fragrant with

* Hamnet Shakespeare, the only son of the poet, died in childhood.

playfulness and pathos—one of those recollections which one is surprised to find so distinct and yet so unjustifiable by remembered words or actions. He would have deprecated the attempt at a literary memorial, I should fancy, as earnestly as his brother-in-law has done, but this "gathering up the fragments" was much more to Hutton than the expression of an exaggerated admiration for a dear friend. It was also, I cannot doubt, a training for sympathetic appreciation of all inchoate and imperfect utterance of true thought. Perhaps it was even more than this. It has sometimes happened that death has been a greater revealer than life. It is possible that the endeavor to recall the incidents of a somewhat disappointing career, the grounds of an indestructible impression, may have been such a lesson as to the meaning of the Unseen as nothing else could have given. It is interesting, at any rate, to note the seed of the later faith of Richard Hutton in a remark from one who never shared it. He tells us, in the prefatory memoir which he prefixed to these "Remains," that his brother-in-law once, in speaking of what was then their common Unitarian faith, said to him: "The simplicity of the doctrine of the unity of God is urged in its favor, but I do not know that I always feel this; I am not sure it is not *too* simple to be the full truth." "I gathered his meaning to be," Hutton goes on, "that a voluntary self-revelation of the Divine Mind might have been expected to reveal even deeper complexities of spiritual relations in the eternal nature and essence than are found to exist in our humanity—the simplicity of a harmonized complexity, not the simplicity of absolute unity. But the remark was one of those which often fell from him in his higher imaginative moods without seeming to hang together with any permanent train of thought in his own mind." The work from which these words are taken was published in the opening of 1860, and they show that for seven years after his early bereavement the faith of his youth had undergone no substantial change; but seven years is not a long interval for a new influence to work underground. A great sorrow

either destroys trust in God, or allies it with a sense of mystery. He who feels both that God is a Father, and that a crushing blow is from His hand, is prepared, by other than intellectual or even spiritual discipline, to break through the limits of a merely rational faith. Those who can trust God through anguish enter on new views of His relation to the world. Every page of Hutton's tract on the Incarnation is an attempt to show that it presented itself to him as a dynamic truth—as something as full of bearing on the conditions of spiritual life as a true understanding of the nature of oxygen on the conditions of the animal life. It was to him a mystery, not in the sense in which we ordinarily use the word, as something without any intelligible meaning for us but which we accept on account of our trust in the speaker or writer, but rather a mystery in the true etymological sense, a jewel in a locked casket, of which we do or may possess the key. As a *fact* it was an event in the history of Judæa, rightly disbelieved by those who demand for it the evidence adequate to an extraordinary and unprecedented event. But as a *doctrine* it is a principle giving to the perplexities of human life all the explanation which they are capable of receiving—showing, that is, that all the experience, and therefore all the duty, of humanity, has its root in the divine nature, and that man, not only when he exercises justice and mercy, but when he resigns himself to a higher Will and accepts the allotment of a hard fate, draws on a spring of strength that is in very truth divine.

The foregoing notice may appear to linger unduly on Hutton's theological attitude. It was only one side of his efficiency as editor of the *Spectator*. He would not, indeed, have been so effective a theological guide if he had not been much besides. His influence sprang from the fact that he never shrank from tracking the principles of divine judgment into the concrete applications of the day. He did not stop at the decision which satisfies some elevating and inspiring teachers—"so far as you follow out this or that principle you are true to your own ideal, so far as you admit self-seeking or partial im-

pulse you are false to what you yourself have set up as an ultimate claim." He entered on the more arduous and perilous position—"this is the side which incorporates most of those impulses which lead toward truth—that gathers up, on the whole, what opposes it." Of course he could not be a political writer without doing so, but very few political writers are so much besides. He committed himself to special applications of the inferences from eternal truth, and proved his devotion to an ideal by following it across the track of an admired teacher and even against the whole urgency of his influence. He is admitted by respectful but decided opponents to have been a force on the side of our national union, a tribute to his political weight which could be given to no other spiritual teacher of this century. Few indeed are the leaders of thought who turn, as he did, both to the heights of eternal principles, and to the valleys of concrete application. But these descents into the realm of the concrete need no review from one who seeks to gather up what was most characteristic in him. They open the region of the temporary, they bring to mind divergence, and where they bring to mind close agreement and warm encouragement they do not, somehow, revive what one so much seeks to revive as one looks backward. In some respects Richard Hutton was an opponent of the reforms I thought needful. He was a decided and persistent opponent of female suffrage. He always urged that the only advocates of female suffrage who had any case were those who sought to represent women as women, and that the ideal of simply not *preventing* a qualified elector from voting on account of sex, which is what seems to me the true principle, was a mere transient resting place in an inevitable descent. I recur to the controversy only to mark the in-

dependence of his position. His sympathies would have been naturally all on the side of woman. He felt the woman's point of view on every subject on which a woman's point of view can be said to exist. But he also felt, and I wish they were more generally felt, the disadvantages of representing a class which outweighs all others, and yet cannot furnish a single soldier. I think it was in great measure his strong sympathy with women which led him to suppose their cause might be safely entrusted to representatives of whom all had a mother, and almost all a wife or a sister. If it was an error, it was not the exclusiveness of a narrow nature, but the delusion of one which supposed its own expansive sympathies an inheritance of the race.

His injunction that no memoir of him should be given to the world is in harmony with all the expectations roused by any knowledge of his character. He was one of the least egotistic of men. It is possible indeed that some little flaws of graciousness felt now and then in personal intercourse would have been avoided if one so kindly had had a more adequate sense of his own importance. I cannot think that anything here written sins against that injunction. I merely seek to record the impression which one of those who for thirty years has listened to his voice took of that which he himself gave to the world—to harmonize for my fellow-listeners his various utterances and gather up in grateful memory the message which lay at the heart of all. I do not write for the public; I write for his audience. The attempt to interpret him to a wider circle would be checked, if by no other reason, by the reminder, always sounding in my ears:

"Non far, chè tu se' ombra, e ombra vedi."

—*Contemporary Review.*

THE CANADIAN ENIGMA.

BY A. SHADWELL.

WE have come to a momentary pause in the movement toward Imperial Federation. Before any further practical steps can be taken time is required to realize more accurately the bearings of the present situation, and to ascertain the trend of public opinion in the self-governed Colonies with respect to the problems before us. Of the three questions propounded by Mr. Chamberlain at the Conference with the Colonial Premiers—namely, Political Union, Defence, and Commercial Union—the last is in the most forward state, and apparently the nearest to solution. By the abrogation of the German and Belgian treaties the ground has been cleared for further action, and if the Colonies desire to enter into closer commercial relations with the Mother Country they are now free to do so. The future depends, at any rate in the first instance, upon their attitude.

In this connection, particular importance attaches to the attitude of Canada, which carries a double influence as the largest Colonial unit, and as the initiator of a new departure. It is, therefore, most desirable to know what Canada really wants and intends. At present her position is ambiguous. The case has been clearly put in *The National Review* (September No., p. 142): "Is she working toward Free Trade with all nations, or is she making toward an Imperial Zollverein?" The whole question of commercial union—and with it probably all hope of closer relations of any kind—depends upon the answer. For if Canada really means to go in for Free Trade, there is an end of any special inter-Imperial Union, the essence of which is some form of preferential trading between the component parts of the Empire. It is mere self-deception to blink this issue. A general change in Canada's fiscal policy might be very admirable and very gratifying to some people's feelings, but it could bring her actually no nearer to us and to the other Colonies. Nearness implies a special relation, a preference,

that is, something absolutely negated by the principle of Free Trade. You cannot have both. You cannot be both general and special at the same time, and Canada must choose between the two. At present, as I have said, her position is ambiguous. How ambiguous is seen from the different interpretations placed upon it according to the predilections of the interpreter. The popular view is that she has shown and is showing a preference for the Mother Country. It is embodied in Kipling's line, "But I abide by my mother's house," and it has been put forward in many Jubilee speeches. On the other hand, the Cobdenites have hailed the action of Canada as a pure piece of Free Trade, and therefore opposed to the preferential idea. In truth the new move is so adroitly designed, so delicately poised, that you may make it what you please according as you turn the converse or the obverse. Show one side, and the application is general; show the other, and behold! it is special. In the confusion of mind engendered by Jubilee emotions this kind of juggling may pass for a time, but it will not bear more careful scrutiny. Brought face to face with any practical test, the balance must fall on one side or the other, and the question is which?

The answer must be sought in Canada, and it is not easy to get. I have just spent some weeks there in the attempt to grasp the Canadian point of view, and to estimate the drift of public opinion. I have discussed the question, as a perfectly neutral outsider, with a number of well-informed men representing various interests and various points of view—with every one, in fact, likely to throw any light upon it, and with as many as possible in a limited time. Had my time been longer, I might have been able to make a more exhaustive inquiry and to speak with more confidence. As it is, my observations are only offered as a contribution toward a subject of no little difficulty. If they help English readers to under-

stand the Canadian point of view somewhat better than it appears to have been understood hitherto, they will have amply fulfilled their purpose.

At the outset, let me anticipate a probable piece of criticism by observing that in Canada the question is considerably obscured by party politics. Few men are quite unbiassed by this factor. The discussion of Free Trade *v.* Protection does not lie, as it still does in England, outside party lines. On the contrary, it is the great standing party question of the country, and consequently the views held upon it by every man who takes an interest in politics are naturally somewhat colored. If he is a good Conservative, for instance, his hostility to Free Trade will be more uncompromising than it might be if he were merely occupied with the abstract merits of the case. One recognizes that, and is not deceived by it. The disinterested observer has no difficulty in making allowance for some extra vehemence on this head. But it applies equally to both sides, and, after all, prejudice is part of the game. It is a factor in deciding the issue, and should not be eliminated in any attempt to judge what that is likely to be. If, therefore, any critic should object that, as a stranger, I have fallen among thieves, so to speak, and have been stuffed with party feelings and passions, I would reply that my object was to ascertain what men think, not to decide between them as to what is really the best policy for Canada. To pronounce upon that complex question would require a profound and intimate knowledge of the conditions, to which I have no pretensions.

This premised, I will pass on to the result of my inquiries, and will say at once that I met with no signs of a serious movement toward Free Trade, but with many signs of a strong desire for preferential trade within the Empire. Convinced Free Traders, indeed, I met with, and I am bound to say they struck me as taking a wider and more thoughtful view of the situation than their opponents. But when pressed they became vague and visionary. Their attitude seemed to rest more upon an abstract regard for the princi-

ple of Free Trade than upon a definite conviction of the precise benefits it would confer upon Canada. These they were unable to point out, except in general terms. Nor did they express a belief that public opinion in Canada was at all ripe for the change. They could only look forward with a somewhat chastened hope to a very gradual advance and the piecemeal reduction of duties. The Protectionists, on the contrary, have all the strength of absolute definiteness. They include the great bulk of the merchants, manufacturers, traders, bankers, and men of business generally. Each man knows his own affairs and how they would be affected by Free Trade, and he opposes it with the single-minded energy of threatened self-interest. But mutually preferential trade with England would suit them very well.

In short, the business interests are true to the past commercial policy of Canada, under which they have grown up. Some knowledge of the subject is necessary in order to understand the situation. Broadly, the history of tariff legislation in the Dominion up till recently is one of increasing Protection, intended to foster native enterprise, and varied from time to time by considerations of expediency. It has been accompanied throughout by efforts to obtain reciprocity from the United States, or failing that, preferential treatment from England. The *Tariff History of Canada*, by S. J. Maclean, gives a succinct account of the facts, up to 1894. To this pamphlet, and to Mr. James Mavor, Professor of Political Economy in Toronto University, I am indebted for much information on the subject.

The history falls, roughly, into four periods. The first embraces the seven years from confederation in 1867 to the return of a Liberal Government in 1874. During this period the tariff was of a tentative character and in the nature of a compromise between the divergent systems of the federating Colonies. The bulk of the duties were fixed at a rate of 15 per cent., which was considerably lower than they have ever been since. No doubt revenue was the principal object aimed at, but

Mr. Maclean has shown that it was not the only one, and that the principle of Protection had a place from the first in Canadian finance. He refers to the speeches of the finance ministers during the period, "who, when more Protection was demanded, or when the Government did not see fit to remit duties, defended the position taken on the ground that the tariff in vogue had Protection in its nature, that in short it was a *national policy*." Thus it is clear that from the outset the Dominion Government recognized itself as the custodian of native interests, and believed that they could best be furthered by protective finance. A particular instance is worth quoting. In 1871 a petition was presented against the duties on grain and flour, which urged "the propriety of throwing off the duties on the necessities of life, in order to render this country a cheaper one to live in." The Financial Minister, Sir Francis Hincks, opposed it on the ground that these duties were in accordance with the "*national policy*." On the other hand, provision was made for the free admission of such machinery as was not made in Canada, and power was given to place on the free list from time to time materials used in Canadian manufactures. The intention of fostering native industries is obvious. The policy met with popular approval, and in the early seventies many petitions were presented in favor of further steps in the direction of Protection. At this time trade was good, and the Treasury enjoyed large surpluses.

The second period was that of 1874-78, under a Liberal Administration. They favored Free Trade principles, and nominally went in for a purely revenue tariff. But depression had set in, and a rapidly falling revenue compelled them to raise, instead of lowering, the duties. They had to adopt a tariff of $17\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., or $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. higher than the previous one. In accordance with their avowed principles, some attempts were made to lighten taxation upon necessities, but circumstances were against them. Moreover, the needs of existing industries forced them, against their avowed principles, to make concessions in the way of Pro-

tection. In short, the Free Trade Party failed even to bring their policy to a trial. Still, they were credited with the intention, and as things went from bad to worse, and large annual deficits replaced the previous surplus, the popular demand for Protection grew louder and more distinct. Thus in 1878, just when prospects began to look a little brighter, the Liberals were turned out, and the Conservatives came back with their more matured "*national*" programme of full-grown Protection. Mr. Maclean sums up the situation thus:—

1. The desire for Protection was general and popular.
2. The manufacturing interests and the farmers were desirous of Protection.
3. Protection had, as one main end, the obtaining of reciprocity.
4. The Conservative Party had a policy at hand, ready made, for both the name "*National Policy*" and the rate of duties—20 per cent.—had taken hold both of the House and of the country.

The third period, then, began with the return of the Conservatives under Sir John Macdonald in 1878. They had a clear mandate from the people to enter upon a definite policy of Protection, and one of its objects was to obtain reciprocity—that is, reciprocity with the United States. This is an important point. The young nation, in its struggle for development, had all along ardently desired the advantages of reciprocal trade with its big neighbor, but Canada's pacific overtures met with nothing but rebuffs. The Conservatives, still aiming at reciprocity, now adopted a policy of retaliation, which would serve at the same time to encourage native industries and to force some concessions from the States. American goods, which had been placed on the free list by the Liberals, in the naïve hope of softening the hearts of the Washington people, were now subjected to a heavy duty. Washington responded with increased hostility, but the Conservatives, having fairly embarked on the Canada-a-nation course, and gathering way as they went, were quite undismayed. They began to turn their attention to the Mother Country

instead, and about 1881 made the first advances toward closer commercial relations. There was sentiment as well as business in the move. The Conservatives were always associated with loyalty, and in proportion as they drew back from the United States and entrenched themselves upon their own ground, they were naturally drawn nearer to England. In this way the national sentiment became a handmaid to the Imperial. The movement has culminated in the present year, when all Canada has become both national and Imperial; but it is well to remember when and how it began.

The third period, then, in Canada's commercial history is marked by a high Protective tariff combined with a conscious purpose of national development, commercial antagonism to the United States, and an approach toward England with a view to preferential trading. It lasted for many years, and on the whole the country prospered well. Such changes as were introduced from time to time, up to about 1890, all had the same Protective purpose in view and were generally in the direction of increased duties. The average rate of duty on all dutiable goods, which had been 20.4 per cent. under the Liberal *régime*, was raised to 26 per cent. in 1885, and eventually to 31.9 per cent. in 1890. After this a change is perceptible, constituting the fourth period. There was no departure from the principle of Protection, but rather a more accurate estimate of its beneficial application. The producer was still the first consideration, but more attention was paid to the consumer than heretofore. "The principal objects of the Government," says Professor Mavor, "were described in the Budget Speech of that year to be to admit free of duty those raw materials which might facilitate the development of the country, and to reduce the duties upon articles which were not manufactured in Canada, and which were on that account not fit subjects for Protection." The recognition of something like a new principle was more important than the actual changes introduced, which did not amount to much. In 1894 some further steps were taken in the same direc-

tion, showing an increased desire to consult the needs of all classes. Such relaxations as took effect indicated a recognition of the limits of Protection, but cannot be called in any sense an approach toward Free Trade.

This brief review, which brings us down to the time when the present Government came into office, will enable the reader to appreciate the present state of public opinion on the whole question. Under thirty years of Protection, which has been considerably higher in the second than in the first half of the period, and that in obedience to popular demand, the country has developed and thriven. The population has risen in round numbers from three to five millions, the volume of trade from £26,000,000 to £45,000,000, the railway mileage from 2000 to 16,000 miles. A large number of miscellaneous manufactures have been established, of no great individual importance, but in the aggregate representing £72,000,000 of capital, and giving employment to one-fourth of the productive population. Free Trade enthusiasts like to call these sickly and artificial industries, and it is true that but for Protection they would not exist. But to call them artificial seems rather begging the question. One has quite as much right to claim them as a proof of the advantages of the policy. Free Traders maintain that under their policy other and less artificial manufactures would have grown up; but what those manufactures would be they are quite unable to say. Nor is it easy to see how Canada could have developed any indigenous industries of the kind except those directly connected with timber. Theorists seem to forget the shrinkage of the world under steam-carriage. At any rate, there the existing manufactures are, and there they would not be if the barriers of trade were thrown down. It is obviously out of the question to meddle seriously with industries giving employment to so large a section of the population and having an annual output of the value of £97,000,000. They are widely distributed over the country. There are large engineering and electrical concerns at Sherbrooke, Hamilton, Peterborough, and Toronto; sugar refineries

at Montreal and Halifax; extensive cotton mills at Hochelaga and other places in the Province of Quebec; cabinet-making at Desoronto; bicycle-making at Brantford; agricultural implements, pianos and rubber goods are made at Toronto; paper at Ottawa; boots and shoes at Quebec and Montreal; buttons at Berlin; woollen goods, leather, and various other articles elsewhere. All these industries would not be equally affected, but some of the most important would be killed by Free Trade. And, recollect, there has never been any popular demand for it and no reason for one exists now. In spite of recent depression, living is cheap, wages are good, and the people enjoy life in Canada. At the present time trade is reviving all round, the mining industry is booming, farmers are making money out West, and in industrial centres the labor question amounts to nothing at all.

Such being the state of things and such the past history of the question, we can easily understand why the advocates of Free Trade should be timid and its opponents strong, as I found them to be. We can also understand, I think, what the popular answer to the enigma propounded by the present Government is likely to be. It should be remembered that though they are a Free Trade Government they were not returned for the purpose of giving effect to that policy. The election turned upon other issues. The collapse of the Conservative Party under a series of incompetent leaders, their blunder over the Manitoba School Question, the French Vote, and a general feeling that after eighteen years it was time for a change—all these combined to put the Liberals in. If my information is correct, they received the support of the business interests on the understanding that they would not seriously interfere with the tariff. Nor did they in a direct manner. The main schedule in the new Act is of a high protective character, and virtually the same as the preceding one. This in itself constitutes an admission on the part of the Liberals that public opinion has still to be educated up to their policy. But they had proclaimed—no doubt quite sincerely—their faith

in the traditional Free Trade principles of their Party, and felt that something must be done toward giving effect to them. They therefore found themselves compelled to adopt the plan of a *maximum* and *minimum* tariff, brought forward some years ago by Mr. Dalton McCarthy—the *maximum* to be the standing one, and the *minimum* to represent a reduction of duties in return for corresponding concessions. It seems clear that the measure was honestly intended as a step toward Free Trade, and that Sir Wilfrid Laurier's attitude has been perfectly consistent in so representing it. But the pill had to be gilded. The clause was general; here it is:—

"15. That when the Customs Tariff of any country admits the products of Canada on terms which, on the whole, are as favorable to Canada as the terms of the Reciprocal Tariff, herein referred to, are to the countries to which it may apply, articles which are the growth, produce, or manufacture of such country, when imported direct therefrom, may be imported direct into Canada or taken out of warehouse for consumption therein, at the reduced rates provided in the Reciprocal Tariff set forth in Schedule D."

Schedule D provides for a reduction of one-eighth of the standing duty up to July, 1898, and after that one-fourth.

This is a general offer of reciprocal trade to all and sundry, the effect of which, as it stands, must be to work toward the gradual adoption of a reduced scale of duties. But, however wise the move may be, this aspect of it would not be popular, and therefore it must be covered by putting forward another—namely, the special application of the clause to England. Reciprocity in itself is no novel idea: it was, as we have seen, one of the main objects of the national policy of the Conservatives, who first tried to obtain it from the United States, and failing them, from England. In the latter case, the foreign treaties stood in the way, which explains Sir Wilfrid Laurier's statement that the day of their denunciation proclaimed Canada a nation: it was the triumph of the national policy. Reciprocity, therefore, with either of these countries, would be familiar enough, and as an installment of the new policy would not arouse popular opposition. The Gov-

ernment began by making overtures to the States, without success. They then had to fall back on England. They could not ask for preferential treatment in return, as the Conservatives had done, because that would have been a blow to the principles of Free Trade. The only thing they could do was to lay stress on the sentimental aspect of the question. Accordingly, they blossomed out suddenly into a gratifying efflorescence of loyalty and Imperialism. Sir Wilfrid has explained the position himself. "Before bringing in our tariff," he has said, "we looked carefully round the world, and we found England to be practically the only country which receives our products freely. We desired to show England our gratitude, and at the same time go as far as we could at the moment in the direction of Free Trade, and we framed our preferential clause with this end in view." This is tantamount to the same thing, put in a slightly different way. The loyal sentiment was utilized to cover a Free Trade movement.

It was an immensely clever step. It pleased the people and hit the Conservatives between wind and water. They could not object without seeming disloyal, and the natural satisfaction with which it was received in England increased their difficulty. But that state of things could not last. Emotion passes, and business comes to the front. It is becoming apparent that the Government policy carried the country with it so far as it was national and Imperial—so far, that is, as it meant the assertion of Canada's rights and the establishment of closer relations with England: but no farther. Significant evidence of this is furnished by the attitude of the chief Government organ in the press, which persistently put forward the national and Imperial side of the question day after day during the whole time I was in Canada, and as persistently ignored the Free Trade side. Surely, if there were any elements of popularity in it, they would be played for all they are worth. On the other hand, the popular leaning toward preferential trade within the Empire is attested by the vehemence with which the supporters

of the Government think it necessary to defend the Premier from the charge of having rejected overtures in that direction while in England. If Canada were not believed to want preferential trade, it would surely be unnecessary to defend him on that score. In truth, some form of preferential trade is what she has always aimed at, and when I say preferential trade I mean an arrangement by which she would receive as well as give a preference. The present arrangement does not give her that; an Imperial Zollverein would, and it would therefore be just so much the more acceptable. What Canada wants to-day is discrimination in the English market against foreign produce, and, above all, against the United States. That would gratify sentiment and business at the same time. It would undoubtedly lead to a great expansion of the agricultural industry in the Dominion. Last year we imported ten times as much wheat from the States as from Canada; she could grow it all, without any doubt. There is plenty of room, and Canadians believe they could do it in a few years with a little encouragement. The effect of a slight preference in the English market, they say, would be to bring over hundreds of farmers in the Dakotas and other northern states, who would become Canadian citizens and settle in Manitoba and the North-West. However this may be, it is easy to see why such a programme should have attractions for Canada. The sturdiest Free Trader does not venture to deny its popularity; he takes his stand on the improbability of England consenting to a preferential arrangement. Sir Wilfrid Laurier himself admitted in the *Daily Chronicle* interview that the temptation would be almost irresistible.

"You would not say 'No' if England proposed to tax wheat and meat from the United States and Russia and the Argentine, while admitting free of all duty your Manitoba No. 1 hard wheat, your Alberta ranch beef, and your rosy apples from Annapolis Valley?"

"Well, no; perhaps not. If England were willing to give us a preference over other nations, taking our goods on exceptionally favorable terms, I would not object. It would not be for Canada to shut herself out from the advantage. But . . . I have too much belief in English common sense to think they will

do any such thing. . . . We know that the English people will not interfere with the policy of Free Trade, and we do not desire them to do so. No, it is not good policy, and England will not adopt it."

Wherein he appears to have settled England's policy for her as well as Canada's. The question is whether he will be allowed to settle Canada's. I have given some reasons for believing that the forces against him are too great, and I venture to think that before long we shall see a modification of the Government policy, and that not in the direction of Free Trade. Sir Wilfrid is no bigot, but a very adroit politician, who can see which way the wind blows as well as another, and trim his sails to take advantage of it. The tariff can scarcely stand as it is. Mr. Chamberlain's warning about the danger of a general offer cannot be ignored. It is open now to any minor country to take advantage of the preference clause, and Canada would then be "bound to give the same terms to practically every important commercial country in the world." That might be a notable step toward Free Trade, but it would certainly raise a storm in Canada sufficient to turn out any Government. Then there is the remarkable decline of British imports during the last four months,

which at the same time gives a handle to the Opposition and a colorable pretext to the Government for amending their position. The announcement in the *Toronto Globe*—the Liberal organ—of September 13th is significant:—"We intend to deal fairly by those who have dealt fairly with us, and if the practical working of the tariff shows that it does not carry out the intention of favoring British imports, the tariff will be amended." Sir Wilfrid Laurier's statement at Montreal on Sept. 16th, that the tariff must remain as it is for the present, amounts to a public admission that the question of alterations has already been mooted. He cannot be expected to yield all at once, but his utterances since his return indicate enlightenment as to the growing pressure of public opinion. Face to face with the men of business at Montreal, he once more played the national card and glided over Free Trade, and Sir Richard Cartwright, who is generally believed to be the backbone of the Government, took the same line.

On the whole, I am afraid that Canada is likely to cause some disappointment to the Cobden Club, in spite of the Premier's medal.—*National Review*.

THE SEPOY REVOLT AT DELHI, MAY, 1857—A PERSONAL NARRATIVE.

BY E. VIBART.

PART II.

It is impossible to describe our feverish state of suspense and expectation as we sat in that lonely spot awaiting the return of Salkeld's servant. In vain we kept straining our eyes from time to time through the moonlight (for I recollect the moon was nearly at the full), momentarily expecting to catch a glimpse of his returning figure; but minute after minute flew by, and still we could see no signs of him we so eagerly awaited. Suspense increased to anxiety, and anxiety gave place to suspicion and alarm. What could have

delayed him? As yet he had given us no cause to doubt his fidelity, for he had remained in the Main Guard in charge of his master's loaded gun throughout the tragic events of the day, and, as I have already mentioned, had willingly accompanied us in our headlong flight therefrom, when at any moment he might easily have deserted. A full hour, however, having elapsed since his departure, it seemed only too evident that he had seized the present opportunity to insure his own safety by taking to flight; so we made

up our minds to make for the ford without further delay, and run the risk of discovery.

The ford in question was not more than a few hundred yards distant, and as we stealthily approached its vicinity, the light thrown from the burning bungalows threatened every moment to betray us. The yelling and shouting, too, which had hitherto resembled a hoarse murmur, was now plainly distinguishable above the ceaseless rattle of musketry, and kept ringing in our ears like a death-knell. This incessant discharge of firearms almost tempted us to believe at one time that the European troops had arrived from Meerut; but we soon realized our mistake. With beating hearts we crept along the canal bank, and gradually approached the flaming cantonments; but although the forms of numberless marauders were distinctly visible in the act of plundering the adjacent bungalows, and vociferating at the top of their voices, we passed on unobserved, and, to our inexpressible relief, found the fort we were in search of without a soul in its immediate vicinity. We at once prepared to cross over, hoping to place some three or four miles between ourselves and cantonments ere morning broke. It was found to be not quite such an easy matter, however, to get the ladies across, as the water was considerably deeper than we had anticipated, and on my first going in, to lead the way, I found it nearly up to my neck. Nevertheless, nothing daunted, we set to work, and in due course safely reached the opposite bank. Our watches now showed it was nearly 3 o'clock A.M.; in less than a couple of hours, therefore, morning would break, and, notwithstanding we had traversed at least three miles since quitting Metcalfe's house, we were still within a very short distance of cantonments. We felt considerably revived, however, by the soaking we got in wading through the canal, and the night air blowing on our dripping clothes made us feel quite chilly, so that we walked on at a brisker pace in order to keep ourselves warm.

Our chief aim now, of course, was to get away as far as possible from cantonments, but by the waning light of

the moon it was impossible to make out the exact direction we were taking. A vast plain stretched before us, for the most part uncultivated at the present season, and with no particular landmark to guide us. The country passed over was exceedingly rough, being composed chiefly of stubble fields and thistles, and the ladies' feet, with their thin shoes, naturally got terribly torn and blistered as we wearily trudged on. In addition, some of them by this time had become faint and exhausted, and poor Forrest himself began to lag behind. The imminent peril, however, to which we were exposed served to keep the poor creatures up, and they toiled on as best they could, in spite of their aching limbs, until another small stream pulled us up. This, fortunately, was not of any great depth, so, rapidly overcoming this obstacle, we continued to walk on for about another mile. It had now become imperative to call a halt, as many of the party were absolutely incapable of proceeding further; so spying a small patch of scrub jungle not far off, we bent our steps thither, purposing to remain there till day should dawn. The cantonments apparently lay about three miles in our rear, and were still enveloped in smoke and flame, though the noise and din were no longer heard. The work of incendiarianism, however, still continued, for every now and again we saw a fresh streak of flame shoot up into the air, as some new bungalow was set on fire, and shared the fate of all the rest.

I will not weary the reader by attempting to describe the harrowing thoughts which possessed our minds as we gazed on such a spectacle, nor enlarge on our feelings as we thought of the possible fate in store for us when morning broke. True we had not so far been followed up by the mutinous sepoys; but this we attributed to the fact that the plunder of the city and the congenial task of demolishing their late officers' quarters had engaged their attention, to the exclusion of all other thoughts. That we should succeed in evading eventual capture seemed to us beyond the bounds of possibility, for we felt convinced that sooner or later a pursuit would surely be organized, and

in that case capture and death must inevitably ensue. The utter helplessness of our position will be fully apparent when I mention that the only arms in our possession were three flimsy regimental swords of the old infantry pattern and one double-barrelled gun; and what possible resistance could we hope to make, under such circumstances, against an attack by fully armed sepoys? It seemed thus merely a question of a few hours more or less ere we should fall into the hands of our bloodthirsty foes. Small wonder, then, that thoughts of the gloomiest description reigned uppermost in our minds, and that we gave ourselves up for lost.

Having made our way to the scrub jungle, we all lay down among the brushwood, and, worn out with fatigue. I was just on the point of dropping off to sleep, when suddenly some one shook me by the arm, exclaiming the sepoys were upon us. To start to my feet and seize the gun which lay by my side was the work of a second; the next moment served to reveal the peril we were in.

Not a hundred yards distant, and coming in a direct line toward us, we perceived a body of some eight or ten sepoys, two of whom were mounted on ponies. The imperfect light of dawning day was just sufficient to show us they were armed, though only about half were dressed in uniform. They were making apparently for Delhi by a country track, and were bearing down straight for the spot where we lay concealed. This fact showed them to be stragglers from Meerut. We had barely time to creep under the bushes and hide ourselves as well as we could when they were upon us. We watched them in breathless anxiety, not daring to move, and scarcely to breathe. Not for untold wealth would I pass such another moment of agonizing suspense. Now they slowly pass in Indian file within a few feet of us. Surely we must be observed? But no; they are moving on. Can it be that they have not perceived us? Ah! they see us now, for one of them stoops and picks up something from the ground, and whispers to his comrades, and then all come to a sudden halt. Alas! our

water-bottle had betrayed us! In our hurry and confusion we had left it lying in the open, and one of them, in stooping to examine it, had undoubtedly caught sight of some of our party as we lay among the brushwood. Although upward of forty years have passed since the incident I am now relating, every movement of those ten sepoys is as clearly impressed upon my memory as if it had occurred but yesterday. They were standing within a few paces only of where I lay concealed, and I watched with an intensity of suspense too acute for words. There was complete silence, broken only by the low mutterings of the sepoys, and we distinctly heard them remark that people were hiding among the bushes. I involuntarily cocked my gun, and, filled with apprehension as to what they would do next, I inwardly resolved, in the event of any threatening movement being made toward us, to shoot the foremost man dead. After a brief interval, which in the extreme tension of that supreme moment seemed interminable, and during which I clearly recognized by the gold regulation necklace he was wearing that the party was led by a native officer, we saw them, to our unbounded astonishment, silently moving off, and after proceeding about a hundred yards further come to another halt. They now leisurely seated themselves on the ground, the two mounted men dismounting from their ponies and joining the group. Waiting to look no longer, we hastily rose from our crouching position and fled precipitately in the opposite direction. To our unspeakable relief no attempt was made to follow us, and we could once more breathe freely. Thus again we had providentially escaped from a grave danger, though why no attempt was made to molest us has ever remained a mystery to me. Possibly our immunity was due to the uncertain light, which effectually prevented them from seeing our defenceless condition; or it may be that, less savage and bloodthirsty than the rest, they felt little inclination to imbrue their hands in unnecessary bloodshed.

The situation, however, was still beset with extreme peril, as further bands of mutineers, hastening to rejoin their

comrades in Delhi, might cross our path at any moment; besides which, there was nothing to prevent the party from whom we had just escaped from giving information of our whereabouts as soon as they arrived at their destination. Such thoughts naturally filled our minds with extreme despondency, and we almost wished we had perished with the rest in the Main Guard rather than endure such torturing suspense.

By this time it was broad daylight, and we now found ourselves approaching the banks of a large stream (one of those tributaries of the Jumna which here intersect the country in several places), and we at once determined to cross. After considerable search we fortunately discovered a spot where, by dint of wading up to our waists, the whole party passed over in safety. There was some thin jungle lining the banks of the stream, and here, cold, wet, and weary, without a dry stitch of clothing on our backs, we lay down to rest. I shall never forget the blank look of despair depicted on every face when, as the morning advanced, the utter helplessness of our position forced itself upon us. There sat the poor Misses Forrest, their dishevelled hair hanging down their backs, without a particle of covering for their heads. There lay their unfortunate mother, her head resting in the lap of one of her daughters, and, though suffering excruciating pain from the gunshot wound in her shoulder, yet never uttering a word of murmur or complaint. Mrs. Fraser sat close by, bewailing the untimely end of her little babe, who, she imagined, together with her sister, had perished in the Main Guard, both having been lost sight of in the panic and confusion which ensued when the firing commenced. Subsequently, however, it transpired that a Christian drummer belonging to the 54th had hidden them under a dark archway, and after the sepoys had left the inclosure conducted them unharmful to cantonments, whence, together with some of the other residents, they had escaped in a carriage to Kurnaul. The little girl, however, died from exposure and want of proper nourishment. The rest of our party lay all about, under the best shelter we could find, keeping

a sharp look-out on all sides to see that we were not surprised—all except poor Forrest, who was lying some distance apart, in a more or less prostrate condition, having been much hurt from the recoil of a howitzer during the defence of the magazine, besides being struck in the hand by a musket-ball.

The few scraps of bread and meat we had brought with us were now produced, and we each took a mouthful—without exception the saddest meal I have ever made. While thus engaged, and discussing our future plans, we were startled by a villager coming right upon us without our having noticed his approach. After observing us for a few seconds, he passed quietly on his way without remark. But the incident made us feel very uneasy, and we determined to shift our place of concealment without delay. Just as we were about to recommence our journey we suddenly discovered that Forrest had disappeared. In vain we searched for a good half hour, shouting out his name at the top of our voices. There was no response, and we were in the act of moving off without him, when I fortunately chanced upon the very bush where he had concealed himself. It seems he had been watching us all the while, and at first refused all our entreaties to get up and join us, saying he felt so thoroughly worn out from all he had gone through that he would far rather be left to die where he was. With the greatest difficulty we persuaded him to rise; but it was evident, after proceeding a short distance, that the ladies were equally exhausted, and their remaining strength would soon be spent. The sun, moreover, was now high in the heavens, and the day was dreadfully hot. None of the party had adequate protection for their heads, and the unfortunate ladies had to put the skirts of their dresses over theirs to avoid sunstroke. Unluckily, we were now crossing a comparatively bare plain, with only a few patches of dhak jungle scattered here and there, and far away from water. Making our way to one of these patches, we halted once more. It afforded but slight shelter from the burning sun, and we were, moreover, consumed by a parching thirst. We suffered so much from the

latter that Salkeld and Wilson volunteered to go and look for water. They had been absent nearly an hour, and we were becoming anxious on their account, when all of a sudden we heard a tremendous yell, and, looking up, perceived them both running back in our direction, chased by a number of half-naked villagers armed with spears and "lathies" (long staves bound with iron). Concealment being no longer possible, we all jumped up, and in a few moments found ourselves completely hemmed in by some thirty or forty natives, who crowded round with such threatening looks that we feared the worst. Presently several others came up, less scantily clothed, who seemed more civil, and offered to conduct us to their village, where they informed us there were some more "sahib-logue," whom they had found wandering about in the morning. Believing this to be merely a ruse to get us into their power, we declined at first to accompany them, when one of them said he would go and fetch some token to assure us of the truth of their statement; and while he departed on this errand the rest showed us the way to a clump of trees, some distance off, where better shelter was procurable from the fierce heat of the midday sun. As we were almost dying from thirst, we asked them to fetch us water; and shortly after they returned, bringing a pitcher of milk and some coarse *chup-patties*, which we gratefully accepted.

And now, who shall describe our delight as we recognized in the distance the form of poor Colonel Knyvett, of the 38th Native Infantry, accompanied by Lieutenant Gambier, of the same corps, and Mr. Marshall, the European merchant at Delhi, the latter carrying a musket on his shoulder with a fixed bayonet! Great were the congratulations poured out on both sides at this unexpected meeting; and their surprise at seeing *us* can be easily imagined, for they fully believed that every soul in the Main Guard had been massacred. From them we learned that as soon as intelligence reached cantonments of the catastrophe at the Cashmere Gate, the majority of the residents who had conveyances at their disposal beat a hasty retreat by the trunk

road in the direction of Kurnaul, which station, it was hoped, they would reach in safety. Others less fortunate took to flight on foot, among them being Colonel Knyvett and Gambier, who remained at the Regimental Quarter Guard expostulating with their men till long after dark. But all remonstrances were fruitless. They were told at last to be off, and some of the ruffians actually fired several shots at them as they ran across the parade-ground. For the remainder of the night they had wandered about the country in the same plight as ourselves, the poor old Colonel being almost dead with exposure and fatigue.

Our party now amounted to thirteen in all, but, rack our brains as we might, no feasible means of escape presented itself to our minds. At every moment we were informed that the "Telingalog," *i.e.*, sepoys, were scouring the country in search of fugitive Europeans; but the day wore on, and the afternoon came, and these reports turned out to be false. At length we endeavored, by the aid of a heavy bribe, to secure the assistance of the villagers, and eventually signed a paper agreeing to pay the sum of Rs. 10,000 if they would take us in safety to some European station. As an earnest of what we said we gave them nearly all the money we happened to possess, *viz.*, thirty odd rupees, in addition to two or three valuable rings; on which they promised to bring some ponies to enable the ladies to ride as far as Meerut, walking being out of the question in their footsore condition. The evening, however, drew on apace, and we instinctively felt they were only deceiving us; and when some of them returned, and said the ponies were not procurable that day, but that if we would wait till the next they might be able to get them, our suspicions were fairly aroused. We felt convinced their only object was to detain us till the mutineers in Delhi should be apprised of our whereabouts; so we determined to be off at once rather than run the risk of falling into their hands.

The sun was sinking beyond the far western horizon, through a murky haze of reddish dust, as we again resumed our wanderings on that sultry summer

evening wheresoever fate might lead us. We gave one last look toward Delhi ere setting forth. An enormous black cloud hovered over the site of the cantonments, which, from the appearance of the smoke that ascended from the smouldering bungalows, to blend at last with the inky mass above, appeared between four and five miles distant. The villagers pointed toward it significantly, and intimated that all India was destined to share the same fate. With sorrowful hearts we turned away, not knowing whither to go. As the short Indian twilight began to close in we found ourselves on the banks of the Jumna, but the broad, swift current as it rolled hoarsely by filled us with despair. How could we ever hope to cross? We turned to some of the natives, who had accompanied us, and inquired if they could point out a ford. There was none, they assured us, within miles; but after a while one of them suggested our proceeding to a place not far off where it might be possible to get across. A few hundred yards brought us to the spot, but the water seemed far above our depth, and on one of us attempting to cross he found it was as much as he could do to prevent himself being carried away by the current. As we looked on despairingly, a cry was raised that the sepoys were upon us! It was better to be drowned than be shot down by them, so we madly plunged in. God only knows what would have become of us—for we must inevitably have been submerged—when, the report turning out to be untrue, we retraced our steps to the bank. The natives now offered to carry us across one by one, if we would venture to trust to their guidance. It seemed of such vital importance to get across the river that we determined to hazard the experiment at all risks. It was a bold resolve, and I well remember the courage of the ladies well-nigh failed them at the last moment. Finally, grasping a native on each side firmly round the neck, they were all in turn taken securely across, and the whole party landed safely on the opposite bank. We now endeavored to persuade these men to accompany us to Meerut; but this they positively declined to do, and immediately com-

menced clamoring for reward. We flung them a few rupees and walked slowly onward. Darkness by this time had set in, and it was with great difficulty that we picked our way through the fields. Although the night was warm we suffered much from cold, owing to our dripping clothes, and our teeth chattered in our heads like so many castanets. Soon after quitting the banks of the river we were, to our surprise, rejoined by the same three or four men who had assisted us to cross, and they now offered of their own accord to show us the way to Meerut. This seemed strange after their former point-blank refusal, but we said nothing, and silently followed in their wake. The sequel proved what treacherous rascals they were. On pretence of avoiding villages which they said were infested with robbers, they took us a long circuit across country, till at length, just as the moon was rising, we arrived on the brink of a wide stream, which they informed us was the river Hindun, and invited us to cross. Now we were well aware that the river in question was miles away, and it instinctively occurred to our minds that this was the identical river we had that evening already crossed. The probable truth then flashed on us: a pursuing party from Delhi had doubtless arrived at their village after our departure, and their object now in enticing us to recross was to deliver us into their power. Feeling sure that our surmise was correct, we refused to listen to their entreaties, and seeing we were not to be taken in, they hastily fled, and we saw no more of them. Meanwhile, during this altercation some of the party had lain down to rest on the sandy bank by the edge of the stream, and I also, feeling thoroughly knocked up, soon fell into a profound slumber. How long I slept I know not, but I recollect waking up with a piercing sensation of cold. The damp appeared to have eaten into one's bones, and my limbs ached to such an extent that I could scarcely stand. I was in the throes of a sharp attack of ague, from which I had already repeatedly suffered during my sojourn at Delhi. All was still and quiet as I looked around. The moon shone placidly

down from above, and, lighting up the water with a silver streak, shadowed forth our prostrate forms clear and distinct on the white sand. The eldest Miss Forrest was lying next to me ; she also had just woke up feeling intensely cold and miserable. The others gradually awoke one by one, and we again moved on. Throughout the remainder of that terrible night we toiled on without intermission, merely stopping for a few minutes now and again to rest our wearied feet, which, owing to our boots and shoes having been in most instances completely destroyed from repeated soakings, were sadly bruised and blistered. Poor Salkeld, I recollect, was going barefoot, having given his own shoes to Miss Annie Forrest, who had lost hers in the act of fording one of the many streams we had crossed.

During the course of the night we had been much alarmed by the noise of firing, which proceeded at frequent intervals from the villages round about, and for which at the time we were at a loss to account ; but we subsequently ascertained that it was occasioned by the villagers defending themselves against gangs of marauding Goojurs, who, though ordinarily given to peaceable avocations, had nevertheless taken advantage of the recent disturbance to rob and pillage their neighbors ; but I shall have more to say of these rascals as we proceed with this narrative. Day was now beginning to dawn, and it was evident we could not escape discovery long, as the country was quite open and villagers were seen moving about in all directions. At last we came across some harmless-looking individuals tending cattle, so we ventured to offer them our last remaining rupee, and asked them to go to the nearest village and buy us some food. They stared for a few seconds, and then, scampering off, presently returned with a large crowd collected at their heels, among them being the head man of the village. This latter seemed inclined to be civil, and at his bidding a man was despatched in search of milk and *chuppatties*. There was a splendid tope of mango trees hard by, so thither we bent our steps. By the time we had reached this shelter an enormous crowd

had assembled, and it was with considerable difficulty that we forced a passage through the throng. In about an hour's time some *dal* and *chuppatties* were set before us, which we devoured with a keen appetite. At least a hundred persons of all sexes and ages were now watching us, and some of these, from the occasional remarks they let fall, seemed actually to commiserate our lot ; and, to tell the truth, I can hardly wonder at our exciting their pity, for what with the torn and filthy state of our garments, and the truly miserable appearance of the ladies, we must have been objects of compassion to the most hardened wretch. I may add that it is my firm conviction that whatever little civility we experienced in the course of our wanderings was altogether due to the presence of the ladies, and that had it not been for the sight of these poor creatures we should all have been undoubtedly murdered.*

The seemingly friendly attitude of these villagers put us slightly more at our ease, and we buoyed up ourselves with the hope that the promise of a substantial money payment might induce them to assist us on our way. Alas ! our hopes were shortlived, for presently a fakeer (a wandering mendicant held in great veneration by Hindoos), dressed in long yellow robes, and with his face besmeared with paint and ashes, entered the tope, and sitting down in one corner, beckoned to the natives standing about, who thereupon, leaving us, went and gathered in a circle round him. They appeared to listen with such eagerness to what he was saying, occasionally casting a furtive glance in our direction, that we instinctively felt all our old fears return with redoubled force. Some one suggested he was a sepoy in disguise from Delhi, whose object was to incite them to murder us, and as this terrible idea seemed by no means improbable, our newly cherished hopes of escape once more deserted us.

No words can express the sickening

* These remarks are fully borne out by the fact that Lieutenant Willoughby and four other officers were barbarously murdered by villagers while escaping from Delhi to Meerut by a route almost identical with the one we were following.—E. V.

sensation of despair which crept over us as this dreadful surmise took possession of our minds, and we watched their proceedings with the utmost anxiety. At length the crowd round the fakeer gradually dispersed, and came and surrounded us once more. A short interval of silence prevailed, when some of them intimated that it was no longer safe for us to remain, as they had just received intelligence that the "Tel-inga-log" were close behind, and we must take our departure forthwith. Take our departure! An arid plain lay in front, with not a tree in sight; even if we eluded our remorseless pursuers, death from sunstroke was inevitable. Turn whichever way we might our doom was sealed. Deaf to all entreaties, they insisted on our leaving, and in order to expedite our departure commenced to hustle us in the rudest manner.

So they turned us out, and we wandered forth, little caring where we went or what became of us. It was midday, and as we issued forth from the friendly shelter of the trees into the burning plain beyond we were nearly blinded by the scorching wind, which blew volumes of dust in our faces and almost suffocated us at every step. On, on we walked, the sun blazing down on our uncovered heads, without a hope, without an object. In a short while we found ourselves getting gradually surrounded by fierce-looking men armed with spears and bludgeons. These were no other than the dreaded Goojurs themselves. Their numbers increased rapidly, and in whichever direction we looked we observed others, similarly armed, running toward us. At length, when they had completely hemmed us in, they gave a fearful shout and rushed upon us with demoniacal gestures. We stood back to back and made a vain attempt to beat them off, but being ten to one we were soon overpowered. One rascal laid hold of my sword, and tried to wrench it out of my hand. In vain I resisted; a blow from behind stretched me on my back, and ere I could recover myself I was mobbed by some half a dozen others. In the midst of all this *mêlée* I saw Colonel Knyvett levelling the gun he was carrying point-blank at the head

of one of the wretches as he stood whooping and yelling by way of inciting on the rest. Fortunately some one shouted out to him not to fire, so, deliberately removing the caps, he gave it up. It was as well we permitted ourselves to be disarmed, for had we continued the struggle our lives would undoubtedly have been sacrificed. Having once got us down, they set to work stripping us of everything. Studs, rings, watches, etc., all were torn off. They did not even spare my inner vest, and one of the ruffians actually snatched away the piece of cotton cloth which was wrapped round my head. I trembled with foreboding as I saw the unfortunate ladies in the grasp of these savages. One of them had her clothes literally torn off her back, while the others were treated with similar barbarity. At last, when they had appropriated everything, leaving only our shirts and trousers, and the ladies their upper garments, the entire band retreated a short distance and commenced quarrelling over the spoil. At this juncture the same fakeer who we thought had been the cause of our expulsion from the tope of trees came up and inquired if he could be of any assistance. It was hard to believe he was not playing us false, but having no option, we requested him to take us where water could be procured, for we were perishing from thirst. He pointed to some trees in the far distance, where he intimated there was a well, so we slowly followed. On the way we happened to pass a stagnant puddle, and here—perhaps the reader will scarcely credit it—we one and all stooped down on our hands and knees, and greedily drank its filthy contents. After much toil we arrived at the well, where, after drawing us some fresh water, our conductor suggested we should lie down and rest. Later on he offered to take us to a town in the vicinity where there was a *Tehseel* and some Government *chupprassies* (police) who probably might be inclined to afford us some aid. On the way we were again pounced upon by Goojurs, who, finding nothing to rob us of, contented themselves with pulling off the gilt buttons on the Colonel's blue frock-coat, which the other rascals had

overlooked, and then, with final gestures of menace and defiance, permitted us to pass on.

By the time the police-station was reached we were nearly dead-beat; but here we were received with supreme indifference. In fact the demeanor of the *chupprassies* was the reverse of reassuring; they merely looked on in sullen silence, and on our venturing to remind them that as paid servants of the Government they were bound to afford us all the protection in their power, they told us, with a sneer, that the British *raj* was no longer in existence. They further informed us that the station of Meerut was in flames and nearly all the Europeans killed.

After some trouble we persuaded them to bring out some *charpoys*, on which the poor ladies were only too thankful to lie down and rest themselves. An immense mob of natives from the town shortly surrounded us, and kept reiterating the dismal intelligence we had already so frequently heard, that sepoys and sowars were out in every direction bent on our capture. Growing bolder and more insolent, they insisted at last on searching each individual of the party, including the ladies, as nothing would dissuade them from the belief that we had money and valuables concealed about our persons. It would take up too much space to describe all the indignities we were forced to submit to at the hands of these scoundrels, or to relate in what conflicting hopes and fears the remainder of that never-to-be-forgotten afternoon passed away and evening arrived. The fakier meanwhile had gone on his way, and we knew not what course to pursue. Fortunately for us a few natives of somewhat more respectable appearance than the rest offered to take us to their village hard by, where we might procure something to eat and drink and take shelter for the night. We mechanically got up and followed, though our minds were filled all the time with vague apprehensions and doubts as to the sincerity of their intentions, and we could not refrain from fancying that some fresh act of treachery was meditated. As we arrived in sight of the village, which was an unusually large one, named Khekra,

the entire population turned out to come and gaze at our party. They led us up several narrow alleys and dirty streets, till at length we reached the centre of the place. Meanwhile we were suffering from extreme depression of spirits, and felt a presentiment in our minds that we were only being taken to our slaughter; and this awful idea was still further strengthened by some one saying he had seen sowars entering the village. As darkness set in we were given some *goor* (unrefined sugar) and *chuppatties* to eat, and then conducted to a small hut on the outskirts of the town, where they informed us we were to remain for the night; but our fears as to their treacherous intentions had such an ascendancy over our minds that we found it totally impossible to conquer our feelings of dread and alarm. The atmosphere of the hut was so close and stifling that we were fain to come outside and lie in the open. Here there were a crowd of people still collected, conversing together in whispers, and we had no difficulty in distinguishing that we were the subject of their discourse; but exhausted nature could bear up no longer, and I soon fell fast asleep, notwithstanding the predictions of Forrest and the Colonel that we should all be murdered ere morning broke. It must have been, I should say, as near as possible about midnight when I suddenly found myself rudely shaken. I was so sound asleep at the time that it was some seconds before I could realize where I was, or who it was that had roused me so abruptly. The light of the moon at this moment shining full on his countenance enabled me to recognize as he stood bending over me the scared features of —, his hair standing erect, his eyes starting out of their sockets, and wearing such an expression of anguish on his face that I was indeed startled. "Get up, for God's sake!" he said, "they are going to cut all our throats!" and then, pointing to a native who had apparently brought him a blanket to lie upon, he whispered hoarsely, "Do you see that man? He wants me to sit upon that cloth while my head is struck off from behind!" The poor man's mind was evidently unhinged, and his heated im-

agination had conjured up this hideous fancy. The entire party were fully roused by this time, wondering what the commotion was all about, and it was with the greatest difficulty that we succeeded at last in quieting him, but not before he had well-nigh terrified

the poor ladies out of their wits by going about and asking every native he met, "*K'hoon kub chullega?*" literally, "When will the blood be spilled?" I don't think any of us slept another wink for the remainder of that night. —*Cornhill Magazine.*

SPAIN'S COLONIAL POLICY.

BY JOHN FOREMAN.

It is as dangerous a policy to govern a colony by coercion as it is to raise steam in a generator without a safety-valve. Popular feeling can no more be suppressed than natural force. Yet the vain attempt to attain this end lies at the root of the Spaniards' ill-success in the management of their colonies. The vast American territories—now popularly termed the Spanish republics—liberated themselves between the years 1819 and 1821 from the distasteful yoke of a cruel mother-country, which lavished upon them all the brutalities of her fifteenth-century policy. Since then hope has inflamed the soul of every liberal-minded, intelligent Spanish subject east and west of Europe; hence we have before us the pathetic spectacle of simultaneous protracted struggles against a barbarous despotism in Cuba and in the Philippine islands.

Twit the Spaniards with the iniquity of this oppression and they will remind you of the overbalancing benefits conferred on the peoples who have come under their sway. Let us therefore compare the disadvantages with the vaunted boon of Spanish civilization.

It is needless to reiterate the careers of the Spanish warriors Hernán Cortés, Alvarado, Pizarro, Magellan, Legaspi, and others, who pursued their conquests on the continent of the Far West and the islands of the Far East. The net result was the overthrow of flourishing monarchies and their extinction for the benefit of European adventurers. Primitive creeds were supplanted by the Roman Catholic religion, and although we may conceive the purity of conscientious intention and the belief of the Middle Ages in

the justification of sowing the seed of Christianity with the point of the sword, yet the sublimity of the whole system was more than counterbalanced by the abominations of the Inquisition.

Both in America and in the Far East the friars were ever ready to follow in the breach opened for them by the soldiery; but under the veil of religion, with physical force at hand, the most frightful crimes were perpetrated and the common rights of humanity ignored. The natives were butchered by thousands. In the name of the Most Catholic King they were dispossessed of their lands, which were parcelled out to low-class Spaniards. The conquered territories were thus divided into *encomiendas*, and the *encomendero*—the newly fledged proprietor—was practically under no restraining law in regard to his relations with the natives. Those who could not flee from his despotism became his slaves, until, in the course of generations, new conditions came into existence to modify the hereditary *encomendero's* life of rapine, bloodshed, and villainy. These were the rapidly increasing class of half-breeds—by nature disputative in every clime—marriages, and intimate association with the native tending to level differences of birth, the desire of the settled Spaniard (born in the country) to hold his property in peace, interminable armed revolts against Spanish abuse of authority, and constant appeals to the King by settled Spaniards and half-breeds who had grown to be a power in the control of internal affairs.

The idea of conquered races enjoying the most minute liberty of action by natural birthright was regarded as

absurd. Little by little, pressure, due to the altered conditions above cited, was brought to bear on the King and his counsellors, producing a gradual relaxation of the fetters which bound the new subjects to their forced allegiance. Trade, created by the Spaniards, which finally extended to the half-castes, was confined exclusively to commerce with Spain. Both in the Far East and the Far West the exact size and number of packages shipped, the number of voyages per annum to and fro of the *Naos* (Government trading galleons), contents of bales, etc., were all regulated, and no one could ship without a *boleto*, or public permit, which could only be obtained from the unscrupulous officials who had come to fill their pockets by the most corrupt means. Permission had to be solicited again and again to perform almost any act beyond the common necessities of life. One could neither travel, quit nor enter the country, read, write, assemble in a group, build a house, nor plant a field without license. In the Philippine Islands the natives were forced to think like their masters, to dress as they were told, and to adopt the religion of their conquerors, under the severest penalties of torture and frequently of death. In Mexico, official appointments to the Manila dependency were publicly sold. Until the American colonies were lost to Spain, hardly one Spaniard in a generation carried capital to these new possessions to develop their natural resources. Foreigners were jealously treated as intruders, and the European influx sprang generally from the lowest social order, who acted like wolves let loose among a fold of sheep.

The basis of colonial jurisprudence was a collection of special statutes known as the *Leyes de Indias*, afterward supplemented by the *Siete partidas*, the fundamental principle of all which was that the native was a neophyte saved from eternal perdition by the timely providential intervention of the Spaniards, and an infant at law; that, as an "infant," he was irresponsible for his breaches of the law, and should be taught and corrected as occasion required. In practice, however, he was treated like a lump of clay, to

be moulded, beaten, and fashioned into something for the service of his master, or cast away at his pleasure. And in this remodelling of the subject, where the civil and criminal law failed to operate with an appearance of decency, there was ever the secret machinery of the Holy Office (*Santo Oficio*)—the vilest institution that the most malicious human ingenuity ever invented to prove the truism that "man's greatest enemy is man."

Wherever the Spaniards have held dominion their policy has been one of repression of the natural aspirations of the people. Schools and seats of learning are established (under the control of the priesthood) presumably to develop the intellect of the colonials, and give them a knowledge of the world and things in general; yet, as soon as they exercise that knowledge, they are marked as *disaffected*, and their career is cut short on the first available pretext. Industry is nipped in the bud because, instead of levying taxes on the results, the would-be manufacturer or trader is obliged to pay heavily for a patent or license before he starts in business, and the very tax he has to pay in order to be allowed to try his luck in trade often constitutes a part of his annual loss in the venture. Nearly all the Government appointments with emoluments above a modest existence are allotted to Spaniards, with many of whom the natives and creoles can hardly treat without "greasing the palm." Indeed, many of the employes appointed from the Peninsula are sent out on mere nominal salaries to give them the opportunity of making what they can. During the twenty-three years that I have known Spain and her colonies I have met many Spanish employes who consider \$500 per annum posts worth more to them than certain \$3000 ones.

The colonial is trammelled in every conceivable way. No scope is allowed for his genius; he is fettered at every turn by a network of restrictions and vexatious regulations. Their only remedy has been rebellion, which, if it has failed to rid them of the rapacious horde who administrate in the name of Spain, at least has often called attention to their excesses. Indeed, at-

tempts have often been made, by decree, to keep their depredations upon the people within certain bounds. Commissioners have, in times gone by, been deputed to inquire into the causes of discontent. For instance, toward the middle of last century, José del Campillo, an economist famous in his day, was appointed to report on the administration of the American colonies. He had the reputation of being an exceptionally honest and conscientious man. In a notable work, entitled *A New System of Political Economy for America*, he exposed the rottenness, the immorality, and corruption of the then existing colonial administration, and with what result? The system suited so admirably the pockets and the ambition of the large majority in office that he became the victim of the foulest calumnies, and was made to appear before a civil court, and afterward before an ecclesiastical tribunal, on a host of false charges. He was acquitted, but the sharks in power were too strong for him, and, although the king showed him his royal favor with the habit of the Order of Saint James, he was unable to follow Campillo's recommendations for a more just administration of the colonies. Campillo affected to despise his numerous enemies, who regarded him as a thorn in their side, until he suddenly died on Holy Thursday in 1743, from what cause no one knew though many surmised.

The Spanish Government entertain no sincere desire to concede any reforms either in their Far East or Far West possessions. General Martínez Campos, the advocate of conciliation combined with military demonstration, was sent to Cuba in the spring of 1895 when the Spaniards at home wildly clamored for extermination of the insurgent Cubans, and imagined it would not be an impossible task to wipe them off the face of the island. Martínez Campos, however, declined to co-operate in harmony with the general feeling; and having failed to satisfy the bloodthirsty cravings of his countrymen, he was recalled in a few months and returned to Spain to face unpopularity and the general abuse which was heaped upon him. His successor, Gen-

eral Wenceslao Weyler, who is still there, interprets far better the popular longing for an energetic policy—which means nothing less than a savage scourging of a people who have dared to raise their voices against the violence of masters inherently sanguinary. But the razing to the ground of homesteads under the pretext that they might serve to harbor insurgents; the torture of innocent men; the imprisonment of those who have simply wished to be neutral, on the ground that "he who is not for me is against me;" the banishment of others to a lingering death in Fernando Po because of their sympathies with the insurgent cause; the persecution of planters who had to choose between paying a tax to the insurgents to be allowed to gather in their crops or see them burned; and the barefaced open robbery of even the loyal merchants by forcing them to take worthless bits of paper (*papel de guerra*) in exchange for silver value, are abominations calculated to widen the breach between the mother country and her colony. Weyler's management of Cuban affairs has, so far, been an utter failure, and has, in reality, only served the interests of the Liberal party, who hoped that the Conservatives would have been forced to resign in their favor. Alas! the sudden removal of poor Cánovas from the political arena may hasten their opportunity or it may be the prelude to further calamities in Spain; it may even raise the hopes of the Republican party—all this has yet to be seen. There is one thing certain: Weyler will be recalled if any Ministry other than a reconstructed Cánovas Cabinet gets into power. Weyler never seems to arrive at any decisive point, and in his dispatch of August 3 he reports 25,000 soldiers ill with fever.

Convinced of the impossibility of ever subduing Cuba by force of arms, there is a growing tendency of opinion in favor of granting autonomy. It is reluctantly advocated as the only solution in view of the fact that the class who supply the flesh and blood for the campaign are getting heartily sick of the Government demands; the State is on the verge of bankruptcy; and what the United States may possibly

do is a constant menace to Spanish pride. The situation in Cuba is the burning political question in Spain today. To many it would appear surprising that Spain itself should not be in a state of open rebellion against the iniquities of the present Government. Conscription or "blood contribution" as it is called, can be redeemed by a payment to the Government in coin. The total of redemption money amounted to about £1,200,000 at the end of June, of which about two-thirds were paid by the working classes, and it is estimated and publicly stated in the Spanish press that the £800,000 so paid must have cost these people quite £2,000,000, or two and a half times the sum, to borrow it immediately under such urgent circumstances, from usurious money-lenders. Notwithstanding this, the Government have caused or permitted a rumor to be spread, without official denial, that several thousand more soldiers will be needed to fill the places of those who have died of disease or in battle, but that this military service *can be redeemed in coin*. It is simply a new form of extortion, resorted to when tax-levying capacity has been strained to the utmost.

In the Philippines the natives have shown that they are in earnest about their grievances. The insurgents who took the field in different parts of Luzon Island amounted in the total to about 70,000 men. They are a race of placid character, very teachable, and resigned to their lot when they have a small measure of justice.

I have lived among them for several years; but even to those unacquainted with the islanders and the maladministration of the colony it is not conceivable that 70,000 men should risk their lives and forever abandon their homes without serious cause. Small brigand bands have always existed and always will, but in the recent movement, not yet totally extinguished, the flower of Luzon joined hands. And why? The extortions and avarice of the Spanish employes; the impossibility to redress one's wrongs without bribery; the corruption of all individuals, high and low, connected with the law courts; judicial persecutions by delaying sentences from one to ten

years; banishments without trial, and the familiarity and consequent contempt of the native due to the frequent intermarriage of Spaniards with the women of the country, are only some of the causes of discontent. But superior to all this is the attitude of the priesthood. The fundamental cause of hatred to Spanish rule is the domination exercised by the monks. They censoriously inquire into every individual act of the native man or woman. They despotically bend the natives to their will, and those who resist become the victims of the religious corporations. Emerging from the lowest ranks of society, with no training but that of the seminary, they are void of all fine feeling, and display an arrogance past all toleration even by the patient native. The remedy is in the hands of the Government. The withdrawal of the monks would at least insure peace for a generation. There is not a colony in the world which, depending on commerce for its prosperity, has flourished under ecclesiastical dominion. It is altogether impracticable to confide civil power to men of gross instincts like the Spanish friars. As to the purification of civil administration in a Spanish colony, it is necessary to draw the line of reform there. "What is bred in the bone will come out in the flesh." The native, in his loftiest aspirations, would never dream of finding honesty in the Government departments. All he asks for is the abolition of priestly tutelage until the inevitable day when the Philippines must shake off the yoke of a country unfitted to possess colonies in this nineteenth century.

The only reasonable excuse that Spain can make to the world for the retention of colonies fallen into such a wretched social condition is that, if left to their own resources now, they would plunge into a state of civil war for half a century or more. It has happened so in nearly every community which was once under Spanish rule, and is due to the bad education and example imparted to them by their former masters. Already the various groups of political wire-pullers in Cuba and Porto Rico, who have brought pressure to bear on the Madrid Minis-

try by constitutional means, are at variance with each other as to who should predominate in the event of the reforms being adopted. The Cuban autonomists have hitherto done the work of agitating for reforms, and now that autonomy is talked of, the constitutionalists suddenly step in with a vote of adhesion to the Madrid Government provided they can become the recognized power in Cuba. Hence a conflict between these two parties is brewing. Porto Rico has its complaints and its aspirations, which led to an outbreak some years ago while General Palacios was in command of the island. I thought I was fortunate in being introduced to General Palacios by a military friend at the Madrid Casino, but I found him so deaf that it was extremely difficult to elicit anything, so I visited Porto Rico in 1892. The administration would appear to be as defective there as in Cuba from a moral point of view, but the Porto Rico people were appeased by certain reforms for about five years—from 1873, under the Republic, till 1878, two years after the Bourbon restoration, when the Minister, Señor Elduayen, curtailed their liberties. The preambles of this Minister's decrees clearly set forth that Spain feared she had (under the Republic) given Porto Rico just a little too much freedom. These measures, however, have served to whet the appetite for the enjoyment of those reforms for which Porto Rico now quietly agitates. The independence of these islands is only a matter of time, and when the day arrives, Porto Rico will

perhaps be the least convulsed by the change. In the course of a generation or two, the right man to establish order always seems to be forthcoming. Mexico, for instance, was absolutely in a state of political and social chaos for some years until the great patriot Benito Jaurez came to the front, and judging from the bloody scenes during the anti re-election riots which I witnessed in the city of Mexico in 1892, revolution would soon again be rife but for the intelligent iron rule of my friend the President Porfirio Diaz. Wherever I have been, all through Mexico the recollection of a Spanish dominion is odious to the people, who to this day refer to a Spaniard with the contemptuous epithet of *gachupin*. I remember the splendid bronze equestrian statue of Charles III., erected in the Paseo de la Reforma, which runs from the Alameda in the city of Mexico to Chapultepec. Why the statue was not pulled down and cast into cannon to obliterate this relic of the Spaniards is explained by the inscription on a plate of brass which encircles the marble base. The inscription points out that *this statue is preserved, not as a souvenir of Spain, but solely as a grand work of art.*

If Spain can boast of having brought millions of human beings under her sway—of having taught them the true religion, with an insight into social refinement, she ought to at once realize that in the course of time the cub becomes a lion, whose nature cannot be rudely checked without danger to herself.—*Westminster Review.*

BORN BY THE SEA.

I MARVEL not thou art so fair,
For thou wert born beside the sea ;
Its breath preserves thee fresh and fair ;
That like a rose thou seem'st to me !

Thy smiling mouth and thy small hands
Are like the roses white and red ;
With thee they bloom in winter-time
When all their comrades sweet are dead.

—*Nineteenth Century.*

AT DAWN OF DAY.

BY A SON OF THE MARSHES.

THE first gray light of the dawning is showing over the eastern hills as we stand on the firm edge of a wet common, or, more properly speaking, a swamp, which is the last portion left of a vast area of "quakes." Only a generation ago these were practically impassable, except to those wanderers of a nomadic type who had for generations been settled near them. These people gained their living from the fur, feathers, and fin that at one time were to be found there in great quantities. The growth of wood, copse, and moor was all laid under contribution by them; they really ruled these wilds in their own primitive fashion. The power they had was unacknowledged, but it was one that could make itself felt at times in most objectionable ways.

The middle of July is not a very favorable time for general observation, but for the few swimmers and waders that remain to breed with us that period is the best to watch them about with their broods. Birds of the same species do not nest according to rule or plan: some are very early and others very late in breeding. On and about a spot I have visited, not once, but many times at the same time of year, some birds were constructing their nests, while others were sitting hard; and in many instances broods were out and about. In the early stages—that is, when they are fluffy—these latter are not allowed to leave their platforms of sedge, rush, or mare's-tails—some are made exclusively of one of these growths—before the sun is high up overhead and the water warm. Sitting on a bundle or sheaf of last year's sedges, we can see through a fringe of tall sword-blade grass, in which slight openings for purposes of observation have been made most carefully by means of slight forked alder-boughs. My water-boots are in the wet sludge, a long, heavy ash staff firmly planted between the knees in the soft mud; a sling is hitched round the stick as a rest for a powerful telescope that I use

at times for purposes of accurate definition beyond a certain distance, instead of field-glasses. With my left hand resting on the top of the staff and the elbow of the right arm on my knee, I can turn the glass in all directions as it rests midway in the temporary sling, and the simple contrivance is as firm as a post. Midges and other winged fiends of a larger size, and of the most bloodthirsty habits, have to be borne with; the only relief being smothered exclamations that far overstep the boundary lines of refined diction. With the exception of the mallards, all the other cock-birds are foraging over the water, and diving beneath it for provender to take to the hens, so that they can feed their little coodlers. The shallow water is almost tepid with the heat. Just beyond the flowering rush-beds the water is little more than five feet in depth, not counting mud. Mallard, teal, coots, moorhens, dabchicks—these latter, by the way, have as yet only just got their full complement of eggs—at least none of the tiny creatures are about with their parents—a few water-rails, and some herons that come here to feed, complete the show. A pale yellow, so pale that the light looks cold, succeeds to the gray; then through and over it comes the rose-tinted flush of morn, followed by the rising of the sun. As his life-giving beams glide down and over the heather, to turn the gray sheet of water into liquid dancing gold, while the fowl splash and flutter over their morning wash, the cold mists that had rested a few feet above the water throughout a night of semi-twilight rise up in the warm air above and float away. Insects, together with vegetable matters, form the food-supply of the young broods in their early stages. As some of the nests were not a dozen yards from our hiding-place, we can see the insects captured and the delicate weeds collected by the male birds and delivered to the females, who are sitting close, for distribution to their hovered young. All the nests

have sloping gangways on one side or the other, as convenience or instinct dictated, so that the feathered father may walk up to his mate, and the young ones run down from out the nest to meet him, one at a time, and be fed, the food passing from his bill to theirs in the form of pellets about the size of large peas. For two hours I was busy sketching the various actions of seven young coots in a nest close to me. The tops of their heads looked like half-withered damask rosebuds, and this color, combined with the hairlike yellow fringe round their necks, and their grayish-black bodies, formed a fine bit of coloring, brought up and out in the most vivid manner by the grayish-green mare's-tails that composed the nest. As some of the structures with the birds on them are from fifteen to eighteen inches above the level of the water, the use of that sloping weed-gangway is evident. As long as the sun was full on the nest, the mother allowed her chicks to go down for the food that the father brought for them; but directly the least shadow fell she called them all to her and fed them under her.

No predaceous fish are here to disturb their domestic arrangements; in fact it is doubtful if any fish could live in the brown peat-water. Herons are here for the numerous small deer that are far more free than welcome in making their appearance at times. These birds have their time for coming and going; before eight o'clock they will rise as one bird, and betake themselves to the river below, where they will gorge to repletion on small fish that no one troubles about, such as gudgeon, loach, miller's-thumbs, and crayfish, matter-jacks (the yellow-striped "running toads"), newts, snakes, frogs—the snake's principal provender—great water-beetles—the Goliaths of their race—all are sampled by the gray herons when they visit this remnant of the primæval wilderness. Their visits to the river below, in order to pick up trifles here and there, seem to be made from a corrective point of view, just to set right what they have devoured in their swamp investigations. I saw this spot last when moonlight, a bright moon high up in a clear, cloudless sky,

threw her soft light directly on and over the peat-water swamp, converting it into a silver-mirror, framed in by a wide ebony border of rush and sedge. The distant hills and the near moorlands only showed out as great shadowy masses more or less defined according to distance. Not a sound could be heard; even the "puckridges"—a local name for the fern-owl or eve-jars—for a time seem to have forgotten their only song, the whirr of the spinning-wheel. Why it should be so absolutely silent at certain seasons I have never been able to discover. Not even the hum from a moth's wing or a beetle's boom is to be heard, all around and about is at perfect rest; so quiet is it that your own breathing falls on your ear distinctly, as you look on the wondrous scene, from the cool damp sward of the moor.

A lowering dawn, the damp air being charged with electricity, finds us in the very heart of a woodland haunt, returning home after being out all through the night. Two courses are open to us, either to go the nearest way through some belts of oak-woods, or over the moors and through the fir warrens—a longer distance, but, under the threatening aspect of the weather, the safer route.

Oaks I have seen struck and riven by lightning repeatedly, but a fir-tree only once in a lifetime: there is the tree in front of us, a forest giant, torn and twisted as if the great limbs were rope cables. When fairly on the moors, a heavy curtain of dark-gray hot mists blots all out with the exception of the tops of the firs on the higher ground. Then from out the gray veil shoots a blinding flash of forked lightning, followed by a terrific peal of thunder. Flash follows flash, and peal follows peal; then the wind comes rushing and roaring through the firs, and whirls the mist away. Some rabbits and one solitary hare appear to fly over the ground and vanish like shadows. The pipits, or, as they are far more frequently called, "tillings," or tit-larks, endeavor to rise up from where they have been feeding; but their long tails get "slewed" by the winds, and they nearly turn turtle. After a few flicks from their wings, very much on one

side, they drop down again, cheeping in the most disconsolate manner. Presently we almost walk on a fine old cock pheasant, a real stout moor-rover. As he rises, his long tail-feathers almost touch our shoulders; but the wind is too much for him, his long tail swings round in a curve, and away he goes down-wind like a rocket, sounding out his frantic alarm notes of chuck-chuck-chuck-chuck-keep-chuck-chuck. Then down comes the rain; not a shower, but sheets of it, blotting out all objects from view far and near—a blinding torrent of water. In two minutes we are as thoroughly wet through as if we had plunged into a river. The ruts on the moor are full of water rushing down to the trout-stream below; in fact, we can hear the plashing from those nearest to us as they leap like miniature cascades from the banks direct into the stream. Drenched clothes are not pleasant; but no harm will come from them if you keep moving and change directly you reach home. As a rule, wild things make for cover on the first indications of a storm; but, like common humanity, some of them are sure to be abroad, if it comes on them quickly. The storm passes away with low grumbings over the northern range of hills, for it came up direct from the south. The sun shows warm and bright, the rain-drops glitter all over the moor turfs, as if millions of diamonds had been scattered broadcast over it. From the very top twigs of the trees and stunted bushes all the choristers of the district break into full song and gay twitters; for they know well that after the air is cleared, life will be brighter. The same atmospheric changes that depress human beings affect bird life.

It has been a dry night, without dew, so that we can pass along the path that leads from the fir-woods direct through the meadow and through the farm-road—a public one, although rarely used in this sequestered spot—into the lonely woodland roads beyond. When heavy dews are on the grass in water-meadows, it is best to avoid them if possible, for this moisture has a most penetrating quality. Lonely as the old red-bricked farm so snugly sheltered at the foot of the well-wooded

hollow is, no dogs are loose outside of it, that I know well; but three game fox-terriers have their stations at night inside the fine old place—one on the mat at the front door, another at the back, and one in the kitchen. You may pass along at any time of the night, or in the early dawn, without being challenged; but if they hear a step on any of the three paths leading to where they are stationed, their infuriated, sharp, yapping yells of defiance will be heard plainly enough, inside and out. Very little life is moving so early as two o'clock in the morning: a solitary thrush perches on the top shoot of a fir, and pipes once or twice; but evidently thinking he has made a mistake in the time, he drops down to his rest again.

It has continued hot and dry for two entire months; in fact, they have in some places been forced to carry water to the sheep. All the cattle are down in the grass, not one of them is up, a sure sign that they have fed well through the night without anything to disturb them; all you can hear from them is munch-munch as they peacefully chew their cud. They will come to the farm-gate of their own accord before five o'clock, at the sound of the milking-can. The poultry roost outside here, and take their chance all through the spring, summer, and early autumn; the turkeys, fowls, and the guinea-fowls or "come-backs," in the trees. When winter comes they must be placed under cover from prudential motives. The fine Aylesbury ducks, large farmyard and half-bred wild ducks, are all asleep on the grassy margin of the duck-pond, the various breeds in separate companies, not mixed up anyhow. We know that geese are about somewhere; but if we can avoid it, not one of these gray patriarchal ganders will get a glimpse of us as we move along slowly over the turf. If one does, he will open his mouth and give out his honking, gabbling noise, loud enough to be heard in the hush of early morn a mile away.

What we want is to see some of the tenants of that farmyard before the house-folks are moving. The sparrows are waking up in their nesting-holes under the thatch. Then one of the

farm cats crosses the road in front, with something in her mouth; not a rat or rabbit, nor yet a young game bird or hare, but a full-grown stoat. I have often seen cats with stoats and weasels in their mouths that they have killed; yet when Puss gets a few yards out of bounds the keeper shoots her when he can. Over the thatched roof of the great barn a white owl flaps, with some small quarry in its bill. This is not held, as is usually the case, by one foot, or, if the prey is of some size, by both. The reason for this is soon made clear, for the bird makes directly for the top of the pigeon-cote, hooks on with its claws to the lower edge of a crack in the boards, and enters sideways in the most expeditious manner, through a small hole that looked only large enough for a starling to pass through.

If a bat enters the trunk of a hollow tree, or a hole in one of its limbs, it flies to it at full speed and vanishes like a flash. Owls do the same; they look large when on the wing, but I have repeatedly seen both species—the brown owl and the white owl—come with a dash and disappear like magic into their holes, not ten feet above my head. As to how it is done, that is only a matter for conjecture; the action is gone through far too quickly for you to make out its details.

To all appearance there is nothing in the farmyard but dirty trampled straw; there are one or two heaps about that look as if one of the farm hands had shaken some of it up, in passing through, with his fork. Presently—somewhat to our surprise, for we are not thinking how the raised straw-heaps come to be there—one of them heaves up, the straw falls down on either side, and a great, gaunt, red-eyed, vicious-looking sow rears herself up and shakes the straw from her, followed by nine perky-looking, nose-wriggling little snorkers. These were very wide-awake all at once, as young pigs usually are; they rooted the straw up with their snouts, buried beneath it, poking their heads up to give out a

snork and a week-week-week or two, just to let the remainder of their brothers and sisters know where they had got to; then, with one of those rushes that only young pigs can execute, they are all huddled round the sow, rubbing their snouts against her legs and lean sides in the most affectionate manner, to dash off again all round the yard, followed by their ever-watchful, vicious, grunting parent.

In ranging over wild places where rough swine with their litters have been turned out for the mast-feed of a whole season, eyes and ears have to be on the alert; for the creatures make rough hovers of brush-twigs, rough grass from the tussock-humps, and dead leaves. If you are unfortunate enough to stumble on or over one of these, the sow will charge with a rush, making the most desperate snaps with those powerful jaws, which if they struck home would break one's leg. Fortunately the alarm notes proceeding from her disturbed progeny keep her within a yard or so of the spot. It is best to clear out and leave them all to it just as quickly as one can. This hovering-making is the hereditary habit transmitted by their wild progenitors; "what is bred in the bone will out in the flesh."

The rattle of cart-horse hoofs sounds on the pitching of the stables, and the carter and his mate will soon be there to attend to their beasts; so we pass out of the yard again into the woodland road, to come back when all is bathed in the light of a golden eve: then the corn-fields above the farm will show out as great patches of dead gold, the light will creep up and over those fields until it rests on the heather-covered hills directly above, which show out in great masses of purple or pale rose, according to the color of the heath. Just before the sun dips down, a great shaft of golden light falls for a few moments on the blooming heather, causing it to appear like some gigantic upland garden, a mass of bloom.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

PLEASURES OF THE PAST.

BY LIESA FOREST.

WHEN Spring makes her appearance in town (we are made aware of it first by the crop of flowers that springs up on the ladies' bonnets), when even in the heart of the metropolis she dons fresh green raiment with dainty trimmings of pale pink almond blossoms, purple and gold crocuses, and a thousand other delicate blooms, the thoughts of Londoners naturally revert to the rural regions, where she reigns supreme. Visions of youthful lambs frolicking in green meadows filled with flowers arise to distract us as we hurry through the dusty streets, and the country seems "a land very far off." Perhaps few among us realize how near that same country was until a comparatively recent date, when the ever-encroaching flood of bricks swept over it and surrounded us with endless reaches of suburbs—each a complete town in itself—to get beyond which a long journey by train or tram is necessary. A hundred years ago it would have been possible to traverse the distance between London proper and the adjacent country on foot in a very reasonable space of time, and reach, not suburbs, but the *villages* of Chelsea, Brompton, Kensington, Bayswater, and other rural spots as they then were, simple country villages entirely detached from the metropolis. So many landmarks have been removed in the recent remarkable extension of London that the present-day inhabitant has difficulty in believing how many of the busiest metropolitan centres of to-day were real country villages only sixty years ago, and maintained their rustic characteristics until well into the beginning of the Victorian era.

Not only has the country receded till it is almost out of reach, but certain quaint corners of it that had survived from an older period, and adorned the metropolis here and there with a pleasant green shade, have vanished utterly from our midst. The very face of the earth has changed during the latter part of Her Majesty's beneficent reign, and no place has been more completely

metamorphosed than her capital and its surroundings. Wroth's interesting account of the "London Pleasure Gardens in the Eighteenth Century" helps us to realize what a vast difference sixty years of railroads and commercial prosperity has worked; we learn from it in what manner our forefathers passed their leisure hours, and what London was like before æstheticism, in the shape of tall red flats and jerry-builders, claimed the city as her own. It was easy enough to get out into the country in those days, or, failing time and inclination for that, to obtain at small exertion and cost a little make-believe rurality at one of the numerous tea-gardens—also called variously "wells" or "spas,"—which abounded. Besides the celebrated Ranelagh and Vauxhall, whose fascinations have been described in every history of London, there were, as Mr. Wroth's book informs us, a multitude of smaller pleasure gardens less known to fame, to which my lady and her beaux equally with the humble "cit" and his sweetheart would repair to enjoy fresh air and country fare when weary of the streets.

They might retire to Bagnigge Wells (near the present King's Cross) or Florida Gardens, Brompton (Brompton was noted a hundred years ago for its "salubrious air"), or the Marylebone Gardens and Bowling-green (mentioned by Pepys as "a pretty place" so long ago as 1668), or the Bayswater Tea Gardens (which flourished till after the middle of the present century) there to sit in a summer-house overgrown with honeysuckle and sweetbriar, drinking tea—then held in much esteem as a fashionable beverage—and eating cheese-cakes, "heart-cakes," Chelsea buns, syllabubs, jellies, creams, hot loaves, rolls and butter, while a band performed a concerto by Corelli or the last new composition by Mr. Handel, "The Master of Musick," or a singer gave the last new song by Dr. Arne. Afterward visitors might enjoy the privilege of drinking new milk from

the cow and picking flowers and fruit, "fresh every hour in the day," a great attraction doubtless for Londoners at a period when fruit and flowers were neither so cheap nor so abundant in the metropolis as they are at present. Nor were more artificial amusements lacking. In addition to illuminations, fireworks, and masquerades, attended by the world of fashion from princes downward, there were miscellaneous entertainments of every sort. A high scaffolding was erected in Marylebone Gardens in 1736 for a predecessor of Blondin called "The Flying Man," who was advertised to fly down on a rope pushing a wheelbarrow before him. In May, 1785, Lunardi, the first aeronaut who went up in a balloon in England, and was quaintly called "the first aerial traveller in the English atmosphere" by contemporary prints, descended unexpectedly one afternoon in the Adam and Eve Tea Gardens in the neighborhood of Tottenham Court Road (then a resort of fashion), and was uproariously welcomed by the populace in acknowledgment of his flight. Later on, aeronautic flights became a special feature of all these pleasure gardens. Ponds containing goldfish—a novelty in the middle of the eighteenth century—were reckoned as another of their special attractions, and were advertised as "gold and silver fish, which afford pleasing ideas to every spectator."

At Cuper's Gardens in Lambeth, opposite Somerset House—poetically nicknamed "Cupid's Gardens"—elaborately prepared fireworks were a principal attraction. On one occasion (18th July, 1741), the fire music from an opera of Handel's called *Atalanta* was performed with an accompaniment of real fireworks, a foretaste of some of our modern realistic musical and dramatic effects. Another night there was "a curious and magnificent firework which has given great satisfaction to the nobility, wherein Neptune will be drawn on the canal by sea-horses, and set fire to an Archimedian worm" (whatever that formidable-sounding reptile might be) "and return to the Grotto." On yet another occasion a view of the city of Rhodes was shown, with the Colossus, "from

under which Neptune issued forth and set fire to a grand pyramid in the middle of the canal," while dolphins, waterwheels, and rockets were in full play around.

Neptune and his sea monsters seem to have been as popular at "Cupid's Gardens" as Vulcan and his Cyclops were at Marylebone (for pyrotechnic purposes) and later at Ranelagh, where a truly awesome representation of the Cavern of Vulcan on Mount Etna, with the Cyclops forging the armor of Mars to inspiring strains of Gluck, Haydn, Giardini, and Handel, was given. A curious taste to have musical accompaniments to such extremely noisy proceedings as the following must have been: "The smoke thickens, the crater on the top of Etna vomits forth flames, and the lava rolls dreadful along the side of the mountain. This continues with increasing violence till there is a prodigious eruption, which finishes with a tremendous explosion."

But in the last century the English public liked noise and rough sport. Thus at an old-fashioned inn called "The Three Hats" at Islington, which developed into a tea-garden about 1760, the attraction for May Day, 1770, was "a grand match at that ancient and much-renowned manly diversion called 'double stick'—those who brake the most heads to bear away the prize." It was at "The Three Hats" that some of the earliest circus performances took place in London, and were patronized by royalty, the Duke of York and several hundred people witnessing the feats of an equestrian named Johnson, who rode standing on his head, to the alarm of the public, and also galloped riding three horses at once. Another equestrian, Sampson, who performed there, had a wife who seems to have been the direct progenitrix of the "advanced women" of our own time, to judge from the advertisement announcing that she would emulate her husband's feats of horsemanship. "Mr. Sampson begs to inform the public that besides the usual feats which he exhibits, Mrs. Sampson, to diversify the entertainment and *prove that the fair sex are by no means inferior to the male*, either in courage or agility, will this and every evening during the summer

season perform various exercises in the same art, in which she hopes to acquit herself to the universal approbation of those ladies and gentlemen whose curiosity may induce them to honor her attempt with their company."

Equestrian performances were likewise given at Florida Gardens, Brompton, which, lying in a district of flower-gardens and nursery-gardens, "a pleasant rural walk from the Park, Chelsea, and Knightsbridge," was an agreeable spot in which to spend a leisure hour amid the rustic surroundings already described.

Another district that one would not now associate with rural delights was Kilburn, which a hundred and fifty years ago had also its pleasure garden, and a spring of healing water (it was called "Kilburn Wells"), which in course of time became so well known that in 1773 the enterprising proprietor enlarged the gardens and had the house "repainted and beautified in the most elegant manner. . . for the use and amusement of the politest companies." "This happy spot" (we are informed in the same advertisement) "is equally celebrated for its rural situation, extensive prospects, and the acknowledged efficacy of the waters; is most delightfully situated on the site of the once famous abbey of Kilburn on the Edgware Road, at an easy distance, being but a morning's walk from the metropolis, two miles from Oxford Street; the footway from Mary-bone across the fields still nearer. A plentiful larder is always provided, together with the best of wines and other liquors. Breakfasting and hot loaves."

Alas, the march of civilization has swept many innocent pleasures away! What weary Londoner would now think of going to Kilburn for an extensive country view, to Brompton for "salubrious air," or to Marylebone to enjoy sitting in a honeysuckle arbor drinking new milk and picking fresh fruit? Who can imagine Stepney as "a village consisting principally of houses of entertainment," frequented by holiday crowds at Easter and other festive times to "eat Stepney buns and drink ale and cyder"? What has become of the Peerless Pool, described as "a pleasant summer resort," in the City

Road, on the banks of which the visitor might wander in "walks shaded by lime trees," and watch swimmers and divers disporting on fine summer afternoons? Of what use in these degenerate days to seek "the Temple of Flora" in Westminster Bridge Road? Yet there it stood a hundred years ago, "an elegant and ingenious imitation of Nature in her floral attire," ornamented with colored lamps and garlands of flowers, and containing the usual supper boxes where strawberries and cream and other rustic dainties might be consumed.

Such simple diversions suited that simpler age; were they still possible they would afford scarcely more pleasure to our excitement-loving generation than the discourse of sweet melodies by Mr. Handel and Dr. Arne would afford to the admirers of *fin-de-siècle* music.

We have shown, however, that a variety of entertainments, some rousing enough, were provided for the frequenters of pleasure gardens, nor had the excitement always to be artificially created. Doubtful characters were naturally attracted to these resorts of fashion, alongside the honest 'prentices and citizens who mingled with the grand folk; indeed, some of the fashionables themselves could not boast of much respectability. At the Rose Tavern, a noted gaming-house standing in Marylebone Gardens early in the eighteenth century, Sheffield Duke of Buckingham used to toast his companions at their farewell dinner, when the season ended, in the ominous words: "May as many of us as remain unchanged next spring meet here again!" John Rann, the highwayman, otherwise "Sixteen Strings Jack" of evil fame, liked to swagger about at Bag-nigge Wells in the intervals of carrying out his nefarious deeds or undergoing punishment for the same. He is described as appearing there in July, 1774, "attired in a scarlet coat, tambour waist, white silk stockings, and a laced hat. On each knee he wore the bunch of eight ribbons which had gained him his sobriquet of 'Sixteen Strings Jack.'" There were lively doings under the influence of this sprightly gentleman, and on the occa-

sion referred to he was pitched out of window for offending honest company. Only a few months later he met the reward of his misdeeds on the gallows at Tyburn, for venturing to rob the Princess Amelia's chaplain.

Dick Turpin was another "gentleman of the road" who amused himself in the intervals of "business" by frequenting pleasure gardens. He was once moved to kiss a fair lady in public at Marylebone, assuring her, when she protested, that she might ever after boast of the favor she had received! Whether Turpin and gentlemen of similar occupation came to pleasure gardens solely for their diversion, may reasonably be doubted when we remember how frequent robberies were in the paths and fieldways leading to these sylvan retreats. Watchmen were set "to guard those who go over the fields late at night," yet even so visitors were often attacked and robbed, sometimes in the gardens themselves, and sometimes on the road to or from them. In early days at Marylebone it was deemed necessary to provide the company with a guard of soldiers to conduct them home at nights—a curious winding-up to a jovial evening. Pickpockets were of course plentiful at all the gardens despite every precaution, and one night at Cuper's in 1743 a thief, caught in the act of taking a lady's purse, was rescued from the hands of the police by a band of his comrades on his way through St. George's Fields, and enabled to escape justice for that time.

Such occurrences certainly troubled the serenity of visits to pleasure gardens, but taken all in all the advantages possessed by these gardens as places of popular resort far outweighed their occasional drawbacks. They enabled tired citizens of whatever class to escape for a while from the roar of the streets and enjoy fresh air and flowers, together with a fairly good imitation of the green leisure of the country. Good music and harmless amusements were provided in addition for those who desired something more than mere repose of body and mind, the whole entertainment being included in a rate of admission sufficiently moderate to bring it within everybody's reach. The entrance to Vauxhall, Marylebone,

and Cuper's was one shilling, but at the smaller gardens only sixpence was usually charged, and for this payment a visitor was entitled to tea, cakes, jelly, and other light refreshments, even wine included, gratis. Such simplicity of diversions (and of charges) has gone by. Our entertainments are on a grander scale, and a busy age has invented no substitute for the pleasure gardens dear to bygone generations.* One by one they have succumbed to the pressure of circumstances, and closed their hospitable gates, which formerly invited the attendance of merry multitudes. Bagnigge Wells was open as late as 1841, at which date it ended its career as a pleasure garden, and a tavern was built on the ground, kept by a man bearing the appropriate name of Mr. Negus. Marylebone Gardens ceased to exist as a place of public entertainment before the end of the last century, and ultimately degenerated into a music hall, while "The Three Hats" became a bank, and the "New Wells" in Clerkenwell a Methodist Tabernacle. That most unpoetical thoroughfare, Waterloo Road, runs over the once fascinating "Cupid's Gardens"; the Temple of Flora, and that of Apollo, which stood near it, have disappeared as completely from modern ken as the deities to whom they were dedicated; Vauxhall, indeed, survived until 1859, but it had long lost the charm of former days, and with the innovation of gas—introduced to replace the old-fashioned oil lamps in 1846—its last distinctive feature vanished. The final entertainment in this last and perhaps most popular pleasure garden (an old writer declared of it: "The whole place is a realization of Elizium") took place 25th July, 1859, soon after which Vauxhall was delivered over to the auctioneer and the fixtures sold, preparatory to the erection of endless rows of little houses forming endless small dull streets on its historical site.

In this manner the favorite haunts of our forefathers have gradually been demolished, their very sites obliterated in such utilitarian fashion that in many

* Cremorne, Rosherville, and the Surrey Gardens bore no resemblance to them.

cases not a trace of where they once stood in all their glory remains. The lights are out, the gay company gone, the gardens forgotten, and with them

a characteristic phase of London life in the past has disappeared to revive no more.—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

ART AND THE DAILY PAPER.

BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

No one can fail to notice the change that has been coming over the newspaper—a change that has culminated with the Jubilee. I do not mean to call attention to the fact that the editorial “we” no longer leads a gullible public; the veil that hid an unimportant personality has been torn away, and even the man in the street now knows that the editorial “we” is frequently not of as much value as his “I say so.” Nor yet would I refer to the disappearance of the descriptive reporter, who never could describe anything but his own sensations, which were always the same on all occasions and never worth recording; or of the war correspondent, who would inform you of the most secret thought and complex plan of his Commander-in-Chief when he barely had enough intelligence to know upon which side he was fighting; or of the critics, mainly appointed to their posts because they were friends or relations of those in authority and nothing better could be found for them to do. Interesting as it might be to point out how to-day statesmen contribute the politics, authors and artists the reviews, while scientific men are glad to describe their inventions, I am concerned rather with another phase of newspaper work, of which very little has been said or is even known outside the offices—the illustration of the daily paper. It has come about very gradually until lately. But the Jubilee seems to have completed the change, almost all the dailies at the time having published illustrations. Even the *Times* blossomed out in color with a supplement—made in Germany.

The printing of drawings in newspapers is no new thing, as Mr. Mason Jackson has explained in his *History of the Illustrated Press*. Indeed, the

daily paper would always have been illustrated had this been possible. It is only within the last twenty-five years, however, that some of the difficulties in the way have been practically surmounted. The first illustrated daily which lived for any length of time was, as far as I know, the *Daily Graphic* of New York, and it was illustrated chiefly by photo- or some other sort of lithography. The second was the *Daily Graphic* of London. The first came to an end years ago; the second had, and even still has, no rivals in London in its own sphere. But being issued from the office of the weekly *Graphic*, it only in the beginning roused the curiosity of the public as to the mechanical methods of its production. It is, in comparison with the other morning penny papers, small in size, and its illustrations are small too. It was not, therefore, until a little over two years ago, when the *Daily Chronicle*, one morning, suddenly appeared containing effective drawings of the size of those published in the weekly illustrated papers, that editors generally gave any thought at all to the subject; that is, to the present method of reproducing and printing drawings. Sixty years ago, and more, large wood-engravings of important events were issued with the dailies, but either not printed in them or else not by the methods now employed. In America also illustration has been used for years, and it has been customary to refer with pride to the Sunday paper as the greatest and most glorious outcome of that greatest and most glorious country. However, like many another of my country's productions, it is a *tour de force*—a folio magazine. It is not printed, as a rule, on the same press as the daily newspaper; but when it is, one must remember that the American

Sunday journal usually sells for 2½d., and not for a penny. Much, therefore, can be accomplished that is impossible here. The *Pall Mall Gazette* also, I believe, claims to be the pioneer of English daily illustrated journalism. But the claim cannot be maintained.

As I had the good fortune to see the greater part of the experiments that were made, it may be interesting if I describe the new movement from the start. It originated in the following fashion. I was asked to prepare for the *Chronicle* a series of drawings to illustrate the work of the County Council; a series of pictures of the parks, the gardens, the polytechnics, the fire and other departments which the Council had opened, built, or taken over. Though flattered by this offer, I felt at once that to accept it unreservedly was far beyond my powers; many of the subjects I should not have cared to draw, and at that time I had still everything to learn of the methods to be used for reproducing and printing the drawings. For I then knew nothing of the methods of producing the daily illustrated paper, save in theory. As the editor wished to keep his scheme to himself, it was not possible to consult the publishers of the *Graphic*, who, I have no doubt, would, from their vast practical experience, have furnished me much information, of which many people will say I am still in need. All these things considered, I realized that the selection of the illustrations, and the care of their mechanical reproduction, were almost as much as I could reasonably venture to undertake. The task was the easier for me, as I found in the proprietors, and all connected with the paper, the most valuable collaborators and the most enthusiastic experimenters.

Now, experimenting in newspaper printing is enormously expensive, very difficult, and extremely dangerous. A monthly magazine like the *Century*, a weekly paper like the *Graphic*, or a book, is printed either from what is known as a stop cylinder, or a flat press, usually the finest illustrations on one side of the paper only at a time, at the rate of from a few hundred to, at the most, a very few thousand copies an hour. In order to get out an edi-

tion of a weekly paper or a magazine at a given date, a large number of presses must therefore be employed. To increase the speed of production, the number of presses must be increased. Time and expense are not spared. The illustrated portions of the *Century* go to press three months before they are issued, its illustrated contents are made up a year in advance. A daily paper is printed on a cylinder press, a rotary, a web machine, usually at the rate of about 20,000 copies an hour, entirely by one operation. The paper is "made up" between ten o'clock in the evening and, at the very latest, two o'clock in the morning. The printing is done in an hour or two, and often up to the very last moment the editor does not know that some change will not have to be made, owing to important news coming in. Yet the paper must be ready for delivery between four and five in the morning, in order to be distributed. When the *Chronicle* began to print illustrations there were but three available presses, made by Robert Hoe & Co., the great manufacturers, in the office. In an office like that of De Vinne, the printer of the *Century*, where there are many stop cylinder machines (in some offices they are counted by hundreds), one press and the two or three men who run it can easily be secured at any time for the making of experiments, and the printing is done mainly in the daytime. In the *Chronicle* office, to make a single experiment the entire machinery had to be set going, the printers, who only came at twelve o'clock at night, had to be kept on in the daytime, after their night's work was done, as they alone understood the presses. The proprietors, in trying these experiments, risked breaking the press and losing probably their edition the next day—for them the gravest sort of risk, as must be seen.

The first thing to do, it seemed to me, as they had decided to make the trial, was to enlist the services of distinguished artists. While many of the sixpenny magazines, both in this country and America, have done their best to cheapen art and literature, whether knowingly or not, and while the same cheap commonplaceness is bound to

triumph blatantly in the newspaper, it was worth while, I thought, to start, at any rate, with the work of distinguished artists, thus showing what could be done, even if afterward things must be allowed to take their course. The drawings were made in pen and ink, the one exception being the etching contributed by Mr. Whistler. Zinc line blocks were then produced from them in the ordinary way. But here a difficulty arose. The designs by Mr. Whistler and Sir Edward Burne-Jones were too small to be effective on the page, the former's too delicate to print. Therefore, instead of following the unalterable law of the photo-engraver, and reducing the illustrations, we enlarged them, and eventually both were printed several times the size that the artists drew them; a proof that work, which is good in itself, looks well no matter how much the reproduction varies in size from the original. These blocks and others were then stereotyped—that is, from the page of type containing the blocks a cast was made in ordinary stereotype metal. A stereotype is made for three reasons: first, to preserve the type; second, to get duplicates or casts of it in metal at once, so that it can be printed on several presses at the same time; and third, because the stereotype is shaped to fit the curved cylinder of the press, to which it is impossible to fasten the type itself. But when it came to printing the drawing from the stereotype, the result was disappointing. The gray lines, the fine lines, became huge black masses, and all the blacks in the original printed as grays. Experiment after experiment followed, but it was not until the stereotyper was in a rage, the printer in despair, not until the whole page had been reproduced by electrotyping in the fashion adopted for the finest magazines, that a satisfactory method was devised. The method finally adopted is this. The engraved block, or rather a blank plate of the same size, is placed in a page of type. A stereotype of this page is then made, and the original engraving, after the stereotype is bent to fit on the cylinder of the printing press, is fastened to the blank space. This bending constitutes the radical difference between rapid news-

paper printing and the printing of fine books. A book is printed in sheets. The type and blocks from which it is printed, or the electrotypes, lie upon a flat bed, and the paper comes down flatly upon them, or is rolled over them, usually on one side only at a time, thus allowing greater care, and also permitting the ink to dry before the other side is printed. A newspaper is printed from one or more rolls of paper, each of enormous length. The paper is unwound by the machine from the roll, and passes at incredible speed over a series of cylinders the faces of which just touch each other. One cylinder carries the stereotype plate, and on the other the paper runs. Each cylinder contains two or more pages of each copy of the paper. When the sheet of paper has passed around all the cylinders, it is completely printed on both sides, and this is done in the fraction of a second; then the paper is pasted together, and cut and folded and counted, and comes out perfect at the end; while a book or magazine has to be gathered, and then stitched up and bound—separate operations. Of course, by the *Chronicle* method, as many original engraved blocks have to be made as are wanted for the various presses. The difficulty was to bend them, and to attach them so that they would not come off when being printed at the rate of 20,000 an hour, for if they did, the press would be broken all to pieces. It is sufficient to say that the problem has been solved.

Again, unless what are called “overlays” are made—that is, unless the blacks of the picture are really modelled on the press in relief—the print will always be dull and gray and flat. This also has been accomplished.

There remains the problem of publishing drawings on the very day following the events they should illustrate—a problem that has scarcely been solved. A large “newsy” drawing, a drawing depicting an event, must be made beforehand, when possible, if the drawing is to be printed the next morning. The artist of the daily may get everything right in advance, save the weather; the artist working for the weekly can put in the proper weather at the last moment, after the

event has happened. Therefore the daily, in this respect also, is at a disadvantage. But on the *Chronicle* even the weather can be controlled. During the Jubilee, incredible as it may seem, artists were found capable of making drawings of the procession as it actually passed. Some of their drawings were not finished until seven o'clock that evening. They were then given to the photo-engraver, who reproduced them before eleven; the blocks were put upon the machine and printed the next morning. Possibly they were not works of the highest art. But they were well drawn, they were well engraved, they were printed as well as they could be, and they were interesting, and valuable as showing what will be done in the very near future. Giotto is not studied for correctness of drawing. These illustrations are not remarkable for perfection of printing; they are the comparative failures upon which the successes of the future will be built up. The old men did the best they could for the Church and the State in paint; we are doing it in printer's ink for the people. Ten years ago such illustrations could not have appeared. Twenty-five years ago we were amazed at the printing of the monthlies and the weeklies, and yet the daily has beaten it all to pieces. Of course, the magazine has continued to improve in the same proportion, and its printing is still far beyond that of the daily. But I know that in ten years, when the makers of printing presses have solved the new problems so suddenly presented to them, the daily papers of the world will contain illustrations as admirably drawn, engraved, and printed as those which now are only to be found in the best American magazines. Dürer revolutionized wood-cutting, Bewick invented wood-engraving, with the sole idea of producing popular art. Dürer was ridiculed for a while by his contemporaries. Many of the best men of to-day are told that they are wasting their time in drawing for newspapers. Under the present system it is probable that they are. But somehow there is a stimulating excitement in the work, an uncanny fascination about the huge, almost human monster which seizes a

roll of blank paper and in a moment transforms it into a finished, vital, living, universally read, illustrated print. When I stood in the machine-room and saw Burne-Jones's drawing—the first published in the *Chronicle* series—coming off the press at the rate of over 20,000 copies an hour, I knew that I was assisting at a revolution in art which would be as wide reaching as that started by Dürer or by Bewick. But our difficulties are a thousand times greater than theirs. Their work was all done upon a hand-press. If mistakes were made in the drawing, the engraving, or the printing they could be remedied; there was time. If corrections were wanted, they could be added, defects could be taken away. But in the daily, once the block has left the hands of the engraver, nothing can be done to it. And until the first copies have come off the press nobody knows what the illustration really will look like, and then it is too late for corrections. It is all very well to say, "Why don't you do this?" and "Why don't you do that?" Experiments are only made really in the actual work. The marvel is, not that the results are so bad, but that they are so good. If one tries a new experiment every day, as was done recently in Paris by *Le Quotidien*, a daily which was printed in color—and remarkably well printed too—the result may mean, as I fear it did in that case, ruin for the proprietors. For it must be remembered that newspapers are primarily not produced with any other object than to make a profit for their owners, at the price of one penny a copy. And the loss of the smallest fraction of a farthing on each means failure. But just as literature is taking the place of journalism, so will art find expression in the daily paper.

As it is impossible to make experiments on a daily, there are several things now needful if perfection is to be attained. First, most editors must be taught a little of the elementary principles of art to enable them to distinguish between good and bad work. In fact, an art editor is indispensable. Artists must be trained to draw for newspaper printing, though most painters may assert that this is a low-

ering of their art and a sinking of their dignity. Technically, although we have not yet found out what is actually required for an assured success, no more special study will be demanded than is necessary for the artist who would express himself by oil paint or by etching. But the illustrator, after he has learned to draw, must be trained to put down his every line and touch in the manner that will print best; what that manner really is, no one has determined. In etching and lithography, for example, there are hard-and-fast rules that must be obeyed, and we know what these are. In illustrating newspapers, we know very little with absolute certainty. It is true that there are men whose drawings usually print very well at the great speed required; but even in their case there are heart-breaking exceptions. The photo-engraver, although he may be able to reproduce a drawing almost perfectly as a proof, or for slower printing, cannot be positive that he has hit upon the right method for newspaper purposes, while we cannot doubt that the printing press, wonderful and amazing as it is, is wholly unadapted to the new requirements. But it is upon this machine that one must for the present rely. Fortunately, there is the greatest sympathy between the artists who draw for the paper and their engravers. They work together, as craftsmen should. So also do the printers, who, with the greatest devotion and intelligence, endeavor to carry out the artist's idea. But when the huge, almost human monster of a press gets the drawing between its cylinders, it has absolute control of it. The master printers of the world have a pride in their art; the men who print newspapers are as proud of their pages as any other craftsman of his productions. But one has only to take up the best printed paper, and look at each page carefully, to see that here and there the color varies. As the papers come off the press, the master printer seizes several copies and looks over the pages. If anything is wrong, he tries to correct it, and he can often do so without stopping the machine; unless the printing is absolutely illegible, he does not stop it. But while the printer

alone will detect slight defects in a page filled with type—while he alone, and not the public, will be worried by them—when there is a drawing on the same page, even the public sees in it at once the imperfections that the printer was unable to remedy. The fault may be with the drawing, which was not properly made to print in a newspaper, or with the engraving, which had to be too hastily executed. But the great difficulty is in the printing press itself. In the first place, it never was built for the purpose; even presses designed for the finest illustrated work, and run at the rate of only a few hundred sheets an hour, are continually going wrong. Heat and cold affect them enormously. In a climate like this, unless special provisions are made—and they have not been made excepting by a very few of the best English printers—an edition will vary with the changes of the weather which may occur while it is being printed. On a newspaper the tiniest drop too much of ink makes a smudge; the least bit too little, and the blacks are quite gray. The color may come off on another cylinder, and I have seen a picture beautifully printed on the blanket and shockingly produced on the page. In the larger presses many of these difficulties have been surmounted. The problem of making overlays and keeping them in their place has been solved, and it must be remembered that the slipping of one of these modelled pictures, that produce the blacks by extra pressure on the face of the block, might mean the breaking of the whole machine.

There are only one or two kinds of printing presses which will print illustrations, and half the daily papers do not as yet use them. No matter how well—and some of them are very well done—the drawings are made for the *Star* or the *Daily Mail*, they cannot be printed, it is simply impossible, on the machines employed. Again, though good work is done at times on the great Hoe presses, at other times it is perfectly frightful. What is wanted, then, if we are to improve our methods, is the active co-operation of printers and press-makers with artists and engravers. There are enough artists to-day capable of illustrating all the

daily papers in the world, and more than enough. There are enough photo-engravers to engrave their drawings. But how these drawings should be drawn, and how engraved so as to print, nobody really knows with certainty. No newspaper proprietor is going to ruin himself making experiments; only artists and engravers are foolish enough, or wise enough, or reckless enough to do that. The master printer does his best, but the printing press does what it wants. One attempt, in a small but practical way, has been made by Mr. W. L. Thomas of the *Graphic*, who for years has been training in his office a number—necessarily a limited number—of young men who can draw, who learned to draw before they went to him, to work for rapid printing, and as a consequence the *Daily Graphic* is, on the whole, more uniformly successful in its work than any other daily illustrated paper. But the rules, the methods, and the requirements of the *Graphic* are not those of other journals, and a system which is a success there may be a failure on another paper. What is really wanted, therefore, is a training school for illustrated journalism, a training school in which not only illustration, but the entire art and craft of printing, may be learned. Such a school has been established in the City of Paris—L'Ecole du Livre—with what practical results I cannot say. Here, the County Council has organized schools for lithographers and process-block makers and letterpress printers, at Bolt Court and St. Bride's Institute, and I believe there is another at the Polytechnic in Regent Street, and a third maintained by the City and Guilds. Almost all the art schools give lessons in or lectures on what is known as "Illustration." I, even, have been guilty of lecturing on the subject at the Slade School. The County Council schools, however, are intended primarily for apprentices to the different crafts, and the crafts which are taught in those schools are mostly mechanical. There, and also at the various art schools, either the people who teach know nothing practically about the subject they are teaching, or, if they do, have no means of putting their knowledge into practice

and really instructing the students; that is, there are no newspaper presses, no practical machinery for turning out a paper and seeing what the work is like. South Kensington, of course, has as yet attempted nothing in the matter.

A few years ago it was a popular fallacy that anybody could learn decorative art, which was supposed to be, as illustration now is thought to be, a splendid opening for unsuccessful painters. The fact remains, however, that the great decorative artists in this country, to which all other countries are now looking for a standard of decoration, can be counted on the fingers of both hands; despite the fact that examined and certified pupils are turned out of the Government schools in hundreds, if not in thousands, annually. The Slade Professors and the Royal Academy teach the theory and practice of the fine arts. But they cannot manufacture artists. Nevertheless, there are in England at the present moment a sufficient number of men and women with the ability to perfect the art of illustration, if only they knew how to illustrate. The purely mechanical crafts taught by the County Council can be better learned in a shop by any one with the intelligence to learn them at all. But there is no place in England where a trained artist, who wishes to become an illustrator, may go, make a drawing—and he must be taught absolutely how to make it—engrave it himself, prepare it for the printing press, print it with his own hands, and, if it is to appear in a book, bind up the book. If such a school could be started, either as a separate organization or in connection with one of the great art schools of the Universities, not for apprentices nor for art students, but for artists, the result would be that England in illustration would hold the same position that she does in decoration. But nothing ever is done any more, anywhere, for the deserving; all money goes to aid the worthless pauper, the idiot, the imbecile, the incurable. The technical and mechanical part of all decorative work is carried out by the decorator and his assistants, or by the workman who can easily master the

technical requirements without passing through the Technical or County Council school which proposes to train him. An illustrator can for himself learn all that it is necessary he should know about etching, lithography, and wood-engraving, and practise these arts in his own studio. But he can learn little of photo-engraving unless he goes into a photo-engraver's shop, where he is not wanted; nothing at all of printing, for there is no room for him in a printing office. Even if he learns photo-engraving, it is almost impossible at the same time that he can be given any insight into printing; and yet the two crafts are inseparable. But if he does not know something of these vitally important branches of his work he can never be a good illustrator, and, outside the offices of the *Daily Graphic*, he has to-day no chance to study.

What I think, therefore, is an imperative necessity in this country at the present time is a technical school for artists who wish to become illustrators, engravers, or printers—not for students. Such a school cannot be started by any one artist, no matter how much he knows. For it would have to be equipped with, not only the ordinary appliances of an art school, but complete engraving outfits of all sorts, with presses for lithography, for etching and for letterpress printing, as well as three at least of the huge printing machines: one for fine magazine work, one for a daily paper, and a third for color printing. Besides this, there

should be stereotype and electrotype and type foundries, and a bookbinder. At the head of each department, not a theorist or a lecturer, but a man of wide practical and successful experience should be placed, and the student should be able not only to make his drawing, but to engrave it and print it, and do everything but distribute it to the public. By this means we should become not merely better illustrators, but better engravers, better printers, better trade bookbinders—we might even develop better publishers. And the whole art and craft would be dignified. Many artists would discover that they were better printers than painters; some engravers might find their true vocation in bookbinding; and some publishers might even learn to appreciate what an artist does for his money. The installation of the school would be, I admit, a costly affair; the selection of properly qualified instructors a very difficult matter. But if a fraction of the money that was squandered by a single parish in London on the so-called decorations for the Jubilee had been devoted to such an object, well—we should have had something to show for it.

In the past two or three years we have accomplished enough, however, to silence those critics who maintained that works of art had no place in a daily paper. I am not so sure that in the next sixty years the daily will not have superseded and surpassed the weekly and the monthly.—*Nineteenth Century*.

LOVE AND SUICIDE.

At midnight tolls the solemn bell;
 At morning pass the bearers all.
 There is no rosary to tell,
 No hymning, and no velvet pall.
 Unbless'd to my grave I'm borne,
 Unwept and unredeemed, alas!
 Step to thy window, maiden, then,
 And boast: "I brought him to this pass!"

—*Nineteenth Century*.

THE WORSHIP OF ATHLETICS.

BY A. H. GILKES.

THERE are points suggested by these words which merit the attention of every one in England. The practice of athletics has become general. A strong interest in them, and an admiration for eminent athletes, characterize a great part of the nation ; and these feelings of interest and admiration appear to be increasing. I do not know whether any one has any doubt of the truth of this statement, but I think that it is easy to prove it. For instance, it may be said that every kind of athletics has its special paper, and in all newspapers considerable space is given to them. Both boys and men, when they have opened any paper, very soon turn to see what is said about them. People go in thousands to see matches of cricket, boating, and football, and running and bicycle races ; matters connected with these matches keep the telegraph busy, and furnish the large headings for posters ; they induce men of the highest position and gravest character to write to the newspapers, and to discuss such matters from a purely athletical point of view, leaving out of sight all moral questions which may happen to be involved. Portraits of athletes are everywhere, and their histories and condition are generally known. I was present when a certain distinguished man was introduced to a great English bishop. " He is the father of P. T. S——," said his introducer, naming a youth well known for his powers of cutting.

There is no doubt that this state of things has many advantages. It seems as though England in consequence of it had been delivered from intolerable mischief, and had received, in exchange for the mischief, unmixed good. It is a fine and pleasant thing for a tired man to be able to turn his mind away from his business, and from unwelcome thoughts of his seniority, and think of sports in which he engaged in the days of his youth, long ago. And what a pretty sight is a school cricket field, or any other cricket field ! There are few crowds more in-

nocently employed than those which watch a great cricket match. Ten thousand people, and perhaps twenty thousand sit round a ground in the open air, neither drinking, nor betting, nor using bad language, looking at something which suggests no evil to them, watching men do something which they will do the better the more righteous and sober are their lives. The minds of those who watch are intent on the game, and thus refreshed by freedom from their ordinary cares, and refreshed so innocently and pleasantly that any one who is interested in the welfare of the human race must be delighted. The benefits received are not finished with the match ; those who are interested in it find in it, and others of its kind, a subject of conversation which lasts throughout the year, and is clean and wholesome. And, again, the crowd is composed of rich and poor, proud and humble, interested for once in the same thing, desiring the same thing, admiring the same thing ; differences of rank are for once forgotten, and men are brothers, as they ought to be. But the tale of benefits is not yet complete. The majority of those who are watching the game have themselves received some previous training in it ; they themselves are or have been cricketers. What does it mean ? It means that they themselves have gone through a useful discipline ; that they have been accustomed to take recreation innocently and healthily ; that they have been in the way of acquiring skill and strength, patience, pluck, and good temper, of learning to show public spirit by working for their side, of learning how to accept defeat and victory, how to bow before the decision of an umpire, how to go through an ordeal, to stand up to a difficulty, to face eleven men thirsting for their wicket, to endure responsibility, to carry the hopes of tens and of hundreds.

All this is true, also, both of boating and of football crowds ; though possibly there is a little more betting in

football than in cricket ; and much of it is true, also, with regard to the crowds who watch foot-racing and bicycle-racing ; though here there is more danger of betting, and the sport which they watch is somewhat different in character. There is less in it of working for a side ; the triumph is generally more selfish, and is often mixed up with thoughts of a material prize ; and, besides this, the strain on the bodies of those who race is often too great, and does them lasting harm. But still, such racing has many of the merits ascribed above to cricket and football and boating, and, for all its defects, it is better than bull-baiting and cock-fighting and prize-fighting, and the old Roman shows, and as good, perhaps, as anything with which ordinary human nature can be satisfied.

A man must be very careful when he says or does anything which can weaken such a position as that which has been described ; because in every criticism it is necessary to consider not only what is the best thing, but what is the best attainable, and also what that is which will come in the place of the thing criticised, if that thing disappears.

It seems to me that there is likely to be one set of men before all others aware that there is any possibility of mischief in the worship of athletics, namely, schoolmasters and teachers. All of these, however, excepting the teachers of those whom circumstances forbid to join much in games, know very well that there is a possibility of mischief, and they know more than this ; they know that much mischief has been done already, and is now being done, not among the crowds sitting round a match and watching it, but among boys, who are entrusted by nature to the keeping of the wise and the experienced, of parents and schoolmasters, that they may put them in the way of learning what they ought to learn, and developing their judgment and intelligence in a sound and proper manner.

The nature of this harm may be all summed up in one sentence, though the full force of the sentence is not perhaps apparent at once to every one.

The intense interest taken in athletics by boys at school destroys the interest which they take in their lessons. Two boys out of three will, if they are properly taught, and are not unduly influenced by other matters, really like their lessons, and will learn them. This will not be to the exclusion of play, but play will come in its proper place, and interest them not the less healthily, because they have not had it in their thoughts always, to the exclusion of other things. The third boy will be influenced by the other two, and will learn his lessons also to some extent, and the form in which the boys are will be in a good state, and if the other forms are like it, the houses and the school will probably be in a good state also. But as things are, the proportion is often more than reversed ; one boy perhaps in every three likes his lessons, and learns them ; the second boy is artificially drawn away from them, and the third boy has it all his own way in the form, with his master sometimes sympathizing with him, and making a favorite of him, and sometimes wringing his hands in trouble at the mischief which, owing to many circumstances, he is unable to prevent. Now imagine the position of these boys, and of the school to which they belong. It is unsatisfactory, and fraught with many dangers. Boys are, of course, without any stores of knowledge or experience ; their minds are more or less blank, their wills are weak, and they are all possessed of strong animal passions. At school, if they are to be useful and safe in the world, they ought to acquire considerable knowledge of facts, to develop the power of appreciating goodness and beauty and truth, and of understanding the forces that govern men and the physical world. The great thoughts and powers thus placed within their reach will enable them to take their proper places in the world, and to behave themselves there in a proper manner. But excellence in cricket and football alone ; a belief that this is of all things most to be desired, and a willingness to submit their judgment to those that have it, will not do this for them. Cricket and football in their proper place will help

them, but generally only indirectly; and if they depend on it altogether their minds will remain empty of the best that might fill them, their powers of appreciation will remain undeveloped; and if they are themselves successful athletes, a feeling of vanity will possibly enter into them, which their unbalanced natures will be unable to expel. They have a false standard of life; they have not the right weapons wherewith either to help others or to subdue their own lower natures; and thus there comes trouble at school—trouble which will be multiplied perhaps tenfold in their after life.

At school, however, lessons are always set, and time is appointed for boys to learn them; punishments also are, under most circumstances, inflicted for idleness. Marks are given, reports are made and sent to boys' homes, perhaps six times in a year; and boys are thus, both at home and at school, continually brought to book. When boys go to the University at an age when they have not really passed the period of boyhood, this system, perhaps necessarily, disappears; they are left very much to themselves, and the atmosphere into which they come is impregnated with the worship of athletics still more strongly than it was at school. They have time and money, both as it seems to them, to spare, and the natural result follows. There is at the University a strong tendency for work to become an accident, and a disagreeable accident, of University life, and for education to become rare; and also in proportion as opportunities for mischief are greater at the University than at school, there is a strong likelihood that more mischief will be done. It is the case that a schoolmaster often looks with dismay on the change which the University produces in boys that have done well at school, and that he never, I think, has any hope that boys who have been idle at school will be reformed at the University.

The remedy for all this mischief is, as far as schools are concerned, simple enough. The whole matter is one of degree simply, and not of principle. To push athletics out of the way altogether will be ruinous, to depress their

influence too much would be mischievous. They are wholesome and do boys much actual good, and preserve them from much actual evil. The trouble with regard to them comes altogether from the fact that they are pushed too forward. If all schoolmasters resolutely repressed them within proper limits, if they allowed only a proper number of matches, and excused no school for them, or if any, only a little; if they forced themselves to dismiss from their minds any idea of advertising their schools by athletics, and instead of this did everything in their power to keep the doings of boys private—as it is best for the doings of boys to be—if they did their best that lessons should be taught in such a way as to interest boys, and then insisted that lessons should be learned and said properly, then everything would be well at school; boys would be happier and men better.

With regard to the universities, it is not for me to say what should be done. But I believe that there is no doubt in the minds of those who know best that an improvement is needed with regard to the point of which I have written.

And, further, besides everything that the authorities either at schools or the universities can do, something is needed from those who have, after all, most responsibility with regard to education, and by whom at last any defects in education are felt most grievously, namely, parents. It would be a very useful thing for parents to consider exactly what is the proper position of athletics in education and do their utmost to make their children take a correct view of them. I was lately dining in the company of a gentleman—a parent—who after dinner said to me, with some feeling in his tone, that he had that day taken his son for the first time to —, naming a great school, and that he had taken the opportunity given him by the parting to give his boy the best advice in his power. I said that the occasion was well chosen, for that when a boy was going into a strange and somewhat perilous life he needed guidance; and moreover that then his heart was soft and open, and thus he would receive and remember

what was said. The father agreed with me, and said that the advice which he had given his boy was to take up bowling rather than batting as like-

ly really to be of more service to him. *Quid dicam, hac senectute?*—*National Review*.

ON OLD AGE.

BY JAMES PAYN.

WRITERS have expatiated upon this subject from very early times, though not unhappily from the earliest (if Methuselah could have been induced to send the *Nineteenth Century* B.C. a signed article, it would have been really worth reading), and it is not likely, since so many people have had the experience of growing old, that anything very original can be said about it. If "to live is to learn," however, there may still be something novel, since the life of one generation is not the same with that of another, and there are peculiar circumstances which affect particular classes.

To the majority of us old age is merely the gradual attenuation of life; a thing "like copper wire, which grows the narrower by going further;" the same dish, save that it has become insipid; an echo of existence, which in prolongation sounds fainter and fainter. Unless disease accompanies it, there is nothing to distinguish it, in a very marked manner, from the rest of adult experience. Of course there is the physical change, but this does not set in to any serious extent till very late. The years are not yet come of which we are compelled to say "We have no pleasure in them," and when "the clouds return after the rain." The almond tree may flourish and the daughters of music may be brought low (so far, at all events, that their high notes are thrown away upon us), but we have still what are cheerfully described as "all our faculties." We transact our business, often, indeed, sticking to it closer than ever. We say "What?" a good deal oftener than we did, and some of us "No." (If there is to be but one word left to us, that seems to paterfamilias to be the best.) We like it to be thoroughly understood

that we are not going to divest ourselves of our garments before going to bed. We even still take our pleasures, though more sadly; they may have lost their zest, but something remains; there is the feast, though it is the second day's feast; the joints have already become hashes, but the day of cold mutton is still afar off.

Moralists and philosophers have done their best, when they have themselves reached that time of life, to eulogize "old age;" but they do not deceive even the young. ("These old gentlemen," says Youth with its callow cynicism, "are Foxes who have lost their tails.") They have done the same thing with poverty, and with the same ill-success. It has had no exhilarating effect upon poor people. The reasons why old men have written in praise of old age are not far to seek: they say with Johnson, "Do not let us discourage one another." They are in for it, and they make the best of it; it is not well to cry stinking fish. Moreover, there is a natural tendency among well-principled persons to make light of the ills of humanity; they fancy they are paying a compliment to Providence, and perhaps even conciliating it. There are many old men who say, and quite truthfully, that they would not be young again if they could; but what they mean is not, of course, that they would not exchange weakness for strength, and disillusion for hope, but that they have no desire to live their life over again. The clinging to existence that we so often see in even very old men does not arise from love of it. Pope, sitting by Sir Godfrey Kneller's deathbed, and finding him much dispirited, told him he had been a good man, and would doubtless go to heaven. "Ah, my good friend," was the

deplorable but pathetic reply, "I wish God would let me stay at Whitton." It was not, however, the attractions of Whitton that he had in his mind.

When old men ape young ones they afford a sad, and in fact rather a grewsome, spectacle, like that of a death's-head moth fluttering among butterflies; but it does not often happen. Their efforts to rival them in ordinary transactions are plucky endeavors to go on with the battle of life; not to throw up the sponge before they are compelled. Their ardor for work is sometimes excessive; indeed, in some cases they are seized with a desire for gain, which under the circumstances looks very like madness; but they are privately conscious of a sad falling-off in promptitude; their judgment may be as good as ever, but their intellectual motions are tardy. Those with whom they were wont to consult are often no longer with them; they have become isolated. "Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow," is a line very appropriate to their condition. It seems curious that Shakespeare should have mentioned "troops of friends," as accompaniments of old age. This statement is only true as regards those who have the gift of exciting personal attachment: the longer they live the larger is the number of those attracted to them; but with the vast majority of mankind, friendships are made in youth, but afterward by no means easily, and therefore when men come to be old they have only their contemporaries, a small and dwindling "troop," whom they can call their friends.

Perhaps the best part of old age is its sense of proportion, which enables us to estimate misfortunes, or what seem to be such, at their true value. We have lived to recognize some of them as blessings in disguise; and at all events they do not take such exaggerated forms in that quiet atmosphere as they were wont to do in the changeful cloudland of youth. We also know by experience how soon most of them "blow over." There is, however, one exception—that of death. When an old man is robbed, for example, of the bride of his youth, the being who has cheered his path from manhood, and

in whom alone he has always found sympathy, the blow is fatal, not of necessity (alas!) to his life, but to all that made it, as it seems to him, worth living. It is said, indeed, that such a loss is rendered less severe to old men because they will soon be united to the object of their affections:

Gone for a minute, my son, from this room
into the next;
I too shall go in a minute. What time have
I to be vexed?

But to most of us this is but cold comfort; it may happen, but it also may not; there is no direct assurance of it, even for the most pious; and at the best, how weak is belief compared with certainty, the meeting we hope for beside the loss we know! Tennyson, it is true, affirms that death does not harrow the feelings of the old as of the young. "The Grandmother" tells us that the time when she could have wept with the best has long gone by; but this poor lady was exceptionally old, and the loss she could not weep for was not that of a life companion.

The man we are all best acquainted with—Dr. Johnson—enjoyed himself in old age to the full. But he had had no enjoyment previously. Prosperity had been unknown to him till middle age had passed away. His society was more sought, his conversation (or what did duty for it) more prized, his wit and wisdom more welcomed after his grand climacteric than before it. This no doubt caused him to take too rose-colored a view of old age. When the Bishop of St. Asaph observed that an old man must lose faster than he gets, Johnson replied, "I think not, if he exerts himself." Whereupon his Lordship was discreetly silent. The Doctor says again, "There is nothing of the old man in my conversation," which was true enough as regards its intelligence, but not the nature of it, which was essentially mature and consummate. In his heart he knew perfectly well what is amiss in our late autumn, and how the disease of "anno domini" had begun to tell upon him. When Boswell, as usual, assenting too readily to his patron's views, expressed a wish to experience old age, the Doctor was much irritated, and thundered

out : "What, would you have decrepitude?"

The difference between youth and age as regards the conduct toward us of the other sex has been plaintively expressed : "When I was young my civilities were taken as protestations of love ; but now my protestations of love are taken as civilities."

As a rule the poets, though they have a bad reputation for it, do not, when their hair is gray, philander even in verse, and have no illusions as to the undesirability of growing old, under however favorable circumstances.

What are myrtle and wreaths to the brow that is wrinkled ?

'Tis like a dead flower with Maydew besprinkled.

The myrtle and ivy of sweet two-and-twenty are worth all your laurels, however so plenty.

Rogers, who was often complimented on being a fine old man, used acidly to reply, "There is no such thing, sir, as a fine old man."

A less known but not less admirable writer has, however, given us a description of one who may well be called so :

If he wears his own hair, it is white, in spite of his favorite grandson, who used to get on the chair behind him, and pull the silver hairs out, ten years ago. If he is bald at top, the hairdresser, hovering and breathing about him like a second youth, takes care to give the bald place as much powder as the covered ; in order that he may convey to the sensorium within a pleasing indistinctness of idea respecting the exact limits of skin and hair. He is very clean and neat ; and, in warm weather, is proud of opening his waistcoat half way down, and letting so much of his frill be seen, in order to show his hardness as well as taste.

In his pockets are two handkerchiefs (one for the neck at night-time), his spectacles, and his pocket-book. The pocket-book, among other things, contains a receipt for a cough, and some verses cut out of an odd sheet of an old magazine, on the lovely Duchess of A., beginning :

"When beauteous Mira walks the plain."

* Ranelagh was a noble place ! Such taste, such elegance, such beauty ! There was the Duchess of A., the finest woman in England, Sir ; and Mrs. L., a mighty fine creature ; and Lady Susan what's her name, that had that unfortunate affair with Sir Charles. Sir, they came swimming by you like the swans.

He calls favorite young ladies by their Christian names, however slightly acquainted

with them ; and has a privilege of saluting all brides, mothers, and indeed every species of lady, on the least holiday occasion. If the husband, for instance, has met with a piece of luck, he instantly moves forward, and gravely kisses the wife on the cheek. The wife then says, "My niece, sir, from the country ;" and he kisses the niece. The niece seeing her cousin biting her lips at the joke, says, "My cousin Harriet, sir," and he kisses the cousin.

With the exception of a falling-off in quickness of the mental powers, partly compensated for by their greater maturity, and of some alteration in the emotions, old age, as we have said, is generally but a prolongation of the past : but there are not a few cases when, in addition to the weight of years, chronic ill-health or accident withdraws us altogether from active life, a circumstance which, though inconvenient and deplorable, is not without its advantages, immaterial indeed, but by no means unimportant. In the first place, it bestows leisure before the period when the waning of the mind renders it compulsory ; like a spectator who watches a vast procession from some secure and retired spot, such persons have an unusual opportunity of looking at life from the outside. They are in the world but no longer of it, and regard it with dispassionate view. The most ordinary and simple pleasures, such as are enjoyed by the humblest, are denied to them. If the test of humanity is that of walking erect upon the earth, they have fallen below even that standard. Their feet will never brush the dew upon the upland lawn, or linger beside sea or river ; Nature, save so much of it as can be seen from a window, is henceforth hidden from them ; it is sad and strange to reflect that, if ever again they behold its beauties, it will be in another world. Will there be woods and streams, they wonder, there, and what we falsely call "the eternal" hills ? "Wet or dry" is a phrase that has no more significance to them ; they will not feel again the soft-falling summer rain, nor the cheerful sunshine, nor see the wave pass over the wheat, nor the shadows across the pool. The value of these treasures of sight is only known to him who has lost them ; he may not have been one addicted to out-

door pursuits, or specially attracted by the country, but the thought that they are denied to him is a very bitter one; one may be fond of home, yet resent being a captive to it, and still more to a single room, or perhaps even an arm-chair. No one who is not helpless can understand the misery of helplessness; it is a degradation only to be compared with disgrace, a humiliation unspeakable, and not to be mitigated (nay, rather otherwise) by the tenderest of ministrants. What is one of its worst features is the effect it has upon the nerves; movement has become the associate of danger, and is therefore abhorrent, and the stiller we are, the greater is our likeness to death.

We do, indeed, belong less to the living than the dead, and the familiarity we lose with the one is transferred to the other. That is one of the good sides (for it has many facets) of chronic invalidism: we look on both worlds with equanimity; not, of course, with indifference—far from it—but with neither expectation nor tremor; we have done with those emotions. Another cause of congratulation is the absence of rivalry. For all races, whether for fame, or place, or fortune, we are “scratched;” there is now no reason why our neighbors should not wish us well. They have, of course, become no less in our eyes—indeed, in some ways they loom larger, or rather it is we who have grown more insignificant—yet we regard them much as a human observer watches the inhabitants of an anthill. What industry, what excitement, what ceaseless toil! How strange is the reflection that we ourselves once painfully pulled about those sticks and straws, and went over and over again that uneven ground! We feel, however, no element of contempt for such labors, but, on the contrary, a sympathetic solicitude. We take generally a pleasure in the assiduity and success of our fellow-creatures that was before unknown to us; it is the substitute for our own pleasure. If we had the power we would be a little Providence to them. People come to us confidingly for advice, feeling sure that it will be disinterested, and with an instinctive conviction that we cannot be ill-disposed toward them;

besides, we have more time for thinking than other folks, and (alas!) we are always at home to everybody. We are not quite useless even yet. “They also serve who only stand and wait;” and when we can’t stand we can still sit and serve—a little.

On the other hand, our enemies—and who is without them?—no longer annoy us. Indeed, they have ceased reviling; to them we are as dead men, “out of mind,” to whom the proverb *De mortuis* applies. And our friends are twice our friends. No one who is not “laid by” can understand the depths of human sympathy. Even our acquaintances become our friends, and the least soft-hearted of visitors murmurs to himself, “Poor soul!” or perhaps (with equal commiseration), “Poor devil!” What is most curious is the interest, if we have in any way become known to the public at large, complete strangers take in our physical and mental condition. If prescriptions could cure us we should be in rude health indeed. The materials are sometimes a little difficult to procure. I have seen a letter from New Zealand recommending an old gentleman suffering from rheumatic gout to bathe in whales. In that island whales, it seems, are occasionally thrown up on the seashore, when rheumatic patients hasten to lie in them during the progress of their evisceration for purposes of commerce. The extreme rarity of whales upon the Thames Embankment seems to have been unknown to the writer. Some correspondents give most excellent sanitary advice, but too late for its practical application. An aged poet who had lost the use of his limbs was exhorted by an admirer to dig, “even if it were but in his back garden,” for an hour or two every morning before breakfast; all that was wanted, he was assured, for complete recovery was “profuse perspiration followed by a healthy glow.”

Sometimes—though, it must be added, very rarely—these communications are not so friendly; the occasion of a writer’s retirement and inferred secession from the world of letters is taken advantage of to remind him of his moral misdemeanors.

A friend of mine, whose literary effu-

sions had been singularly blameless, had on one occasion humorously commented on a eulogium delivered by a foreigner in high position, on the complete absence among the upper classes in England of anything approaching to bad language. He said that he had stayed in many great houses, and mingled with persons of all ages, from none of whom had he heard one "cursory expression." It was well known, my friend had written, that this witness to character was, unhappily, very deaf; nor would it be likely that in the presence of an alien of such high position strong language would be indulged in by anybody. It was very true that English gentlemen did not express themselves with the unnecessary vigor they used in the last century, but he feared that the statement that "a big, big D" is never indulged in must be substituted for Mr. Gilbert's well-known phrase of "hardly ever." He went on to quote the remark of the American humorist, that when a person, however respectable, trod with his stockinged foot upon "the business end" of a tin-tack, he rarely confined himself to saying "Dear me!" There was nothing in what my friend wrote upon the subject but the most harmless badinage, far less the slightest approval of bad language, yet, when in his sere and yellow leaf he had to resign active literary employment, he received the following communication:

Sir, a judgment has fallen upon you at last, as it is fitting it should fall upon those who use, and advocate the use of, blasphemous and disgusting language. You have written, that even well-principled persons are wont to indulge in it on very small provocation. [This refers to the tin-tack.] To you and your pot-house companions [the society frequented by my poor friend was quite painfully respectable] "big D's," as you call them, may be common enough, but, let me tell you, in Christian families they are utterly unknown. Perhaps, however, it is but natural that persons of your description should cultivate the sort of language that will no doubt be spoken hereafter in that place to which you are (I hear) hastening with rapid strides.

Here followed the writer's name and address, which, strange to say, was not a lunatic asylum.

It is fair to add that such communications are very exceptional; but correspondents who concern themselves

with the spiritual condition of persons we have in our mind—old men who are known to have withdrawn from work, no matter what, so that they have made more or less mark in it—are numerous. Of the man himself, his habits, his beliefs, they know absolutely nothing, but hearing that he is withdrawn from the world they write to express their hope that he has his thoughts fixed on the next one. These persons are by no means of one creed, and as each one is certain of his own being the right one, their expostulations and adjurations put those who wish to please them in an embarrassing position.

If the correspondence concerning this matter addressed to people who have but very modest claims to public recognition was to be published, it would be pronounced incredible; what it must be in the case of the more distinguished individuals who have retired from business is beyond the imagination to picture.

The majority of these good soul-Samaritans, as they may be termed, are alarmed for the future of their unknown friend. Their view of it is not rose-colored for the majority of their acquaintances, but for him it is flame-colored. The fate which they apparently expect for nine-tenths of their fellow-creatures is similar to that which the late King of Benin was wont to inflict upon any one who chanced to displease him, save that his victim had not to endure it for all eternity. These apprehensions are usually expressed by ladies, and evidently kind ones. One can fancy their light-blue eyes growing tender over drowning flies, but they regard the horrible fate of which they write with the most extraordinary equanimity, not, to do them justice, because it is only going to happen to other people, but because (they say) it has been so decreed. That being the case, they have calmly adopted it, under the amazing impression that it is a branch—and the most important branch—of Christianity; they would be amazed and surprised if you informed them that it belonged to a much older religion, known as devil-worship. If the poor gentleman on whom they fasten—or let us say alight,

for they wish to do him nothing but good—is so ill-advised as to question these pronouncements, he is lost indeed. I knew one who mildly replied that he feared his disposition was too hopeful—that cheerfulness would break in and dispel these gloomy anticipations. “But, my dear friend,” replied his correspondent, “*we* are cheerful; *we* have our jokes, and enjoy ourselves as much as anybody.” Then my friend lost his temper. “In that case,” he rejoined, “you ought to be ashamed of yourselves. How can you smile—much less laugh—when you believe that half the people with whom you mingle are doomed to everlasting fire? If you felt they were sentenced to be hanged it would make you serious enough, yet you eat and drink with them, under these far more deplorable circumstances, without any check on appetite. The simple explanation of the matter is that you do not believe what you affirm, but imagine you are conciliating your Benin deity by pretending to believe it.”

This correspondent's next (and last) communication was of a very unfriendly character. It reminded one of the letter written by the Ettrick Shepherd after his quarrel with Walter Scott, beginning “D—d Sir.”

To one who has the experience of a lifetime to look back upon, in which he cannot but have observed how much less important is belief in this and that particular dogma than behavior, these denunciations seem strange indeed, and what is very remarkable about them is that the vehemence of these good people generally varies inversely with the size of their sect. The fewer that are the professors of a creed, the more positively certain they are of having solved the secrets of the future; however well instructed they may be in Doctrine, it is obviously not “the Doctrine of Chances.”

There seems nothing more desirable to persons in the vale of years than that pure unquestioning faith which is

occasionally found in men, and often in women; but

Who would rush at a benighted man,
And give him two black eyes for being blind?

It is surely no sin that, with all the will in the world to believe certain statements, we find great difficulty in accepting them; when withdrawn from “the dust of creeds,” it seems amazing to us that belief should be considered a voluntary act, within the power of every one who wishes to possess it. Does not He to Whom the sick boy's father cried, “Lord, I believe, help thou my unbelief,” understand how we need help in this matter? To some, indeed, belief may be easy; but why should they plume themselves on this fact; to suppose that there is merit in it is in their case to set a premium on mere credulity. Let them leave these retired veterans who entertain the “larger hope” alone, and not seek to flatter the God of mercy by attributing to Him atrocities, and saying, “Nevertheless, since it is Thy will, they are justifiable,” as though he were an Eastern despot.

It is not generally known how often those who have made ever so small a mark in the world from which circumstances have withdrawn them are the objects of this unsought solicitude. As to persons of a wider fame, I have known few indeed who have not suffered from it. It has become, in fact, in their case one of the consequences of old age, and therefore in this brief review of it deserves mention.

It is fair to say that it is not distasteful to everybody. I have even been acquainted with some who welcomed it as a proof of the sympathetic interest they have excited in their fellow-creatures; but the majority dislike it; to some of them it renders their very fame a matter of regret—

And makes it seem more sweet to be
The little life of bank and brier,
The bird that pipes his lone desire,
And dies unheard within his tree.

—Nineteenth Century.

THE ENEMIES OF BOOKS.*

BY JAMES MACAULAY, M.D.

THE foes of books enumerated by Mr. Blades are fire, water, gas, and heat; dust and damp; bookworms and other devourers of paper; rats, mice, and vermin of all sorts; bookbinders and collectors. Many other destroyers of books might have been added, servants, children, and a host of enemies who, either from ignorance, carelessness, or malice, wage war constantly on literary treasures, printed or in manuscript. A few examples of the latter classes of the enemies of books it may be amusing to give, omitting detailed reference to the more obvious and historical instances, such as the destruction of the Alexandrian Library in ancient times, or in modern years by the Great Fire of London.

That much of the destruction due to burning of books, whether on purpose or by accident, may be well styled "good riddance of bad rubbish" will be readily admitted. Of this sort was the bonfire recorded by St. Luke at Ephesus after the preaching of St. Paul. We are told that "they who used curious arts brought their books together and burned them before all men; and they counted the price of them, and found it 50,000 pieces of silver." These were probably Roman denarii, then commonly used in Ephesus. The value of 50,000 denarii, each worth about ninepence, gives £1875. Taking the value at ten times less than its purchasing power now, we get £18,750 as the cost of the books of magic and witchcraft, and all kinds of idolatrous and pagan worship, got well rid of at Ephesus. There may have been a few good books among them, throwing light upon sun-worship, and points of folk-lore, but the vast mass

of the matter burned was worthless rubbish. The number of useless and foolish books in our own day, occupying miles and miles of shelf-space in the British Museum and other public libraries, might very profitably be destroyed after the manner of the books of curious arts burned at Ephesus.

It is not so with some other fires famed in history as destroyers of books. How we should like to have saved many of the precious volumes lost at the Great Fire of London in 1666; or during the Gordon Riots, when Lord Mansfield's library was burned; or at Birmingham, when Dr. Priestley's books were destroyed by an equally ignorant and bigoted rabble. Mr. Blades has made lament over sundry disastrous fires of modern times, such as the loss of the curious old library long preserved in the Dutch church, Austin Friars, burned in 1862; and the fire at Sotheby and Wilkinson's salesrooms, when Mr. Offor's collection came to grief; and the destruction of the magnificent library of Strasburg University during the bombardment of the city by the Germans in 1870. All these we must pass over, and say a few words about the other of the two greatest natural enemies to books—water.

Naturally our thoughts turn first to the great deluge in the days of Noah. There were then many nations and cities in the world, and the Flood must have destroyed much of what was recorded on papyrus or other perishing material. But the books of those early periods were chiefly formed of solid stone, and of these enduring substances we are now recovering many imperishable records and historical tablets. Neither need we go back so far as the capture of Constantinople by Mohammed II. in the fifteenth century, when, after the city had been sacked by his soldiers, the books in all the churches, as well as the imposing library founded by the Emperor Constantine ages before, and containing more than 120,000 Christian manuscripts, were ordered to be thrown into the sea.

* A new edition of "The Enemies of Books," by William Blades, of Caxton celebrity, has lately been issued by Elliot Stock, with a preface by Dr. Richard Garnett, C.B., of the British Museum, and charming illustrations by W. Gunnis and H. K. Butler. It is a volume that will delight authors and publishers, as well as readers and collectors of books.

A few instances of lesser importance may be mentioned. In 1775 the famous Maffei Finelli died, whose library was famous throughout the world. It had been collected by the Finelli family, and comprised a wonderful store of Greek, Latin, and Italian works, with numerous manuscripts, dating from the eleventh to the sixteenth century. The whole library was sold to Mr. Edwards, bookseller, Pall Mall, who placed the treasure in three ships, to be transported from Venice to London. One of the vessels was captured by corsairs, who were disgusted at finding no "treasure" on board according to their notions, and threw all the books into the sea. The two other ships carried their freight safely, and the books and manuscripts were sold at Conduit Street in 1789-1790 for more than £9000.

A hundred years before, in 1700, as D'Israeli has recorded, a collector, Herr Hudde, of Magdeburg, who had lived in China for thirty years, passing as a Chinaman disguised as a mandarin, had obtained a vast number of books and manuscripts, the ship containing which foundered and was lost in a storm on the ocean. If to the actual losses we add all the damage done by water, in the form of damp and vapor, throughout the libraries of cathedrals, colleges, and houses throughout Europe for several generations, we can have some idea of the havoc wrought by water as an enemy of books.

In 1775 the Recollet Monks of Antwerp, with the purpose of making reforms in their establishment, resolved to get rid of about 1500 old volumes, some of them manuscripts, which they thought to be rubbish of no value. They gave the whole lot to the gardener as a recognition of long and careful service. The gardener, wiser than the worthy fathers, asked a citizen of learning, M. Vanderberg, to look at them. He offered to pay for them by weight, sixpence a pound. Mr. Stark, a London bookseller, shortly after being at Antwerp, was shown the books. Telling M. Vanderberg that he often bought old books for sale, he offered for these 14,000 francs. The offer was at once accepted, and so surprised and

chagrined were the monks when they heard of it, that they humbly requested M. Vanderberg to return to them a small portion of his large gains. He generously gave them 1200 francs, though there was no legal claim, and so far relieved the poor fathers from vexation at their own ignorance.

One of my own early recollections I give in illustration of the carelessness with which old books are often treated. It was in boyhood's days, when I knew nothing of literature as a calling, or of books (other than school-books) as belonging to trade and commerce. In a carriage drive from Matlock or Buxton, I forget which, we went to see an ancient manor-house, then occupied as a farm, the tenant of which allowed us the run of the place, noted for curious carvings and other antiquities. An old oak chest, under the open sky, in one of the courts of the farm, was half full of antique books and manuscripts. The gardener or laundresses or other domestics had free use of these old books for lighting fires or any other purpose. Often have I thought in after-times how I should like to have examined some of these possibly priceless relics of other times, once possessed by the wealthy family who in moving to their splendid modern mansion left the old oak chest and its contents to the wilful destruction of the tenants of the deserted manor-house. This happened between sixty and seventy years ago, but similar incidents may occur even in our days, when so many sharp eyes and keen wits are ever on the search for salable relics of antiquity.

Here is one case of so recent a date as the year 1862, and it is narrated by the clergyman who himself took part in the strange scene. Late one evening he saw an announcement of a sale of furniture, farm implements, and books, to take place next morning at a country rectory in Derbyshire, about four miles from the nearest railway station. Knowing that the deceased rector was a scholarly man, and fond of old books, the resolution to take a day's holiday was soon made, and at 8 o'clock next morning he was in the train for the station nearest the rectory.

"I arrived about noon, and found assem-

bled some thirty or forty of the neighboring farmers, their wives, men-servants and maid-servants, all seemingly bent on a day's idling rather than business. The sale was advertised to commence at noon, but it was an hour later before the auctioneer put in an appearance, and the first operation in which he took part, and in which he invited my assistance, was to make a hearty meal of bread and cheese and beer in the rectory kitchen. This over, the business of the day began by the setting up for sale a sundry collection of pots, pans, and kettles, followed by some lots of bedding and other furniture. The catalogue gave books as the first part of the sale, and as 3 P.M. was reached, my patience was gone, and I protested to the auctioneer that he was not selling in accordance with his catalogue. To this he replied that there was not time enough, and that he would sell the books to-morrow! This was too much for me, and I suggested that he was not keeping faith with the buyers, and had brought me from a far distance on a false pretence. This did not seem to disturb his good humor, or make him unhappy. He called 'Bill,' the acting porter, and said, 'Give the gentleman the key of the "boock room," and let him pick out any of the boooks he pleases; bring them down, and I will sell 'em up.' I followed 'Bill,' and soon found myself in a charming library, full of books, mostly old divinity, but with a large number of the best miscellaneous literature, English and foreign. A very short look over the shelves revealed some thirty black-letter books, three or four illuminated missals, and some book rarities of more recent date. Bill took them downstairs, and I wondered what would happen."

He had not long to wait, for the auctioneer took up the books, in lots of two and three, and the selection was rapidly disposed of, at prices from 1s. 6d. to 3s. 6d., the latter being the highest bid of any competitor. On reaching home in the evening, the lots were weeded out, and the "weeding" realized four or five times more than had been given for the whole, leaving the possessor with some real treasures for his own library. Some weeks afterward he heard that the remainder of the books were literally treated as waste lumber, and carted off to the neighboring town, and were to be had, any one of them, for sixpence, from a cobbler who had allowed his shop to be used as a storehouse for them. The news of their being there at last reached the ears of an old bookseller at Birmingham, who cleared out the whole lot of books at an even lower price.

Here is a case more modern and more wonderful recorded by Mr. Blades. A friend of his took lodgings

in 1877 in Preston Street, Brighton, a well-known street, close to the great hotels and the Western Pier. The morning after his arrival he found in a basket of waste paper some leaves of an old black-letter book. On inquiring if there were any more where these came from, the landlady said there could be very few now, but made the servants bring what fragments could be found. The landlady said that her father, who was fond of antiquities, had at one time a chest full of such books, but on his death the chest was put away. Wanting to use the chest, and supposing the old books to be only rubbish, she had for years been using them as waste, and she thought they were nearly all used up. Among the few fragments was a good portion of one of the rarest books of Wynkyn de Worde, Caxton's successor. The title is a curious woodcut, with the words "Gesta Romanorum," and there are other rude but priceless woodcuts. It was from this very work that Shakespeare got the story of the three caskets so famous in "The Merchant of Venice." Mr. Blades got from his friend these precious fragments for his own library.

Want of space must compel me to pass by the chapters about insect enemies of books—ants, beetles, bookworms of all sorts, the figures and the stories of which are as interesting to students of Kirby and Spence's entomology as to collectors of Wynkyn de Worde or Caxtons. Rats, mice, and other "small deer" we must also leave, although many a good story is recorded about their ravages. Do our readers recollect that one about the celebrated preacher Robert Hall and his sermon on "The devil and satanic influence"? He had finished the sermon and left it on his table ready for being taken to the pulpit. On returning to his study after a short absence the sermon could nowhere be found. He tells the story of its loss with such emphasis of regret that we almost sympathize with his deep belief that the devil had caused it to be taken away. An imaginative man might well believe that evil spirits had entered into the bodies of rats, who had carried off and hidden the terrible manuscript.

In what remains we must only briefly refer to the many human enemies who are destroying books. The stupidity of binders is notorious. A notable example occurred in 1877 in connection with the Caxton exhibition of that year at South Kensington. A certain lord, who had succeeded to a fine collection of books, promised to send some to that exhibition. Thinking their outward appearance rather shabby, he sent them to be rebound in a neighboring county town. The country book-binder restored them in resplendent manner, but a friend pointed out to the owner that by ploughing off discolored margins, and other "tooling," the books had been ruined. The Caxtons had been damaged at least to the amount of £500; and the ridicule that

would have followed the exhibition of such restored and beautiful books must have been supreme. The poor injured volumes were never sent to London.

Other ingenious ways of injuring books have been practised. One collector used to cut out the title-pages of old volumes, and there was printed in April, 1880, a catalogue, by a maniac of this class, enumerating the contents of the collection of title-pages, obtained by the disfigurement and destruction of valuable old volumes. Many are the examples of similar follies and atrocities put on record by Mr. Blades, and well known to Mr. Quaritch or other dealers in old books, as well as to the custodians of our public libraries.—*Leisure Hour*.

ALMA MATER.

(EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY).

BY R. S. C.

GRAY Mother of three hundred years !
No distance dims your face ;
A crowd of memories endears
Your well-remembered place.

The light of morning plays around
The northern city gray ;
It lingers where our eyes have found
A glory passed away.

Far scattered to the ends of earth
Who gathered in your halls ;
Long hushed in silence now the mirth
That echoed in your walls,

Which we remember. But to you
The world is never old ;
There is no silence, no adieu ;
Your tale is never told.

Dear Mother, where the sunshine falls
And lights you now as then,
How oft the memory recalls
What ne'er may be again !

—*Chambers's Journal*.

A VISIT TO THE WESTERN SAHARA.

BY HAROLD BINDLOSS.

AMONG the portions of the world about which but little is yet known to Europeans, may be classed an immense tract of Africa, stretching between the fever belt of the "West coast" on the south and Morocco, Algiers, and Fez on the north. Beyond the European coast settlements of Senegal, Sa Leone, Ivory Coast, Gold Coast, and the vast domains of the Royal Niger Company, lies a region vaguely spoken of as the "Hinterland," or the Western Sudan, in which few white men have ever been, where, according to the reports of negro traders from the interior, is a healthy country of forest and rolling upland, abounding in many kinds of natural riches: valuable gums, choicest hardwood, alluvial gold, and ostriches. Further north, though where it begins and the Sudan ends is still undefined, lies the Sahara, or, as it is very incorrectly described in the older geographies, "the Great Desert." The writer has heard men, well qualified to speak on the matter, discuss this region; traders from the lonely reaches of the Gambia, French officers from the Senegal frontier, and officials of the Royal Niger who have spent some time on the upper waters of the Kwara river, to all of which points occasional caravans of Arabs, Berbers, and negroes with Arab blood in them, gather from time to time, bringing merchandise from the far interior. The consensus of opinion seems to be, that while there are tracts of waterless desert, notably as the south of Morocco is approached, a considerable portion of the Sahara is not a waste of hot sand, but a comparatively fertile land, in which are immense flocks of sheep, much grain, especially barley, and strong walled cities. The ways of Africa and the East are not the ways of the Western world, and in the matter of the transit of goods there is much to marvel at. Produce from the land between the Upper Niger and Lake Chad is carried northward on the heads of slave porters, on the backs of camels and horses, some 1500 miles to Mogador and Safi in South

Morocco, and nearly 2000 miles to Algiers and Tunis. On the way the caravans pass wild regions where there is seldom peace, ruled over by many soldier nations, varying from the ebony negroes of the "Hinterland," through various shades of brown until the free Arabs of the drier wastes are reached, who, judging from those the writer has seen on the Atlantic shores, are almost as light in color as a Spaniard or Italian, though, strange to say, the northern tribes are darker in skin, the Moors being particularly swarthy. Possibly it may not be out of place here to notice the hold the older civilization of Arabia and the East has over the negro, as compared with Western influence. For 400 years, Europeans have traded along the fever-haunted West African littoral, since the days when the Portuguese first landed on the Gold Coast and Hawkins sailed up the Gambia. Schools and mission stations have been established, and yet, in places only fifty miles behind the seaboard, every form of degraded superstition, horrible rites of devil-worship, skull hunting, and human sacrifice are prevalent to day. District commissioner and trader know this well; it was only a few months ago that four "leopard men" were hanged in Sa Leone for waylaying and murdering many natives for the sole purpose of "making ju ju" with the warm hearts, and the writer has seen with his own eyes corpses of murdered slaves drifting down the rivers. It is a lamentable fact that the negroes around the white settlements, who possess some hazy idea of Christianity, are generally cowardly, drunken, idle, and expert thieves, excepting always the Kroomen, who, however, are heathen; and with the exception of Postmasters and Customs clerks, to whom the writer has paid much in bribes, it may be said that there is no Christian negro in the service of any British or French colony; and men who know admit that if the troops were withdrawn the whole West African littoral would at once

lapse into savage chaos. On the contrary, wherever the negro has come into touch with the Arab, a race of soldiers results. Many tales continually reach the Gold Coast of inland villages sacked and the inhabitants driven away northward as slaves by the semi-Arab tribes of the Sudan, but there is no murdering of unarmed prisoners, offering of human sacrifice to Fetish devils, or supplying the commissariat from the captured enemy, as it is generally believed is done (this is sober earnest) by a tribe between the River Benue and the Cameroons. Any negro with a trace of Arab blood in him is invariably a Moslem, and the Mahomedan black is generally head and shoulders above either heathen, or, it is to be regretted, Christian (or semi-Christian) negro in the qualities of sobriety, courage, and fidelity. Almost every frontier soldier, armed policeman, and Government servant, from Gambia to Niger, is a Mussulman.

So much for the influence of the Arab in Africa. The writer will now endeavor to set forth what he saw of him in one of the few places where he is approachable by Europeans—the coast of the Western Sahara, though even there the sons of the desert generally welcome visitors with a charge of slugs. Between the south of Morocco and the French colony of Senegal stretches a long line of sandy beach swept by eternal surf and fringed with shifting dunes or low rocky hills and stony plateaux. Behind this coast-line, in places, lie wastes of red earth, hot stones, and eddying dust stretching away eastward beyond the knowledge of Europeans; but the region is by no means altogether a desert. Here and there are miles of rustling barley, clusters of tall date palms, and many “wadys,” or winding ravines which in the dry season are filled with scorching boulders, but for a month or two each year are swept by muddy torrents, in some places a mile wide, the River Hamra, north of Cape Bojador, occasionally exceeding this width; and some of the valleys are filled with immense forests of gum trees, which certainly does not bear out the general idea of a “desert.”

The inhabitants thereof, powerful

tribes of Arabs and brown-skinned Berbers, the latter invariably subject to the former, obey no law but their own pleasure, and though both Moorish Sultan and the Government of Spain claim a shadowy suzerainty over part of their land, neither swarthy Shereef nor Spanish Commandante ever received other acknowledgment than a withering volley from ambush or a resistless charge of irregular cavalry. If any one wonders by whose authority the writer sets down these things, he can only say that part he has seen with his own eyes, and that for part he is indebted to information obtained from a Spanish officer of Rio de Oro fort, south of Bojador, from Spaniards connected with the British fortified factory at Cape Juby, and to an English exploring expedition which came to signal grief on that coast two years ago.

After spending some time in the Canary Islands, I joined in a trading venture to this coast, and one hot August afternoon rowed off from the little mole of Arrecife, in Lanzarote, the most eastern island of that group, to the schooner *Bella Aurora*, then rolling at her moorings in a white-topped sea outside. Arrecife was not a nice place that scorching day, for from the black lava-covered hills and sandy plains of Lanzarote, where rain only falls once or twice in a year, whirling clouds of volcanic sand and clouds of stifling red dust drove through the narrow streets, and inside the flat-topped, white-walled houses the temperature was that of an oven. The architecture of course was Eastern. Go where you will in Spain or Spanish colonies, and you find traces of Moorish influence cropping up everywhere. Those who have contrasted the strength and beauty of the stonework of Sevilla and Grenada with the modern edifices of Madrid and Barcelona; or have compared the wise legislature of the Moors, as related in Spanish history, with the present corrupt government of the Peninsula, cannot help wondering whether the valor of the great Cid and Alvar Perez was not wasted when at the command of the most Christian monarchs they drove the Moslem out. However, to return to the narrative, the crew of the

Aurora was a motley one, consisting of Don Pancho, who had lost his bark on the coast of Cuba; Don Manuelito, ex-captain of the *Correo marítimo*, the patron of a schooner dismissed from the service of the Cape Juby station; the writer; and ten "baccalao" fishermen to work the big launches.

Don Pancho having perjured himself before the *Ayutante de Marina*, who took our good silver dollars while he winked at the signing of documents he knew to be false, after the manner of Spanish officials, came off in the launch and took command of the schooner, and by his navigation proved that he was quite capable of losing another vessel at the first opportunity. It was bright moonlight when we proceeded to get under way, and amid the clattering of blocks and the clinking-clanking of the windlass pawls the fore and aft canvas fluttered aloft. Then the anchor was broken out, the helm put aweather, and the fine vessel, lying down to the strong trade breeze until the foam whirled along level with her lee rail, drove through the white-topped roll under every stitch she would stand, showers of spray flying aft and cascades of glittering water pouring through the weather shrouds each time the sharp bows pitched into the heart of a sea. The black volcanic mountains of Lanzarote melted rapidly into gray shadows over the reeling taffrail, and as we flew south by east out into the lonely moonlit sea I glanced apprehensively at the straining breadths of sailcloth and the humming tautened shrouds. It was, however, no use suggesting a couple of reefs; for, warmed by much Manzanilla and Moscatel dulce, Don Pancho made up his mind to "carry on." So, hoping the masts would stand the strain, I turned in, knowing that the harder he drove her the sooner we would reach our destination, the "Playa de San Juan," south of Cape Bojador.

When I went on deck again shortly before dawn, the *Aurora* was still storming through it very fast, flooding her decks at every plunge, though during the night they had taken a reef in the mainsail; and leaning over the rail I caught a faint shearing sound like a ripping of thin ice, mingled with

a steady pulsing beat. While I wondered what it could be, for we were far out of the track of anything but "baccalao" fishers, the scream of a steam-whistle rang out of the gloom ahead, and as the helmsman jammed the tiller down, a low white-painted steamer appeared through the darkness and flashed by half veiled in driving spray, and I recognized the yacht *Erne*, chartered by an exploration company then trying to establish trading relations with the Arabs with very indifferent success. While the crew cursed the "Malditos Ingleses," for carrying no lights, forgetting we showed none ourselves, the helm was put up, and the *Aurora* flew south on her course again. All that day we drove along down wind, passing now and then a fishing schooner hove to, doubtless watching her huge basket work "trampas."

The warm sunlit waters between the Canaries and the coast of Africa swarm with many kinds of marine life. Great cephalopods and an endless variety of cuttlefish, including that ocean delicacy, the white calamar, lurk among the sand and stones below. The middle depths are filled with fish of every shape and hue; long and narrow like sword blades, round like balls, serpent-like morenas striped yellow and black, and poisoned "envenenados," one prick of the spike in whose forehead means death or amputation. Orange and crimson, pale blue, or brightest silver take the place of the greens and grays of our Northern seas, and the form of the fish is generally as remarkable as their color.

Great tunny abound, and innumerable shoals of a fish something like a large haddock are everywhere to be met with. The latter, split and salted into "baccalao," forms the principal food of the Canary peasants, and a schooner can catch fifty tons of it in a week. The writer has sailed in many seas, but he believes that in few other parts of the world is there such profusion of excellent fish as in these little-known waters; and that, if caught only for oil or manure making, there are heavy dividends in store for any company who would start the industry. An eight-foot "trampa" or wicker cage lowered with a few mussels in

it is filled half-solid in an hour, and the Spanish fishermen could take ten times as many as they do were there a larger market than the Canaries.

Soon after dark that night the schooner struck on some unknown bank, with a crash which threatened to take the bilges out of her; then, half smothered in foam, rolled off into deeper water, and, finding to our surprise no serious leak followed, we hove her to, to wait for dawn. Only half an hour earlier Don Pancho had stated we must be at least fifty miles from the low-lying coast.

When dawn came, we found we were close in to the northern Cape Bojador—for there are two heads of that name with a wide curving bay between—a rugged line of low red cliffs, varied by patches of yellow sandhills rising above a narrow beach, swept by spouting surf; and following the coast-line southward we let go two anchors at sunset off a shallow indentation which Pancho and Manuelito stated to be the place. All that night the *Aurora* rolled and dived, straining at her jarring cables, with a roaring fire burning in a cauldron over her taffrail, as a signal to the tribes ashore—for the rest of the party had dealings there before. There was little sleep that night; guns and revolvers were oiled and loaded, rolls of blue and white cotton cloth divided up; nails, knives, axes, and lead bars piled on one side, while with a sickening clatter of blocks, creaking of spars and groaning of bulkheads, the schooner swung up and down the sea slopes.

With the first of the daylight we got the big launch over the side and prepared to go ashore, for white figures were already moving about among the sandhills, while we could see camels and horses and sheep behind. As the launch neared the beach, the glittering parallel lines of breakers, curling over into clouds of spray as they piled themselves upon the sand, made me wonder how it would be possible to land without broken bones; but Pancho, shoving the helm down, the launch shot under the lee of a spit, and we beached her in comparative shelter.

On stepping ashore we were surrounded by a crowd of the finest men

I ever saw in my life—tall athletic fellows with clustering dark curls—every one of them standing higher than the tallest of our party, and the Canary Spaniards are the reverse of a diminutive race. Long, straight limbs, broad chests, and erect carriage, all spoke of a free open-air life, with little manual labor in it; while in complexion they were as fair as my Canario friends, and considerably lighter than the Moors met with in the ports of Safi, Mazagan, or Casablanca. Their faces were particularly handsome, all of them bearing a refined Hebrew cast. Whether this people is in any way related to one of the lost tribes of Israel, the writer does not know; but the resemblance was strong—that is to say, in features. All were attired in long white tunics, hanging in heavy pleats across the breast, and reaching to the knees, with a gray woollen cape or “*haique*” fastened to the back of the shoulders, and, while some were bare-headed, others wore a loose flapping covering of white or blue calico.

In case this description appears too long, it is well to remember that for many centuries this race has ruled the heart of Africa from the Nile to the Atlantic, and from the Gold Coast Hinterland to Algiers, and have stamped their individuality on countless negro nations.

Many of their guns were a marvel of exquisite workmanship. Stock and butt were cunningly dovetailed out of hardwood and ivory; some of the long barrels, of finest Damascus steel, were inlaid with gold and silver; while rear and foresight resembled those of a Snider. The bore was small, and though smooth the Arabs can hit a man pretty accurately at 200 yards, as the Spanish garrison at Rio de Oro knows very well. Where they are made the writer could never ascertain, and it is not improbable that they come overland from Egypt, or even Northern India; for the more one learns about the ways of Africa and the East, the more there is to wonder at—and distance is apparently no object in the matter of trade.

Some of the Spaniards knew a few words of corrupted Arabic, and some of the tribesmen a little Spanish; so

we managed to converse, and the palaver ended by a dozen coming off with us in the launch to inspect our stock in trade. When the boat reached the schooner's side again, every Arab laid his gun, and knife with gorgeously inlaid haft, down upon the stern gratings, while the skipper repeated a mangled form of the salutation, "Come in peace," and two seamen, with revolvers, mounted guard over the pile. This was by no means unnecessary; for more than one crew of a *baccalao* schooner, wrecked on this inhospitable coast, has been murdered or carried off into the inland wastes, while the Spanish fort of Rio de Oro was lately partly destroyed after a desperate defence, and the little British factory at Fort Juby has been several times attacked, and one manager had his throat cut. Even now, the Spanish peons employed there say that it is occasionally in a state of siege, though the British Company state otherwise. In spite of being unarmed, while most of our party carried two revolvers loose in their belts, the Arabs treated us with fearless contempt, taking the presents of blue and white calico, which had made a serious inroad into our scanty capital, as though they were emperors receiving tribute. We spread them the best feast we could, which they deigned to eat to the last morsel, insisting, however, on the wine being removed, and then lay down to sleep, strange to say, not one of them sea-sick; while the writer, who has a passion for examples of Eastern handicraft, coveted and dreamed of the inlaid guns.

When morning came, leaving only three hands on board the schooner, we all went ashore, armed like *Bashi-Bazouks* and following the Arabs, who left us to walk while most of them rode on single-humped camels and small wiry horses, struck inland. In two hours we stumbled among scorching stones up the bed of a ravine or "wady," where once upon a time a little water had evidently trickled. The sun shone fiercely down out of a sky of intense azure, and the light and heat flashed back from the rocks on either side until the temperature was almost insupportable. Everything seemed red, the sides of the ravine va-

ried from vermilion to purple, the sand and boulders under foot were red, and a whirling cloud of red dust, stirred up by the feet of man and beast, filled our nostrils and smarted our eyes. When at last we emerged from the stifling defile, my duck garments were soaked with perspiration, and grimy sweat, mixed with dust, dropped from my streaming forehead. Away ahead of us, with a quivering haze of heat dancing over its surface, stretched a level plain of bare earth, sprinkled here and there with small stones, across which whirling spirals of dust drove before the strong trade wind. However, the rush of the breeze mitigated the heat somewhat, and we strode resolutely forward, the writer wishing he were well out of the whole thing. For hours there was not a single blade of green or sign of living creature in all the sun-scorched waste, and we plodded on in silence behind the lurching camels. Now, the gait of a camel is peculiar, for it places both left feet on the ground at once, and then both right ones, progressing in a kind of shambling swing unlike that of any other animal. Possibly few people know that for a short distance a camel can beat a fast horse, which the writer has seen done more than once in Lanzarote and Fuerteventura of the Canary group.

At last we reached another stony ridge—you could hardly call it a hill—covered with dry *Euphorbia* bushes, brown *mimosa*, and cactus, though how the latter plant or the *Euphorbia* manages to fill its fleshy leaves with abundant viscous sap in a land where there is nothing but hot sand and scorching stones, it would be hard to say; either would apparently flourish in a brick-kiln. As we emerged from a rocky pass, a hoarse challenge rose from the hillside, and, glancing round in surprise, I saw that a fort, some twenty feet high, was built up against the wall of the ravine, out of rough stone and sun-dried brick, so as to be almost invisible against the parent rock, and three or four figures, who by their darker faces and blue tunics we judged to be Berbers, waved their long guns as we passed out into the high plain beyond.

In spite of the feeling that we were walking open-eyed into a trap, it was impossible not to look with interest on the panorama unrolling before us. The air in this region is probably about the clearest in the world, and there was no sense of atmosphere at all; nothing but one intense blue transparency overhead, through which one seemed to look upward into infinite space. On the one hand lay the azure sea; and, on the other, sandy plain and stony ridge rolled away toward the apparently limitless horizon, with no softening of outline or fading into purple mist, every cliff and hollow sharp and clear in stereoscopic perspective, and the shadows that filled the many ravines solid and black, as though carved in ebony. For several miles along the banks of a dried-up watercourse stretched fields of yellow maize and ripening barley, the long sword-like blades and bearded heads rolling in ripples before the rush of the Northeast trades, while here and there clusters of tall date palms lifted their feathery fronds high against the azure, each slightly curving stem growing upward the greater portion of its length, and not sweeping downward at once, after the manner of most palms. Many sheep, and horses, and single-humped camels, were browsing on the outskirts of the oasis, under the charge of mounted herds, and there was a general air of industry and prosperity about the place, at which we marvelled. Descending the steep slope we travelled through the grain, which from the dried-up channels, shrunk and fissured by the heat, was evidently grown by artificial irrigation, the water of the creek doubtless being dammed up for the purpose in the wet season; and very fine barley it was, the berries very full and white in color. Here and there were low flat-topped houses, built of sun-dried mud and timber, which appeared to be of acacia, and proved the truth of what we had been told about the existence of large forests in the interior; but the majority of the inhabitants, who resembled our guides in dress and figure, seemed to dwell in flat-topped tents, some of skin and some of calico. These were no doubt nomadic, and would move on

somewhere else with their sheep and horses when the pasture was exhausted. Of grass there was not a blade, but the ground was carpeted in many places with little brown-leaved bushes, many of them covered with thorns, which, however, appeared to provide good sustenance. All that afternoon we worked hard drafting out one hundred and fifty of the plumpest sheep—little wiry creatures, very like the border Cheviots, though they were not black-faced—which was about all the schooner would hold, and packing loads of loosely baled unwashed wool upon camels. The sheep were to be paid for in cotton cloth, iron, and lead on our return to the schooner, and worked out at about 2 pesetas, or 1s. 5d. a head, while the wool ran up to some 20 centimos, say three-halfpence, per pound, and taking the average price of wool in Great Britain at about 10d. to 1s. per pound, there was evidently a good margin for profit. We saw neither woman nor child the whole of the day, and one of the Arabs managed to make us understand that this was owing to a tributary Berber tribe, who had been sent to harass the Spaniards at Rio de Oro, turning round on their masters and threatening to raid the latter in their turn.

When sunset came we were served with strips of mutton on mimosa twigs, barley cakes, white grapes, and fresh dates—long yellow fruit with a slightly astringent flavor, and not the sugary taste of dates as seen in England. The date, when intended for preservation, we made out was plucked before fully ripe and then matured in the sun. A date palm is a pretty sight, and the yield is enormous; where the long fronds spring from the summit of the slender shaft of the stem, the clusters hang down in heavy bunches, probably some thirty or forty pounds each, and every tree must produce many hundredweight.

Darkness closed down suddenly after the sun dipped, and then, as if by magic, the wind turned chilly, though how it did so after blowing across hot stone and scorching sand it is hard to say, and I was glad to roll myself in the sheepskin our hosts provided, at which earlier in the day I had laughed,

thinking ice would be more acceptable than warm covering. Whether it was the cold, the soaking dew, which condensed on everything even inside the tent, or excitement, I do not know, but my eyes refused to close all that night, and I lay awake, gazing out through the tent door at the moonlit landscape, and the twinkling stars, which shone out one beyond the other in an endless perspective through infinite space, as I had never seen them shine before, not even in the sharp frost and keen air of the Canadian North West. The veiled heads of maize, the spiky ears of barley, and every feathery palm were almost as clear and distinct as at noonday, lying beneath a flood of silver light, and next day an Arab gave me to understand that there the moon ripened the barley as well as the sunlight.

Nothing but man appeared to rest, and the stillness was broken by a confused murmur of soothing sound, the rustling of maize blades, the sharp patter-patter of the waving barley, an occasional rattling of palm fronds, the click of an unshod horse's hoof, and the nibbling of the sheep; while every now and then a camel uttered its hoarse gurgling cry, like the sound of water clucking out of the neck of a bottle, or you heard its broad padded foot strike the ground with a dull thud. There was a smell of wood ashes and smouldering camel dung in the air, mixed with the scent hot earth gives out when it opens its parched lips by night to suck in the dew, blending into an indescribable odor characteristic of Morocco and the Eastern Canaries. At last the stars paled and faded, and with the briefest interlude of dawn the glowing sun swang up above the horizon, and another scorching day began. As soon as we had breakfasted on more mutton, barley cake, and dates, accompanied by draughts of splendid green tea, though whether the latter came south across the desert from Morocco, or north from Senegal or Sierra Leone, the Arabs did not appear to know—they bought it at the great "sook," or caravan fair, at a place with an unpronounceable name—we set to work to collect our possessions. When we reached the beach

again, we had a good eight hours' work to get the sheep on board with the launch, and when at last I threw myself down in my bunk, thoroughly worn out, it was with a thankful feeling at having come safely out of a risky adventure.

Next day, the Arabs who accompanied us coolly claimed three times the quantities agreed upon for the sale of the sheep; but at last departed, evidently satisfied with their just due, and promised to return in a few days bringing feathers, gum, and gold dust. Many of those we met wore heavy plates of the latter on the sheaths of their beautifully forged, long-bladed knives, which were fashioned with a curious half-moon handle; in fact, gold seemed fairly plentiful, and we made out in our much mixed idiom that a metal, which answered to the description of copper, was worked somewhere in the interior.

For four days we lay wallowing in the steep-sided seas, nearly rolling the masts out of the schooner, for the "trades" came down heavy and strong, piling a nasty ocean sea on the coast, and then a fresh tribe appeared among the sandhills and ravines, attired in dull blue, and from what I could make out through the binoculars, either Berbers or a different race to the men we met. Possibly these were the obstreperous tribe our hosts had mentioned, but in any case we waited events before getting the launch over the side. It was well we did so, for at night a handful of slugs crashed through the illuminated skylights, and next morning we saw the beach swarming with a hostile mob, while lines of men and camels appeared coming from the south. A number of shots were fired, and then we thought discretion the better part of valor, and getting under way stood off to the westward under reefed mainsail, feeling that we had come out of it very well, and might not be so lucky another time. We sold the sheep at various Canary ports and the wool at Sta Cruz de Tenerife, realizing fair prices; but it appeared that as Spain claims some kind of authority over a part of this region, though their only garrison at Rio de Oro scarcely ventures out of range of

the old brass guns of the fort, a special charter was necessary before any trade could be done. Also, it required so much "bonificacion" to salve the consciences of the officials and prevent our arrest, that there was little left for our trouble.

We therefore abandoned the game as not worth the candle, and shortly afterward the English adventurers whose steamer we had passed, chartered a schooner as being cheaper, and, undeterred by previous attacks, landed at Playa de Santiago near Bojador. Here they narrowly escaped with their lives after a hard fought battle on the beach, one being shot through the jaw, another losing his leg which was riddled with slugs, while a Spanish seaman was carried away into the wastes of the Sahara.

We therefore gave the matter up, as did the wealthy company, as more risky than profitable. There is in the Western Sudan a great market for British goods, and an unlimited supply of valuable produce which would yield large returns if it could be reached. At present, the French have secured a

portion of the trade, a little of which goes through their colony of Senegal; while a certain quantity of goods filters through the fever swamps of Sierra Leone and the Gold Coast. The major portion, however, innumerable camel loads of spices, feathers, gold, ivory, gums, and skins, crosses thousands of miles of wild and generally hostile country to Morocco and Fez, some of the caravans passing within a few hundred miles of Cape Bojador on the Sahara coast, where there is a safe and easy outlet. The free Arabs, however, have shown, over and over again, that they will allow no strangers entrance into their dominions, and so the road remains closed. It would probably require an army corps of French Senegali, Gold Coast Haussa, and Lagos Yoruba to open the way, and this kind of thing is not permitted in the nineteenth century. So, Arab and Berber hold their land inviolate, and men who understand things turn envious eyes on the doors of a vast market which at present is barred against them.—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

BIRD-SONGS IN AUTUMN.

BY CHARLES A. WITCHELL.

MANY naturalists of successive generations, from Gilbert White to O. V. Aplin, have noticed the singing of birds in autumn. Mr. Aplin apparently distinguishes a true autumn song as one preceded and followed by a period in which the song is not heard. Some autumnal songs he correctly states to be merely the commencement of the spring songs. "Such are the songs of the thrush, robin, hedge sparrow, and starling." In stating that these birds commence in November (or even in October), Mr. Aplin appears not to be accurate, for the robin begins in July, and the wren and starling early in August.

Scientifically considered, the autumn song is chiefly valuable as affording evidence that the singer is not merely obeying an uncontrollable erotic impulse, but is actuated by what may be

called higher and more elaborate motives; and it also suggests that these motives may operate at other seasons. There is, however, some difficulty in establishing the occurrence of a true autumn song, for the few birds which seem to render it most clearly in September—chiffchaffs and willow wrens—contrast with the great silent majority of their species. Probably the September singers are not one-twentieth of those which sang incessantly in May. It seems that in different localities the period of song may vary, since Mr. Aplin mentions the willow wren as becoming silent soon after the middle of June, and striking up again about the second week in August. This may be true of the Oxfordshire birds; but in my present neighborhood (Bexley, Kent) the willow wren becomes silent in mid-June, but recommences in full

strength in the first week of July, and continues till the middle of August; after which only one or two of them will be heard. I have noticed the same incidents in Gloucestershire. My observations on the robin and starling are to the same effect. In a garden at Stroud, where I lived for many years, birds were common throughout the year, except in spring, when the robins retired to the woods to breed, and the starlings led off their broods (in May). Both species returned in the first days of August, and began to sing. They continued in song (except during severe weather) until the time for departure next year; but the starlings shortly before leaving were of course too busy with their broods to do much singing. In Kent the same habits seem to prevail, only the robins begin to sing earlier—by the middle of July. It seems, therefore, rather difficult to identify a true autumn song in either of these species, or in the willow wren. The same remarks apply to the brown wren, which sings loudly at the end of July and early in August. On the other hand, our best warblers, such as the nightingale, blackcap, and garden warbler, are practically never heard in autumn—a fact which Mr. Aplin observed.

It is clear that some birds sing only during the breeding-season (*e.g.*, nightingale, redstart, and tree pipit), while others sing on after the close of this period. In attempting to discover the causes of this dissimilarity, we should be careful to remember that the arguments applied to one species may be quite inappropriate to another. The motives inducing song may be quite different in different species. In one, pugnacity—in another, erotism, may prevail. For instance, the robin and thrush seem always to sing before fighting with others of their kind, but not when fighting with birds not of their own race; and in the robin this habit is as constant in autumn as in spring. It would be well, therefore, to analyze each bird's song by ascertaining the meaning of any particular cries it contains, and thus to glean the purport of the whole exclamation. In the case of the lark, the first autumn song is generally a mere repetition of the

plaintive call of the young, with other call-notes. It may be objected that this does not constitute a song; but, on the other hand, nothing is more clear than that much of the song of the adult consists of call-notes repeated with some slight variation, or with none at all. In September many larks (probably birds of the year) begin to "peet" and chirrup a good deal as they fly; and they gradually advance in variation during October and November. If the weather be mild during the darker months, they sing throughout the season; but as a spell of cold generally occurs early in December, the birds become silent at that time.

I do not know when the young starling begins to sing, but the old birds undoubtedly resume song in August, and continue to the spring, unless stopped by want of food in the cold season. The only feature distinguishing the autumn songs of the starling and robin from the spring songs, is the absence of the call in the former and the repetition of the call by the latter bird—as already mentioned. Both birds sing on every fine autumn day, quite independently of the presence of their mates. It would therefore seem that when at this season the starling is sitting alone on his favorite chimney, chattering through his accustomed strains, and studying new ones, he is no more conscious of love than is the robin, who, from the top of his highest tree, defies a rival in the next garden. At the same time it is clear that in autumn, as in spring, many song birds, besides the starling, are by no means content with any particular strain, but try to vary their songs as much as possible. In these efforts the birds seem to be influenced by their experience, as we are in other matters. They seem to be influenced by the sounds customary in their environment, and to attune their notes to resemble many of these noises. In the starling this mimicry is excellent. In the robin it is sometimes perfect, but generally obscure and indicated by a similarity in accent and rhythm rather than by identity of tone.

In a general sense the same methods in singing are employed in autumn as in spring; and although some of the

first autumn songs are of a simple character (presumably those of young birds), the effort to vary is seemingly as constant in autumn as it is in spring. Despite this, however, the characteristic exclamations and general tone of song are preserved, as though vitally important. Many cries are, doubtless, inherited—especially in birds of limited vocal range; but it is equally certain that in many of the more musical species the songs are traditional—learned by successive generations (probably unconsciously) from their parents, and, in due time, repeated to their successors. It is probable that certain cries may be inherited in a species, and by the same bird song-notes may be acquired by mimicry. In all cases young birds reared under foster parents are more likely to retain the call notes and alarms than any other notes of their natural parents. Such an autumn singer as the great titmouse, with frequent characteristic alarm-cries, and with song-notes differing considerably in different individuals, yet sometimes exactly resembling those of another species, might illustrate the effects of both heredity and mimicry—the more so because the tits can hardly be termed singers. Unfortunately, the great titmouse is unsuited to the artificial life of a prisoner.

Since there is so little evidence supporting the theory that autumnal songs are love songs, we must attribute them to some other emotional origin. It is clear that spring songs are often addressed by birds to their mates. It is also clear that most of the autumn songs are expressive of pleasure (*e.g.*, those of robin, lark, wren, hedge sparrow, thrush and young blackbird, great tit); and the source of this pleasure may well be the appearance of the surroundings of the singers. It is extraordinary that this statement should be deemed unwarrantable, for many birds have so keen an appreciation of locality that they return year by year, from a long migration, to precisely the same spots; and birds of several resident species will build year after year in exactly the same positions, though each nest and its contents be destroyed by violence. Yet we, who have comparatively so little of the local instinct,

are by no means willing to admit that birds may have an aesthetic appreciation of surroundings. We seem to be desirous of limiting these ardent creatures to the operations of unreasoning instinct; and any one claiming for them a share of some of our higher faculties is met with a chorus of demand for scientific proof—where such proof is obviously unobtainable. One would think that in the case of the robin and starling, at least, no further proof than the manners of the birds when singing could be reasonably required. It is not possible to discuss all the bearings of this question within the limits of one article. The general lines of investigation have, however, been suggested—namely, an analysis of the cries constituting a song, observation of the presence of a mate or other birds, and other general incidents. Each species should be considered separately.

In spring the love-calls of birds are prominent; in summer the cries employed are chiefly addressed to the young; and in autumn the great incident of the southward migration occasions a frequent use of the voice. The cries now employed are call-notes, many of them identical with notes uttered in spring (as in, *e.g.*, finches, pipits, wag-tails, swallow, chiffchaff, etc.); and this fact gives weight to the theory that the call-notes are among the most ancient of the cries of birds. These cries are not limited to the hours of daylight; at night the passing migrants may be heard, especially near small country towns, where the illuminations seem to attract the voyagers, and the noise of traffic is not enough to drown their notes.

Most of the aquatic birds migrate at night. Their loud resonant voices are then audible at a considerable distance, and are especially noticeable when heard over inland towns, where the birds themselves may be quite unknown. At Stroud I used to hear at spring and fall the peculiar cries of some migrants passing at night. In spring the sounds were heard between eleven and twelve o'clock, in autumn a couple of hours later. In spring the notes were given at the same pitch by two or three birds; in autumn the

sounds were uttered by a half-dozen together, and were in two keys, the higher notes being probably those of young birds. In spring the cries were heard during only a few moments, while the birds were passing; in autumn the noise continued sometimes for minutes, and this suggested that some of the birds (probably the younger ones) had been attracted by the lights in the town or possibly by reflections from the waters of the canal there, and were loth to leave.

The commonest of all night cries of migrants is the soft, brief, whispered "seeyou" of the redwing—sounding rather plaintive and weird in the misty darkness. It is also often heard in the daytime. Throughout November this cry is particularly frequent at night, but it is not very noticeable, and most people do not observe it at all. On

one occasion I heard it one hundred and twenty-seven times in the space of an hour and a half; and I have heard it from seventy to ninety times during by no means long walks at night on the Cotteswolds. The sound was heard as plainly on the slopes as on the hill-tops—proving that at night the bird flies in the same way as by day, namely, drifting over the land at a height of about a couple of hundred feet. This feature also suggests that we should not ascribe a very lofty flight to all nocturnal migrants because some of them happened to be observed at a vast altitude through the telescopes of astronomers. On the contrary, the frequency with which we hear the signals of these aerial ships passing in the night proves that great numbers of them fly no higher by night than by day.—*Knowledge*.

"THE CHRISTIAN."

BY F. W. FARRAR.

WHEN fifty thousand copies of a new story have been sold in the United Kingdom in the course of a few weeks, and when it has been received by some with intense bitterness and fierce denunciation, while others have awarded to it the most glowing eulogies, all will be ready to admit that the book cannot be an ordinary one. Few will dispute that "The Christian" is not to be classed with those fictions—and their name is legion—which excite no more than a languid interest, and which we lay down without taking the trouble to read them to the end. Whatever be its merits or demerits, this novel is one which must force all serious men to think over the problems which the author intended to set before us.

It is a curious fact that whereas in America Mr. Hall Caine's novel has been welcomed with almost extravagant adulation, in England it has been angrily, and by some almost contumeliously, condemned. I think that the explanation of criticisms so widely opposed to each other is that in England—chiefly owing to accidental circumstances and to the erroneous impres-

sions of some of its earlier reviewers—the book has been judged from points of view far different from those which the writer intended. In England it has been assumed that the hero of the book is meant for an *ideal* Christian, and even for the follower of Christ needed by the nineteenth century. The author has then been assailed for putting forth an utterly false exposition of the Christian life, and for holding up to our admiration a weak, hysterical, self-deceived fanatic whose work ended in deplorable failure. Mr. Stead, in the *Review of Reviews*, writing with characteristic straightforwardness, and not without much genuine appreciation, understands the author to have implied that the Christ of holiness had failed, and that such an unhappy being as John Storm is now necessary to work out the redemption of the world.

There does not seem to be any real ground for such a view unless it be in the perhaps unfortunately selected title of the novel, and in expressions which have, apparently without sufficient authority, been attributed to the author.

But if for any such reasons the motive of the book has been misinterpreted, we may feel sincere sympathy with the writer amid the flood of vituperation to which he has been subjected. Let him not take it too much to heart.

"Pro captu lectoris habent sua fata libelli."

In ancient days even Homer had his Zoilus. In modern days critics no less eminent than Voltaire thought it enough to say of the "*Divina Commedia*" that the *Inferno* was revolting, the *Purgatorio* dull, and the *Paradiso* unreadable. A contemporary of Milton described the "*Paradise Lost*" as "a profane and lascivious poem." Keats was ordered by the *Edinburgh Review* "to go back to his gallipots." Byron characterized Wordsworth's *magnum opus* as

"A drowsy, frowsy poem called 'The Excursion,'"

Writ in a manner which is my aversion,"

at the very time that Coleridge was describing it as

"An Orphic song indeed,

A song divine of high and passionate thoughts
To their own music chaunted."

Humbler mortals, if they have done their best, and if their motives have been high and pure, may listen with indifference to the abuse of critics and "the irresponsible chatter of hare-brained frivolity." Wordsworth wrote to a friend who had commiserated with him on the contemptuous ridicule to which he was subjected, that he need not be grieved on his account, since he felt sure that in the long run his poems would be found to co-operate with all beneficent influences, and to make the happy happier. And Dante gave noble advice when he put into Virgil's mouth the words:

"Lascia dir le genti
Sta come torre fermo, che non crolla
Giammai la cima per soffiar di venti:"

which Carlyle translated into homelier English when he wrote, "Get the thing done, and let them howl."

Leaving the title of the book out of sight for the moment, it is, on the face of it, a love story, in which a tragical complication is introduced by the passion inspired for one another by two natures radically opposed. Is it too

much to conjecture, that in forming his conception of John Storm and Glory Quayle the writer was much influenced by the doctrine of heredity? The heroine is the grand-daughter of a French actress, and the daughter of a fanatical devotee. The hero is the son of a saintly mother and of a father devoted to worldly schemes. Almost every incident and scene in the story turns on the apparently hopeless relations between two natures so fundamentally dissimilar, yet powerfully drawn to each other by a mutual love.

In presenting the love story, the writer unquestionably meant at the same time to urge his own moral and religious convictions upon the consciences of his readers. But it would be as unfair to attribute to him the dramatically presented views of his various characters as it would be to quote as the sentiments of Shakespeare or Robert Browning the opinions which they merely put into the mouths of very dubious personages. For instance, the Prime Minister, who is John Storm's uncle, being an Agnostic, and feeling genuine distress for the broken fortunes of a nephew to whom he is sincerely attached, comes to the very hasty conclusion that the relations between Church and State are unsatisfactory, and that the Church ought to be disestablished. That may or may not be the writer's own opinion; but from the merely dramatic and incidental presentation of the Prime Minister's views we have no right to assert that it is. The Premier's conclusion is formed on very partial grounds, and is not brought forward as possessing much intrinsic weight.

This remark has a much wider application. All John Storm's opinions—many of which are crude and violent—have been represented as though they were the author's own. This is surely a mistake in the point of view. John Storm presents the type of an intellect intensely sincere, but very imperfectly enlightened. He is passionate in his methods, and far too impetuous in his sweeping judgments. He means well; but he often acts most unwisely. He tries to revolutionize the world by impossible methods, and he fails to master the impulses of his

own heart. He is without wide knowledge, and wholly without the serene wisdom which can make allowance for men who are struggling amid trying conditions. His mind is so ill-balanced that he sinks into strange follies. He has none of the large insight which can penetrate to "the heart of goodness in things evil," and see a germ of life in the mouldered tree. John Storm is a fanatic, and an unwise fanatic, who egregiously fails in his schemes, of which many are foredoomed to overthrow because they are injudicious and ill considered. But although he exhibits no skill in adapting means to ends, he stands for "the Christian," in so far as he realizes, with only one fatal and overpowering exception, the Christ-like ideal of *self-renunciation*. He is a man with all the burning enthusiasm which filled the heart of Charles Kingsley in his youth, but with little of his robust manliness and sovereign sanity. He represents a type which has sprung up in the Church since the days of Maurice. Amid all their intellectual limitations and moral one-sidedness, such men present, to an age in which the faith of many has dwindled to a shadow and the love of many has waxed cold, the saving virtue of self-sacrifice and absolute sincerity. John Storm is a man of pure heart and high mind, if of very moderate intellect and very shallow attainments; the book is the study of such a mind driven into despair, into hysteria, into absolute madness, by the vain attempt to win victory in the most awful of human struggles—the struggle to master an overpowering human affection. It is monstrous to attribute to the writer the design of presenting this distracted creature, torn asunder by two opposite impulses, as the new ideal of the Messiah needed by our century! On the contrary, he overwhelms John Storm with the most disastrous failure. He shows that this failure has arisen because the young clergyman's soul has been so tortured by lack of power to subdue the love for a woman that at last he mistakes a murderous impulse for a "divine mandate," and narrowly escapes being shut up for life as a homicidal maniac. But here I must correct the entirely unwarranted inference

that, in the scene between John Storm and Glory Quayle, which is the climax of the book, it was meant to be inferred that the hero and the heroine fall at the supreme moment into mortal sin. This has been assumed in more than one review. Such a *dénouement* would have been shocking, horrifying, thoroughly inartistic, and entirely needless. I can only say that when I read the book it never even crossed my mind that such a sin was hinted at; nor can I find anything to justify the assertion that Glory Quayle only marries John Storm upon his death-bed in order to save her future reputation. There is not a word to show that the writer had any such thought in his mind, and it is unfair to attribute it to him when he gives no justification for it. He ought not to be held responsible for the mistaken inferences of his reviewers; and in future editions he will, I hope, exclude the possibility of so complete a misreading of his intention.

I think, too, that it would be well if the writer removed the impression which his book left upon the minds of many, but which he can hardly have intended, that the aims, the methods, and the whole work of the Church of England are hopelessly ineffectual; that she is not even attempting to grapple with the awful problems around her; that so plethoric a worldling as Canon Wealthy is a type of all the clergy who are not like the hero; that the Church is honeycombed with worldliness; that there are no sincere and whole-hearted endeavors to effect real and striking amelioration except the spasmodic denunciations and crude schemes of a man like Storm. I am quite sure that the author had no such intention; but I think that he would have done well, were it even by the addition of a couple of sentences, to show that this in no way resembles his real opinion. If it did, no caricature of the conditions of the Church could be more gross. I am well acquainted with a large number of clergymen, and among them all I do not know even one who distantly resembles Canon Wealthy. He closely resembles the worldly Archdeacon depicted by Anthony Trollope in "Barchester Tow-

ers;" but though there have been epochs in the Church when men of such a type have been numerous, they have left very few, if any, representatives in the present toiling and suffering days.

As regards faithful, continuous, self-denying labor, I know, not only scores, but hundreds of clergymen who, in far-off country parishes, in bleak mountain-villages, in lonely seaside hamlets, in densely crowded manufacturing centres, in black mining districts—with no hope of reward, and on pittance less than the salary of a rich man's butler—are hurling the whole force of their energy and enthusiasm against the force of prevalent temptations.

Day by day they are training the young; taking the little children by the hand; gathering the boys into brigades and bands; furnishing clubs and reading-rooms for the young men; providing simple services for the poor and ignorant in humble mission rooms; holding meetings for the mothers; befriending the servants; sending the sick to convalescent homes; finding a foretaste of heaven amid the miseries of earth by making all around them a little better and a little more hopeful.

Some of the scenes of Mr. Hall Caine's book are laid in parts of Westminster well known to me, and I can say from long personal experience, that the efforts of the clergy were devoted ten times more to the poorest of the poor than they were to the rich; that wherever there was poverty, and drink, and crime, there the clergy were most unremitting in their infinitely trying work; that with an heroic faith which was often unsupported by any earthly encouragement, High Churchmen, Low Churchmen, and Broad Churchmen were to be seen toiling in the slums, not like the

"Sluggard Pity's vision-weaving tribe
Who sigh for wretchedness, yet shun the
wretched,
Nursing in some delicious solitude
Their dainty loves and slothful sym-
pathies;"

and that the police bore spontaneous and hearty testimony to the amelioration of desperate conditions and the marked diminution of crime. The rising generation especially were looked

after, and every care was taken to improve the prospects of the future by inspiring the aims, and ameliorating the conditions, of those who are "the trustees of posterity." And all this is being done by clergymen whose earthly prospects are as poor as they can possibly be. Mr. Hall Caine's book may be most useful to all, from the true, and indeed realistic pictures which it presents of the

"Dim populous pain and multitudinous woe,
Unheeded by the heedless world, which
treads

The piteous upturned faces underfoot
In the gay rout which rushes to its ends."

All which he describes exists, and even worse than he describes; and, amid the fanfare of self-glorification in which we have been recently indulging, it is well that we should remember how many dim isles of misery lie in the splendid ocean of our national prosperity. Anything which may arouse us to do more than we are doing is useful; but if, while we are doing our very best, there is still a fearful residuum of crime and misery, it would be wrong to make it a reproach to us that man cannot do, and never has done, the work of Providence; that much of the best work, now and always, is quiet, noiseless, unknown work; that never were the efforts of the many who are "striving to raise strong arms to bring heaven a little nearer to our earth" more numerous and more energetic than now they are; that, so far from those efforts being left unblest, the ameliorated conditions of life among the very lowest, the steady diminution of crime, the universal preaching of the Gospel to the poorest of the poor, furnish abundant cause for hopefulness and gratitude.

But while I have endeavored to place Mr. Hall Caine's "The Christian" in a light which may obviate unjust condemnation of it, by pointing out that it must, in the first instance, be judged dramatically and artistically as a simple story, I must add that it is full of very valuable lessons. Glory Quayle is not to me at all an attractive heroine; but the story of her erratic career may serve to illustrate how fearful is the battle which many a loving and impulsive woman has to fight single-

handed in the cruel world. The coincident delineations of the life among the *jeunesse dorée* are full of powerful warning, and may serve to check the heartless and cruel villainies toward women of which they are said to be guilty by those who profess to know them, as I do not pretend to do. Assuming that the sketches of some theatres, of the race-course, of some men's clubs, of the music-halls, of the low public-houses, and of the irreligious section of fashionable life in the West End of London are accurate, they certainly deserved the indignant reprobation with which John Storm denounced them; even if his method of counteracting their inherent evils was foredoomed to be ineffective. The state of society is not, indeed, worse, but, as far as we are able to judge, far better than it has been in most past ages even in Christian countries; but it is well for us not to rest upon our oars, and so be swept devilward by the subterranean currents; nor should we ever be tempted to say "Peace, peace" when there is no peace. The warfare with evil in the world needs all the best energies of all the best men in every age, and "in that warfare there is no discharge."

Much of the meaning of the book as the dramatic presentment of a certain modern clerical type is contained in the singularly interesting, and by no means unsympathetic, sketch of a severe revival of mediæval monasticism. The Father Superior is represented as a good and holy man, and it is not at all hinted that any of the monks are immoral or hypocritical. But, by a masterly analysis of thoughts and motives, enshrined in a most interesting narrative, Mr. Hall Caine shows how fatal in some natures is

"The strife
Of poor humanity's afflicted will
Struggling in vain with ruthless destiny."

The monastic life—as may be shown in multitudes of historic instances, and by the express testimony of not a few mediæval monks and supreme saints—though, in the holiest characters, it produced admirable types of saintliness like St. Bonaventura and St. Thomas Aquinas, yet in the case of

multitudes, who were wholly unfitted to meet its responsibilities and difficulties, fostered a hopeless misery, a blighted uselessness, and an unspeakable degradation. Mr. Hall Caine shows that for many natures—even when men are sincere and pure—such reversal of the divinely appointed conditions of ordinary life is illogical, and may lead, even in the case of noble and well-intentioned men, to dangerous results.

There is surely much that is of far more than passing interest in a book which was evidently intended to grapple with themes so serious as these. But I think that "The Christian" has one yet deeper and wider lesson. So far from implying that the ideal set before us by the Saviour of the world is *obsolete*, it indirectly yet decidedly sets it forth as divine and unapproachable. We cannot imitate the *externals* of the life of Christ, as sweet St. Francis of Assisi vainly tried to reproduce on the bleak hills of Umbria the outward features of a life spent on the hot levels of the Galilean lake. Nor can most men reproduce the spirit of Christ by trying to live celibate or wandering lives, or by such frantic endeavors as those of Stigmatists and Convulsionnaires. We can only follow Christ's footsteps from afar, though we can aim at showing at least those elementary Christian graces which are the very antithesis to the self-asserting, persecuting, and malignant arrogance of all forms of Pharisaism. We can also try more and more to approximate to the broad and simple lessons of His teaching without the vain endeavor to set ourselves above the undying laws which God Himself attached to our human existence. Such a life is not attainable by convulsive and hysterical efforts, but by uttermost faithfulness in "the trivial round and the common task." If our best efforts to be good are often unsuccessful, we may be comforted by the thought that "He knoweth our frame; He remembereth that we are but dust." And if our lives often seem to be hopeless failures, it is something to know that the limitations of our success may be only temporal. There were many lepers in Israel in the days of Elisha, but he only healed

Naaman, the Syrian; many widows in Israel in the days of Elijah, but he was only sent to the widow of Sarepta. Further, a seed is not quickened except it die; and many a weary worker—like John Huss, or William Tyndale, or David Livingstone—has died in the midst of the most absolute apparent defeat, whose work has yet burst up after his death into a wealth of golden harvests. If these last lessons are not, in so many words, emphasized in "The

Christian," it is because they lay outside the special object of the book. Yet such lessons are neither excluded nor denied. After all deductions, and all qualifications, it seems to me that "The Christian" is of much more serious import, and of much higher permanent value than the immense majority of novels which the Press continues to pour forth in such endless profusion. It is a book which makes us think.—*Contemporary Review*.

ON THE ANTI-POETICAL.

THERE are some persons to whom poetry is as much foolishness as Christianity was to the Greeks of St. Paul's day. They are not merely indifferent to it, but regard it, in some cases at any rate, with positive contempt and dislike. If asked to read a passage containing a thought expressed in poetic form, the mere fact of its being so expressed is an annoyance to them. "If he wants to say it, why cannot he say it in prose?" they inquire. Or still worse, "There is nothing *in* poetry, as you would see if it were put into prose, so it has to be served up as poetry." These objections by the anti-poetical, are not drawn from fancy, but from fact, and they fall like a douche of cold water on the lovers of poetry, who regard it as perhaps the most perfect and exquisite gift bestowed on man. And what makes this contempt peculiarly aggravating is, that it is often accompanied by an assumption of superiority in the despisers of poetry. They give us to understand that they have too much common-sense to notice anything so flimsy, so impractical, as poetry. They would have a lurking sympathy with one of Mrs. Beecher Stowe's characters, a certain Aunt Asphyxia, who divided all flowers "into blows that were of use, and blows that were of no use;" and as she scouted the latter, so would they be inclined to scout poetry. Now, many of these anti-poetical folk have, as Sir George Chesney, in one of his Indian novels, admirably expressed it, "plenty of good old stupid blood in their veins," so that it is easy to account for their

indifference or contempt for our favorite form of literature and to plume ourselves on our own superiority. But the case is not so delightfully simple as this. For other cavillers are as decidedly clever, and the problem we have to confront is, How is it that so many able men and women have ranged themselves on the anti-poetical side? Each one of us could in our own experience produce several examples; and there are many famous men whose names are household words to whom poetry was a thing of nought. Carlyle in one of his books declared that poetry was played out, though he was, as we shall see later, quite able to appreciate *one* of the essentials of poetry. Darwin's mind became dead to poetry as it did to certain other realms of art and imagination. The great Sir William Herschel declared at one period of his life "that poetry was all lies," though, half vanquished by a poem on a scientific subject that was read to him, he afterward ventured on a little poetical experiment himself. The present writer remembers a few years ago hearing Lord Blachford—of whom Newman said, "He was the most gifted, the most talented, and of the most wonderful grasp of mind of all his contemporaries"—remark, "I can only read poetry that has a story in it now," thus putting out of court, as it were, three quarters of our rich inheritance from the poets. Therefore, to say that it is only the stupid, or those who, in Sir Philip Sidney's words, "are of so earth-creeping a mind, that they cannot rise to the sky of poetry," who are

indifferent to it, is utterly untrue. What on earth, then, can be the matter with these clever people? How shall we diagnose their case? They are not as a rule devoid of imagination; they can appreciate beauty in other of its departments—in music, it may be, or in painting, or in oratory, in landscape, in architecture, or in sculpture. Why do they not care for the thing of beauty that the poet offers them?

To answer this question aright, it is clear that we must realize what the function of the poet is, what is the nature of the faculties of mind that he exercises himself and appeals to in his hearers; and what faculties therefore must be wanting in those persons who are as blind to the beauties he offers them as a cow or a sheep would be to a fine sunset. We believe that his gift is a twofold one, lying in the regions of what Mr. Saintsbury speaks of as "poetic thought and poetic sound," which Mr. Gosse blends into one in his expression, "harmonious thought." This double gift bestows on the poet the vision of the ideal and the power of its expression. Of the two, the first is the most important. Idealization is perhaps the highest exercise of the imaginative faculty, and its source lies in a longing for perfection and a quick sensibility to all manifestations of beauty, whether material or spiritual, and a sympathetic insight enabling the poet to detect it wherever it may be found. He sees it himself, and can open the eyes of others to perceive it, in nature, in life, in character, reading in it, to borrow a scriptural phrase, a copy of the pattern shown in the mount. With the eye of the seer he looks beyond and below the outward into the inward, his quick insight revealing the essential truth of everything, whether good or bad. That which is dark throws up the light into higher relief, the poet using it to set forth some truth of life or thought, and thus becoming the prophet and teacher. For if we go deep enough, we find that moral and spiritual truth are one with beauty:

"Beauty is truth; truth, beauty—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to
know;"

for divine or eternal truth must be beautiful, and the highest beauty must be true, because it is the ideal as it exists in the mind of God. It was this thought that was with Milton when he spoke of the Creator looking at his world:

"How it showed,
Answering his great idea."

It is this great idea of which the poet is in search. But he goes beyond the appreciation of the obviously beautiful, and does not reject that which is outwardly repulsive, if only he can discover therein the germs of the divine. He seeks and finds the jewel in the dust-heap. In our common talk we often bear witness to the truth of poetry being the manifestation of the ideal in life; when, for example, in referring to some noble character we speak of its self-sacrifice or heroism as the poetry of life. Thus, proving, as we said, his capacity of appreciating one of the essentials of poetry, Carlyle writes: "Thy condition is but the stuff thou art to shape that same *ideal* out of. What matters whether such stuff be of this sort or that, so the form thou give it be *heroic or poetic*." If, then, Carlyle was so well able to appreciate the ideal in life, why is it that he should depreciate poetry in verse? The reason of this neglect brings us to the second essential for a taste for poetry. The failure may lie, not in the power of appreciating poetic thought, but in the capacity to enjoy poetic sound. There are many persons who are insensible to the charms of the medium in which the poet works, and have little or no ear for poetic language, a gift entirely distinct from that of an ear for music and as variously withheld and bestowed. Does this come from a physical or an intellectual defect? Is it with our ears or our minds that we enjoy the language of poetry? We believe it is with both, and the two pleasures are often so closely blended together that it is difficult to distinguish them and to say where one begins and the other ends. Take such lines (we all have our particular charmers) as Herbert's—

"The dew shall weep thy fall to-night,
For thou must die;"

or Shakespeare's—

" Give sorrow words ; the grief that does not
speak
Whispers the o'er fraught heart, and bids
it break ;"

or perhaps the most exquisitely melo-
dious verse in Shelley's "Skylark"—

" We look before and after,
And pine for what is not.
Our sincerest laughter

With some pain 's fraught ;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of sad-
dest thought ;"

or some of the majestic lines of Milton, rolling out their rich tones like those of a grand organ, and it is both mind and ear that are charmed by them. Each receives a pure and refined delight ; the one from the perfect expression which the insight of the poet into the essential character of his subject, enables him to give ; the other by the melodious and harmonious sounds of the words he chooses, or as Sidney puts it, " words set in delightful proportions," and marshalled in rhythmic measure. There are cases, but we believe them to be extremely rare, in which it is the ear alone that is pleased by poetic sound. We have heard the remark made by a friend who declared herself otherwise indifferent to poetry,

that the richness of tone in Shelley's poems gave her real enjoyment, even when she did not understand a word of his meaning. It would have been the same if they had been written in an unknown tongue, as long as that tongue was a musical one. Her gift of a delicately constituted ear for the tones of language, insured her this pleasure. In her case, as in many others, it was not combined with an ear for music. It was an imperfect appreciation ; and it is, of course, only where the required faculties are combined that poetry yields the keenest delight. Given the power of idealization and the mind and the ear for poetical language, it will be a continual joy. That there are other minor causes for indifference to poetry we quite admit, such as the impatience felt by the intensely practical, businesslike mind to get at a writer's meaning at once, without having to reach it through the images and parables and circumlocutions of the poet ; but we believe that we have indicated the main ones. Where the necessary qualifications are all wanting, then, however gifted otherwise our anti-poetical friends may be, we can only say that though they are not sorry for themselves, we are extremely sorry for them.—*Spectator*.

NIGHT AT FLAMBOROUGH HEAD.

BY SAM WOOD.

FIXED in the violet sky, the full-orbed moon
Reflects her borrowed lustre far and wide,
And, in a silver street across the tide,
Gives to the mariner a twofold boon ;
The surging waves sigh in with changeful croon,
And ghostly sails into the darkness glide,
While empty boats upon the waters ride,
Rocked to the restless ocean's ancient tune.
Was ever fairer scene, 'neath calmer skies ?
The tide ebbs out along its sandy bed,
Through the still hours of somnolence and ease ;
But soon the ocean in its wrath may rise,
Till sail and bending mast are watched with dread,
And wrecking gales o'ersweep the furious seas !

—*Chambers's Journal*.

IN SUBTERRANEAN CAVES.

BY WALTER WOOD.

THERE is a land of fairy waterfalls and subterranean caves in Yorkshire the like of which does not exist in any other part of England. The falls can be seen by all men, but some of the gloomy pits and caverns baffle even yet the courage and the skill of the most expert and adventurous explorers.

In the neighborhood of Ingleborough, in Yorkshire, raising its massive head above the clouds, the moors are pitted with the yawning gulfs which the people know as pot-holes. Some of these are as silent and mysterious as when primeval man lived near them, and for aught we can tell, the waters that thunder down them when the rains roll from the hills may go through "caverns measureless to man, down to a sunless sea." In this region of Ingleton alone there are subterranean streams that surge along in darkness, and of which the united length can only be reckoned by hundreds of miles; and there are on the moorland everywhere great dismal gulfs, to look into which is to turn any but the strongest head and appal any but the stoutest heart.

Men of iron nerve and thirsting for adventure leave England in increasing numbers for the countries of the Alps or the Himalayas. At their own doors almost they can face descents which are as trying and as dangerous as any climbing in the hills of Switzerland or India.

The origin of these natural pits is simple. The pot-holes are the result of the processes which have carved the carboniferous limestone under the crust of the earth for some miles round Ingleborough into fantastic shapes. The stones themselves are worn by the incessant action of the water, but in the limestones the streams eat out the softer parts and leave the harder casings comparatively intact. The water is, therefore, constantly burrowing underground and scooping out channels, cavities, and caverns; and from time to time this natural sapping and mining causes the strata above to collapse,

and so leads to the formation of pot-holes.

Within six miles of Ingleton there are a large number of these natural caves and pits, some of which up to this moment, in spite of the greatest efforts of explorers, remain unknown. The names of several are clear indications of the awe which the pits have inspired in the minds of the dwellers of the district. There are, for instance, Gaping Ghyll Hole, the Boggart's Roaring Hole and the Boggart Holes of Ivescar. In the Craven district "boggart" signifies ghost or apparition, and no doubt many an awful story of spirits rising from the bowels of the earth at dead of night has been told by belated shepherds and farmers, going home across the desolate moors.

One of the most persistent and adventurous of the body of men who have both the time and money to give to the work of fathoming these subterranean dungeons is Mr. Harold Dawson, of Bradford. He possesses a complete apparatus for the descent of these pot-holes, and has succeeded not only in making numerous descents, but also in getting photographs of the caverns that lie far below the earth's surface. Into one of the most important holes, Alum Pot, he has made half a dozen descents, and has by means of the flash-light obtained numerous photographs illustrative of this adventure. This descent may be taken as a good example in every respect of the risk and labor involved in work of this description.

Alum Pot is about 300 feet deep, 180 feet long, and some 50 feet wide. Two hundred yards westward there is an opening in the ground where the roof of a cave has fallen in. The is the Long Churn, and by this cavern the explorer makes his way to Alum Pot, and emerges into daylight about 80 feet from the surface. Previous to the descent of Alum Pot, Mr. Dawson and a friend of his had made an attempt to descend Long Churn without any appliances whatever, with the exception

of a few ropes, but they found it impossible to go very far with safety, owing to the depth of some of the drops; so they determined to go over again, fully equipped for all emergencies.

The articles with which they provided themselves included an electric lamp of ten-candle power. This they found quite useless, inasmuch as though it gave a strong light, it was not penetrating, and did not illuminate the darkness in any way except in its immediate vicinity. Though it was especially made for Mr. Dawson, and was as compact and portable as possible, it was extremely inconvenient to carry, and more trouble than it was worth. There is nothing yet invented for cave exploring that can beat a good wax candle. The party had a wire-rope ladder, 42 feet long, divided into three sections of 14 feet, fastened and unfastened by means of dog-clasps, so that in bearing a great weight it was utterly impossible for the clasps to come unloosened. This latter was invaluable. It was flexible, and each member of the party had a section wound round his body, immediately under the armpits. The ladder was of such width that it rested on the hips, and required no fastening over the arms, thus leaving them quite free. It was carried this way, and when any depth of a drop was encountered, one, two, or three sections were unbound, and clasped together as the occasion required.

The explorers had about 60 feet of knotted rope, also some short lengths of rope for binding, and a fair supply of candles and matches. They went down Long Churn on Saturday, June 16, 1894. With Mr. Dawson and his friend Mr. Townend was Joseph Dean, a local innkeeper, who had shown a great interest in the work. The party began the descent, clad only in woolen shirts and knickerbockers, at 9 A.M., at the lower opening of Long Churn. There had been a good deal of rain during the week, and in consequence the explorers were on an average wading in water from two to three feet deep the whole time. The entrance to Alum Pot is low, but widens out soon after entering. The first part is comparatively easy, but very wet.

The water, however, sinks about 40 yards from the entrance, and the rest of the journey until you get to Alum Pot itself is by comparison almost dry. Where the water sinks is a deep pool, and to avoid going through, there is a cross-channel to the right that you can pass over, and which brings you again back to the main passage after the pool has been passed. The bottom of the cave is here fairly level. After going some way you come to another chamber of fair height, but full of water—in some places eight or ten feet deep. It is a four or five-foot drop into it, and you can avoid swimming or ducking by finding a foothold round the edge. The accommodation is, however, only slight.

There is a third pool in the next chamber, with about a four-foot drop into the hollow, but this pool is only four to five feet deep, and it is possible to wade through it. The passage from here turns and twists a great deal, but for the first and only time there is a good collection of stalactites. You then come to a very awkward piece of caving. You have, as it were, to drop through a hole at your feet. The hole is very narrow, and you have to work your way down, holding yourself in position by pressing your back against the side. It is about nine feet down. There is plenty of foothold after the first foot or so, but though not in any way dangerous, it is troublesome, and one of the party got hung up by his ladder, which wedged him fast with his feet in space.

The party then came to a large cavern, high and almost dry. This is the largest chamber in the cave, and a very fine one, too. They left the chamber by a hole on the opposite side, still descending rapidly. Shortly afterward they fastened the rope in position for a rather deeper drop, as they could find no foothold. The rope they left fastened, to enable them to return. After following a passage some way, they came to a longer drop which at first seemed to them impossible to get down, but at the bottom of it they saw daylight, and so knew that if they got there at all they would be somewhere in Alum Pot.

The explorers spent nearly an hour

here, fastening the ladders together and making them secure. They found a huge boulder, and first fastened a strong rope round it, well wrapped with cloth to prevent it from fraying on coming in contact with the sharp edges of rock; and to this they fastened the rope ladder securely. They could not actually see the bottom of the drop, and as they did not know its depth, they thought, as security, that the man who descended first should in addition have a rope attached round his body, and be held by those at the top. Mr. Townend was the first to go down, and though the ladder did not quite reach to the bottom it was only a few feet off. Mr. Dawson followed, and Dean came last. They judged the full distance of the drop at 60 feet—about 46 feet to where they landed, and another scramble down, though with good foothold, of about 14 feet before they found themselves in daylight proper, on the floor of Alum Pot.

After this big drop, the others in broad daylight did not seem much. The picture was beautiful from this point. It was about high noon, with a clear sky and the sun beating straight down into the pot; and from the other side, opposite to them, a small waterfall descended from the top of the pot and came down almost in fine spray, owing to its rocky passage.

In consequence of the spray the whole place seemed like the heart of some huge rainbow, the colors beautiful beyond compare; but later on, when the sun had moved a little farther round, the party found the mist positively freezing, and being wet to the skin they were very cold, and their little stock of whisky was very soon exhausted in trying to keep themselves warm.

From the second to the third stage they had not much difficulty; though it was unpleasant on account of the large quantity of loose stones that people had thrown over the top from time to time. They scrambled to stage three with knotted ropes, and there Mr. Dawson had an ugly drop, letting his grip loose when half-way down, and falling the rest of the distance. At this stage they went back to the

bottom of the long drop, and Dean went up the ladder to the mouth of Long Churn, in order that he could let it down to his companions, as they could get no farther without it, the floor suddenly dropping again. He had to stay up till he came back to fasten the ladder to enable them to return. After they got the ladder they reached the third stage again without much difficulty; but here again they were in trouble, and needed some assistance, but there was nothing whatever to fasten a rope to, the available ledge being only small loose stones. They, however, threw their ladders down, absolutely "burning their ships," and so they had either to descend to the ladders or stay all night where they were.

The chasm here is considerably narrowed, and has been bridged by a huge stone which has got wedged across it at some remote date; and so they worked their way round the edge of the pot to the farther side, hoping to climb over the stone bridge which slopes rapidly downward to the lower level they wanted to reach. This, and getting over the stone, was the most uncomfortable work of the descent, as the foothold was not of the best round the pot, and underneath was a drop of at least 150 feet straight down. But this was their only chance of getting to the level where the ladders were. Mr. Townend led the way, and Mr. Dawson followed. They then cautiously crept down the stone, holding on by teeth and eyelids, and successfully bridged the chasm. From there they crawled and crept some distance along the sharp sloping floor. Once more they got the ladders into position. This—the south—end of the chasm (the end of Long Churn being the north), is the least drop. The bottom of Alum Pot slopes down very much toward the north, it being deepest underneath the exit from Long Churn. The bottom was then very wet, and as a further descent to the other end necessitated more ropes, which they did not possess, the party could not proceed.

There is one thing any one going down these pots should attend to, and that is to leave some one at the top to

keep people from throwing stones down, as there is hardly any shelter. This the party did not do, however, and they were somewhat alarmed by the appearance of two fair-sized missiles. These, luckily, were thrown from the farther side. If the explorers had been standing underneath the tourist, the consequences might have been serious. The explorers waited and shouted for some time, and as no more stones came they went on their subterranean way rejoicing.

Such is Mr. Dawson's account of the first descent of Alum Pot. Since that time he has made further explorations of the pit, but has not learned much to add to the foregoing particulars.

The perils of exploring pot-holes are not always seen. On one occasion Mr. Dawson and some friends wished to make a descent in winter time. The hole chosen was one with an elliptical opening, and its mouth was partially covered over by the snow. In the neighborhood of Ingleborough the snow, when it falls at all, comes down handsomely, and on this occasion it had descended in heavy quantities and lay thickly upon the moorland. The men who held the ropes stood at one end of the mouth and let down the explorer. But the cold and the darkness were too much for him, and he promptly signalled to be drawn back to the surface. The hauling-in began, but, to the dismay of the workers, the rope began to cut through the bank of snow overhanging the brink, and when the man on the rope finally did come to the top of the pit it was found that his head was under a thick covering of snow; just as if he had got under the ice of a pond or stream. He was not too luxuriantly clad with hair, and by the time he had been worked through the snow his head was numb with cold. The humor of the situation was duly appreciated, but imagine the feelings of the haulers-in when they found that they had been standing over the very pit itself while working at the rope! Their ground was a floor of frozen snow which might have collapsed at any instant and precipitated them to the bottom of the awful depths.

One of the most fearful of the pot-holes, Gaping Ghyll, was only com-

pletely explored so recently as August, 1895, and the honor of fathoming its mysteries fell not to an Englishman, but a Frenchman. That was M. Martel, of Paris, a scientific gentleman who has for many years paid great attention to these natural pits. The average outsider can understand but partially the great labor that is involved in descending a pot-hole such as this, for among other precautions which it was necessary to take was that of diverting altogether a stream of water which runs into the Ghyll, and in time of heavy rains leaps over the brink and disappears with an awful roar into the abyss.

For many weeks M. Martel made his preliminary arrangements for the descent, and all was in readiness on August 1. The stream had been diverted, and a very large amount of tackle got to the place. This apparatus consisted of three rope ladders, a stout hemp rope about 100 yards long, and an oak post. The post was firmly driven into the ground at the brink, then the rope was fastened to it and the ladders to the rope. M. Martel was equipped with a telephone 600 feet long, and magnesium wire and candles. With the telephone he communicated regularly, reporting progress to the anxious crowd at the brink, in which was his wife. The preparations for the descent occupied three hours, and the ascent alone took twenty-eight minutes, so that the arduous nature of the upward climb can be readily appreciated. The total depth of the Ghyll was found to be 330 feet, and the chamber at the bottom 450 feet long, from 120 to 130 feet broad, and between 90 and 100 feet high. The Frenchman found that the water which falls into the Ghyll percolates into the soil, and that there are several main outlets which are so much choked up with sand and boulders as to be unexplorable without great labor. Perhaps these channels will, when cleared out, reveal wonders that are as yet undreamed of. They are, even now, the cause of hungry desire on the part of several Englishmen who wish to get to the very core of these subterranean mysteries.

Appended are interesting particulars of some of the chief pits within six

miles of Ingleton. Rowen Pot is called by Mr. Harry Speight, the well-known writer about the beauties of Yorkshire, the most awful fissure in the dale. The circumference is 90 feet long by 12 yards wide, diminishing to 4 yards. An exploring party once descended to a depth of 351 feet, when, following a horizontal passage for a considerable distance, they met with a perpendicular opening, and lowering themselves by successive stages ultimately reached a depth of 600 feet; but this was not the bottom. Marble Pot has a drop of 90 feet, and much water is carried to a hole in it, the known depth of which is 50 feet. Juniper Pot is full of water to a depth of 80 feet, and no attempt has been made to explore it, Raspberry Pot is a deep rift with a long drop. Nothing is known of it, as it has never been explored. The Fluted Hole is of great depth, but nothing is known of it. The Pillar

Hole is so narrow that one can stride over it. It has been plumbed to a depth of 150 feet, but has never been descended. The Long Kin Hole (West) is narrow at the surface, and shaped like the letter L. It has been plumbed to 300 feet; but this cannot with certainty be declared to be the full depth. Rosebay Pot, Fern Pot, Moss Hole, Mudfoot Hole and Cave Pot have never been descended, and nothing is known of them. They are very wet. The Boggart's Roaring Hole, which is full of water in wet weather, has a vertical drop of 145 feet. Jingle Pot has a depth of 48 feet, a length of 70 feet, and a width of 10 feet. It is generally full of water. Mere Ghyll is a gap 240 feet long. The water disappears in an abyss, the depth of which is unknown. There are other pot-holes without either names or known dimensions.—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

SIXTY YEARS' CHANGE IN LANDSCAPE.

It would have been matter for deep regret had the Victorian Era witnessed a change in our rural scenery corresponding to that which has taken place near to the great towns. The encroaching cities swallow up village after village, and field after field; but the process has been far too slow to make any considerable impression on the total of rural England, even in sixty years. More dangerous, and more justly feared, was the creation of "industrial areas" in country districts, when factories sprung up in villages, and large tracts were disfigured by the most slovenly of all industrial enterprises, the small factory, the surface colliery, and the squalid "home industries" of chain-making and the hardware trades. But sixty years have shown that the evil results even of these destructive agencies are not permanent. The coal is worked out, the scrap-iron foundries, collieries, and bottle-works are deserted, and the ground once more in process of being replanted with trees, and restocked with flowers, birds, and even game. In view of the probable recovery of dis-

tricts like parts of the Black Country, and the real slowness of the spread of those "wens" of bricks and mortar which Cobbett was always denouncing, the danger to our rural scenery to be apprehended from these two sources of industrial and urban expansion must be set down as somewhat remote.

Now, as always, it is agriculture and the changes in the methods of agriculture which profoundly modify our rural landscape. It was Roman-taught agriculture which cut down the ancient forests and first turned England into a cornfield. It was the change from "common fields" and common pastures to enclosures which cut up this country into one enormous patchwork quilt of hedges and hedgerow timber—that lovely forest "always seen in the distance, but which one never reaches;" and it was the discovery of new crops and scientific farming which established agriculture as a paying business more than a hundred years ago, which fixed the character of our average rural scenery, and made it such as we love and desire to preserve to-day. It replaced much that was wild, and much

more that was pastoral and not cultivated, with a tamer but richer outline. It brought its compensation by the increased wealth of color which the golden corn-crops, the rich green of fields of imported plants like turnips, mangolds, rape, and mustard, and the leguminous plants and pink clovers and sanfoins, lend to the landscape, and it created centres of quiet beauty by multiplying farmhouses, with those quaint and picturesque accessories of buildings, which the increased prosperity and multiplied activities of the farmer required. Then the dovecote, granary, hop "oasts," cart-sheds, stack-yards, cow-byres, yards, and barns, so long the joy of landscape painters, were set round with orchards, shaded with timber, and by them were dug the drinking pools and ponds to serve the cattle. Meantime, as agriculture prospered on the farm, and money came into the landlords' pockets, they began to plant woods, make lakes, add to parks, and contribute further to enhance the beauty of the country. From the time when Cobbett was wont to sally out on his rural rides until the establishment of the manufactures of the North and Midlands, the woods of England grew or shrank as agriculture succeeded or failed. They were the gauge of rural prosperity.

At only two periods during the Queen's reign has the general character of this established scenery been threatened. The causes were quite dissimilar; but the result seemed likely to be the same, and to end in a great destruction of timber and woodland, as well as of hedgerows and hedgerow trees. The first was caused by the high price of corn, the last was threatened because corn could no longer be grown at a profit. Wheat at 60s. made every farmer look with grudging on each hedgerow and tree, and every plantation and coppice which occupied ground on which wheat might be grown. When wheat fell to 20s. a quarter, we were threatened with some form of small tenement or peasant proprietorship which would have been more fatal to timber than the "high farming" of the sixties. For the peasant, as France, Spain, and Italy show, is the grand enemy of trees. He never

plants, and never foregoes the chance of destroying. In many counties, especially in the East of England, the landlords were tempted by the offer of increased rents to permit their plantations and hedgerow timber to be improved away. In many farms the timber round the old house was all that remained on many hundreds of acres. It was a matter of professional pride among the farmer class to grub up all the good high hedgerows, fell the pollards and elms on the banks, and substitute low quicksets, with a drain beside them instead of a ditch. They next attacked the small plantations, a precious ornament of the tamer kinds of landscape. In these the trees were felled, the copse-wood grubbed up by the roots, and the ground cleared and planted with corn. Next the larger woods suffered. It would scarcely be credited that in Suffolk a wood of nearly one hundred and fifty acres with a history of six hundred years was cut down, grubbed up, and improved off the face of the earth in order to grow wheat on its site. Fortunately for the future of English scenery, by the time that this had become a conscience to the farming class, the price of wheat fell, and the remainder of the trees were saved. On the chalk downs, where there were no fences and fewer trees, the farmers ploughed up the primitive turf to grow poor wheat and worse turnips. In Devonshire the landlords made fresh enclosures of fuze-brake, ploughed them up, and grew crops which in those days were remunerative. Everywhere one of the best of the "induced" features of the English landscape, the frequent farmhouses, was in danger of partial disappearance, as the farms were amalgamated into large holdings, and the houses formerly belonging to them pulled down or allowed to decay. Lastly, the public belief that all land ought to be made to yield revenue became part of the creed of the Woods and Forests Office. Hence the decision to cut down all the old woods of the New Forest and turn it into a timber-farm.

The public as well as the farmers were in this mood of uncompromising hostility to the old English scenery when the fall in prices of all produce

of the soil gave a rude shock to their further schemes. Behind this came an awakened interest in natural beauty. But the axes already "laid to the root of the tree" would in any case have dropped from the hands of those who saw loss, not profit, in fresh agricultural enterprise. The reaction from overstimulus to despair in farming, generally caused gloomy forebodings as to the preservation of the amenities of our good countryside. Parks were to be cut down, farms to be cut up into allotments, and for the smiling villages and fields of country England we were to have a peasant proprietary, and the bare, "sweated," overcropped commune of rural France. None of these anticipations have been realized. On the contrary, our scenery is steadily reverting to the type of the beginning of the reign. Furze-brake which was turned into corn-land is once more furze-brake; small farmhouses falling to ruins are refurbished up and once more inhabited, and the tenants are planting hedges to divide up fields thrown into blocks of unmanageable size. The ploughed-up downland has gone back from corn to weeds, from weeds to grass, and is fast becoming turf again. And, best of all, English-

men have not given up their liking for a country house in which to live for some part, if not all, of the year, and are not only building, but planting and improving, their new houses and demesnes, or adding woods, water, and parks to the old ones. It is not many years since there was room to doubt whether the modern Englishman of means would not desert the country, and live "the social life" as most foreigners understand it, either in towns or in country or seaside colonies consisting entirely of the homes of the well-to-do. But the experience of the last few years shows that this is not the case, though Bournemouth, Hind Head, and choice spots on the South Coast and in the Thames Valley will meet the wants of those to whom this life appeals. But rural England is at the close of the reign what it was at its beginning—the best place in the world to own a home in. Its scenery is as varied and its charm as great as ever. Even the Americans are beginning to discover this, and its future may be foretold. It is destined to be the place of rest and retirement for all members of the Anglo-Saxon race who have fought and won in the battle of life.—*Spectator*.

THE TRIUMPH OF THE COSSACK.

BY DIPLOMATICUS.

NAPOLÉON's famous prophecy that before the end of the century Europe would be either Cossack or Republican, was no mere casual epigram. We know from his private papers that an eventual predominance of Russia was one of the most strongly-rooted of his political convictions. He foresaw the immense power Russia was destined to wield in virtue of her territorial compactness and her illimitable capacity for development in population and wealth, and the prospect of it sat like a nightmare on his intensely West European consciousness. In his *Memoirs** he declares, with evident sincerity,

that he waged the disastrous war of 1812 solely in order to "throw the Russians back on to the farther side of the Borysthènes, and re-establish the throne of Poland as the Empire's natural barrier." The alternative, in his opinion, was that "the sceptre of Europe would pass into the hands of a Tsar." There was, of course, a great deal of crude exaggeration in this view, due, not to any actual over-estimation of the possibilities of Russia, but to an exclusively subjective interpretation of the active form they might assume in international affairs. Napoleon's more subtle and less ambitious nephew reduced the prophecy to its true proportions when, in proposing the Franco-English alliance to

* Méneval : *Memoirs to serve for the History of Napoleon I.*, vol. iii., p. 92.

Lord Malmesbury, in 1853, he urged that, in the then disturbed state of Western European politics, "if his uncle's prophecy respecting the Cossacks were not physically realized, it would be so morally."*

Just a year ago I called attention in the pages of this Review† to the apparent fulfilment of this prediction as illustrated by the triumphal progress of the Tsar through Europe, and the events in the Near and Far East which had led up to it. The history of the past twelvemonth has vastly strengthened the evidence on which my view was based. In the growing disorder of European politics the moral ascendancy of Russia has remained the one stable fact of the international situation. Despite the death of Prince Lobanoff, to whose genius the new predominance was hastily ascribed, Russia has passed from one triumph to another, and the ascendancy, which a year ago was vaguely outlined in diplomatic successes which might have been transient, and in homages which might have been only empty courtesies, has become clothed in solemn transactions which leave no longer any doubt as to its magnitude and permanence. The alliance with France has become a reality, and Austria, whose policy has always been guided by the cult of the rising sun, has, by an agreement with the Tsar on the Eastern Question, given us the measure at once of the new predominance and of the decline of the Triple Alliance. Prince Bismarck's sneer at *Reisepolitik* has failed to rob the recent pilgrimages to the Russian Court of their tremendous significance, for the simple reason that, during the past year, he has himself supplied us with the key to their real meaning. Had he told us nothing about his famous Neutrality Treaty with Russia we might still have been disposed to doubt the written alliance with France and the agreement with Austria. Those transactions, however, follow necessarily from the non-renewal of the Neutrality Treaty in 1890 and the fickle policy pursued by Germany

since that year. By the same light we are enabled to recognize the true measure of subservience implied in the German Emperor's effusive speeches at Tsarkoe Selo.

But it is not only by the Peterhof pilgrimages that the Russian ascendancy has lately been illustrated. "Permanent influence," says Herr Popowsky, very truly, "must, above all, be based on real power," and real power is not only to be found in military strength, but also, and chiefly, in internal political peace and social contentment. During the last few years, and especially since the accession of the present Tsar, these sources of national power have been steadily growing in Russia. Of the Nihilists we hear scarcely anything now. The persecution of Stundists and Jews has almost ceased, and Russian publicists are familiarizing themselves with the idea of religious freedom. The Caucasus has long been pacified. Finland and the Baltic provinces are more contented than they have ever been in their history before. Finally, Poland, whose disaffection Western Europe has always regarded as an effectual brake on Russian ambitions, has lately given the Tsar a remarkable assurance of her devotion to the settled order of things. It is, of course, easy to exaggerate the significance of the enthusiastic reception accorded to the Tsar on his recent visit to Warsaw. There have not been wanting reactionary spirits in Russia, who have sneeringly compared it with the Empress Catherine's triumphal entry into the Crimea, so artistically engineered for her by Potemkin. But there is good reason to believe in the genuineness of the present loyal protestations of the Russian Poles. Deserted by their brethren in Galicia and Posen, and abandoned by democratic France, they must see clearly that a revival of their independence has become impracticable. Moreover, the industrial fever, which is in process of transforming the whole of Russia, has bitten them deeply, and hence it is quite in accordance with the natural evolution of things that they should now ask for peace with their conqueror, a peace based on their equality with the rest of Russia in administra-

* Malmesbury: *Memoirs of an Ex-Minister*, vol. i., p. 390.

† *The Russian Ascendancy in Europe*, October, 1896.

tive privileges, and consolidated by their full participation in the manifest greatness and growing prosperity of the common Empire.

Despite the abundant evidence of the reality of the Cossack triumph, the Western world is not easily persuaded to accept it. On all hands we hear it spoken of as a transient effect of the abnormal situation in Europe. The suddenness of its growth is appealed to as proof of its ephemeral nature. We are told, moreover, that it is contrary to every principle of the eternal fitness of things that civilization should be dominated by a barbarian power. The nations subdued by Genghiz Khan and Tamerlane probably said the same thing, and the modern Hellenes certainly flattered themselves with the same thought when the Ethniké Hetairia provoked Edhem Pasha to cross the Melouna. I am, however, far from believing that Russia embodies the lower civilization with which it is so generally credited, for reasons which I will presently give. If, then, we wish clearly to understand the nature and meaning of the Russian ascendancy, we should ask ourselves two questions: In the first place, Is it true that this ascendancy is a sudden capricious growth? and in the second place, Are we justified in regarding it as a barbarian triumph?

As a matter of fact, we must go much further back than Prince Lobanoff's brief tenure of office to find the origins of the political growth which has placed Russia in her present proud position. What we are witnessing to-day is the epilogue to the protracted duel between Prince Bismarck and Prince Gortschakoff, which, in 1883, seemed to close so disastrously for the Russian Chancellor. With the breakdown of the Bismarckian policy, signalized first by the non-renewal of the Neutrality Treaty with Russia, and secondly by the German Emperor's alienation of England, the long-fructifying results of Prince Gortschakoff's policy rose to the surface, and Russia became the predominant power in Europe without any special effort on her part—almost, indeed, in spite of herself.

The keynote of the story may be

found in Prince Gortschakoff's famous remark after the Crimean War that "La Russie ne boude pas, elle se recueille." The diplomatic side of this policy has been described to us by the Russian Chancellor himself.* It was a policy of silent watchfulness. Its constant aim was to embarrass the Powers to whom the humiliations of the Treaty of Paris were chiefly due, so as to create openings on the European chess-board, by which the anti-Russian provisions of that hated document might be defied and annulled. It seems to have proceeded on the cynical, but well-founded, conviction that a permanent agreement between the Western Powers was impossible, and hence, that with patience and a skilful manipulation of Russian influence at moments of European conflict, opportunities were bound to present themselves when the signatories of the Paris Treaty could be taken at a disadvantage. The problem was not a very complex one. The chief offending Powers were Great Britain, France, and Austria, and it was only necessary to assist in crippling any two of them in order to successfully squeeze the third. Preferentially, of course, the two crippled Powers should be France and Austria, as they were in the best position to retaliate. Events fell out precisely as the Russian Foreign Office probably wished. Austria and France became successively the victims of disastrous wars. In each case the friendly neutrality of Russia was an important element in the success of the victor, and this had the double effect of gratifying the Muscovite sense of poetic justice and of establishing a strong claim on the gratitude of the benefited Power. Thus Russia was enabled to get rid of the penal provisions of the Treaty of Paris. In 1870, when both France and Austria were lying helpless at the feet of Germany, she extorted from England the abolition of the Black Sea clause, and in 1878, with the support of Germany, she obtained the cancellation of the clause which had given Moldavian Bessarabia to Roumania.

* *The Diplomatic History of the Crimean War*, St. Petersburg, 1883.

While so far Russia had recovered all she had lost by the Crimean War, her relative position in Europe remained conspicuously inferior to that she had held before 1856. In conniving at the overthrow of Austria and France she had helped to build up United Italy and to reconstruct Imperial Germany. Hence a recovery of the ascendancy she had enjoyed in 1850, when her rescue of Austria from the Magyars had made her the protector of the trembling monarchies of the Continent, appeared very remote if not absolutely impracticable. The quarrel with Germany and the constitution of the present Triple Alliance threw her still further into the shade, and for a time she relapsed into her old watchful and aggrieved isolation. This new period in the diplomatic history of the *recueillement* was marked by Prince Gortschakoff's hostility to Germany and his gravitation toward France. This policy did not prove as fortunate as its predecessor. M. Grévy, who was then President of the French Republic, thought the time had not yet come when his country could, with confidence, assume the responsibilities of a great alliance. Subsequently, the persecuting policy of the Ferry Cabinet created a bad impression in all the Monarchical countries, and the Tsar, who had never fully shared in his Chancellor's anti-German feelings, set his face against the idea of an understanding with the Republic. Gradually the policy of resisting the Triple Alliance was abandoned, and the late Tsar resolved that, if by a direct understanding with Germany he could secure himself against aggression, he would concentrate all his solicitude and ambition on the internal development of his Empire. In this way, shortly after Prince Gortschakoff's death, the famous Neutrality Treaty which Prince Bismarck revealed last October came into existence. Russia thus became a satellite in the Bismarckian system, and the Napoleonic prospect of her predominance in Europe appeared to most people in the light of a fantastic dream.

But the work of *recueillement* since 1856 had not been wholly, or even chiefly, diplomatic. Forces had been

accumulating in Russia, unperceived by Western Europe, which were preparing for her an inevitable preponderance more solidly founded than any she could derive from the skill of her Foreign Office or the suicidal discords of her neighbors. "The twentieth century belongs to us," complacently wrote the *Moscow Gazette*, on the occasion of the death of the Emperor William I., when the Cossack peril seemed to have been rolled back for all time. This was no empty boast. Nor was it based on the barbarian circumstance that the strength of the Muscovite military establishment was far superior to that of any other Power. It was inspired by facts of the economic order—by the enormous area of the Empire, by the immense and rapid growth of the population, and by the sagacious efforts of the Government to turn to profitable account the rich resources of the one and the inexhaustible activity of the other.

Since the Crimean War an economic revolution has been in progress in Russia. Almost on the morrow of the Peace of Paris the lines were laid of a domestic policy which, though not precisely intended to beat swords into ploughshares, was designed to give as much solicitude to the various instruments of industrial progress as to the means of national defence. It was then that Russian statesmen turned seriously to the problems of colonizing and developing the half-savage wastes of Siberia, and of protecting and stimulating manufacturing industry. For a time the movement languished. It received its first great impulse in 1861, when, by the emancipation of the serfs, free labor was created. It became a national necessity when, in the seventies, the United States, Canada, and the Argentine deposed Russia from her supremacy in the European wheat market, and vastly reduced the prices of cereals. The problem by which the State was then confronted was exceedingly serious. Professor Mendeléeff calculated that the labor involved in the harvest required annually 5,000,000,000 working days, and that these working days were supplied by 50,000,000 men, who consequently worked only 100 days each. As, at the lowest

calculation, these 50,000,000 men disposed of 200 working days annually each, it follows that 5,000,000,000 days, or the total labor of 25,000,000 able-bodied men, were lost.

While the price of wheat in Europe was fixed by the extent and quality of the Russian harvest, this was not a serious matter, but as soon as the value of corn became dependent on a formidable competition in foreign markets the gravity of the labor problem assumed the proportions of a calamity. The Russian Government rightly judged that the only way of dealing with this state of affairs was by the protection, encouragement, and promotion of industry, and so far the measures it has adopted have proved strikingly successful.* Almost every branch of industry has been established. Moscow is rapidly becoming the Manchester of the East, and at Lodz, in Poland, is a manufacturing town which is driving the products of Bradford and Mulhausen out of Russia. Already the national industries have compensated for the serious decline in the price of wheat, which has been in steady operation during the last thirty years. This is best illustrated by the statistics of the consumption of manufactured goods throughout the country. The value per head of the population is now exactly the same as before the fall, thus showing that the purchasing power of the people has not diminished.† Russia has, however, still those 5,000,000,000 working days available for fresh industrial developments, and perhaps many millions more, seeing how rapidly the population increases.

It is important for the purposes of this article that something should be said respecting the means by which this industrial policy is promoted. They are of a strictly protectionist nature. While the existing Empire is

being opened up in every direction with roads and railways, and while great colonizing movements are being set in motion by the authorities toward suitable territories, a prohibitive tariff shuts the door against foreign competition across the western frontier, and a vigilant eye is kept on the south and southeast for opportunities of conquest in directions where raw materials can be obtained for the home workers, or close markets secured for their manufactures. Almost every phase of the Asiatic policy of Russia during the last forty years has been guided by economic considerations. Russia will not be satisfied with working up imported raw material, or with supplying her own wants. She is determined to grow or mine everything she requires, and to produce an excess of manufactures which may be safely disposed of in regions where her own governors apply the Imperial tariff. Already she possesses dependencies in Central Asia which enjoy the climate and soil of Messina, Georgia, and Alabama, and there she is hard at work growing silk, rice, wine, and especially cotton. It is estimated that, before the end of the century, Russia will grow all the cotton she needs, and drive English textiles out of Northern Afghanistan. Immense sums of money have been sunk in railways and roads, in the irrigation of Turkestan, the establishment of cotton plantations, the opening of schools of silk culture, and the subvention of colonists. The Siberian railway is, of course, only the most colossal feature in this great economic enterprise. It is intended by its feeders to tap the richest markets of Mongolia and Manchuria. The recent determination to abolish transportation to Siberia is not the exclusively humanitarian measure M. Bergerat has declared it to be in his most dithyrambic prose, but only our own Botany Bay reformⁱⁿ Russian guise. So far from the Asiatic policy of Russia being actuated solely by the conquering ideals of Catherine and the fictitious will of Peter the Great, its economic aims have been popularly recognized in Russia for more than a generation. When General Kauffmann returned from his campaigns in Central Asia, twenty-one

* *The Industries of Russia*, St. Petersburg, 1895 (Introduction by Professor Mendeléeff); *Statesman's Handbook for Russia*, St. Petersburg, 1896, vol. i., pp. 196, 267; vol. ii., pp. 33, 35. These are both official publications, and English editions are issued by the Chancery of the Committee of Ministers.

† *Statesman's Handbook for Russia*, vol. ii., p. 35.

years ago, he received a magnificent welcome from the merchants of Moscow, who recognized in him the emancipator of the Russian cotton industry from British and American oppression, rather than the Imperial conqueror.*

This economic movement is operating a revolution in Russia. It has already founded the political influence of the country on a basis of enormous power, and it has given significant direction to its foreign policy. We have seen that the late Tsar consented virtually to the effacement of Russia from the councils of Western Europe in order to be free to devote himself to this internal movement, so fraught with prosperity to his Empire. When, in 1890, the Neutrality Treaty with Germany lapsed owing to the fall of Prince Bismarck, Russia found herself deprived of the guarantee of peace which was so essential to the industrial *recueillement* in which she was engaged. Then it was she made up her mind to the French Alliance. It was a terrible gulp. Prince Bismarck, who knows Russia, perhaps, as well as any man, always believed that an alliance between the French Republic and the Tsar was impossible.† But what was to be done? Russia was isolated in the face of the Triple Alliance. She was, perhaps, strong enough to resist any aggression, but that was no consolation to her. War, even if successful, would ruin the great industrial enterprises on which she had just launched herself, and in which she had sunk a colossal capital. It would throw her back for half a century at least. Moreover, money was still required for further railways and other public works, and the new attitude of Germany might mean the closing of the Berlin market to her as the London market had been closed after the Penjdeh incident. This would increase the cost of future loans. There was no way out of this difficulty except the return of Russia to European politics as the avowed ally of France, and, accordingly, the

Cronstadt demonstration was arranged. The important point to be noted here is not the effect produced by this alliance on the internal security of Russia or on the European equilibrium, but the degree in which it influenced the progress of Russia toward the predominance in Europe she enjoys to day, and which it is the main purpose of this article to discuss. That may be shortly stated. As the head of an alliance which was recognized as fully a match for the rival combination she jumped suddenly from the position of a satellite of Germany to, at any rate, the equal of that power.

The story of how the further stage in her progress was accomplished, and how the primacy of Germany eventually passed to her, was related in these pages last month.* The Italian disaster in Abyssinia, the German Emperor's telegram to President Kruger, and Prince Bismarck's revelation of the German betrayal of Austria by means of the Neutrality Treaty, shook the Triple Alliance to its foundations. When after the dismissal of Count Caprivi the German Emperor sought to conciliate Russia, and when, as a result of the perilous conflict between Britain and Germany on the Eastern Question, Austria compromised her differences with Russia in the Balkans, the triumph of the Cossack was complete. The Bismarckian system, by means of which all the powers had been made to revolve round Germany, became to a large extent transferred to Russia, for France, Germany, and Austria were now all avowed competitors for her favor.

This sketch of the growth of the Russian predominance has already in part answered the second of the two questions with which the value and meaning of that predominance are bound up. A State which has embarked on a great civilizing mission resembling in character and magnitude that in which England herself is engaged, and which is working out for itself a colonizing and industrial destiny which assimilates it still more closely to our own country, can scarcely

* For the economic policy of Russia in Asia see Peez: *Zur Neuesten Handelspolitik*, pp. 16, 103-4; *St. Petersburg Zeitung*, January 11, 1896, and January 24, 1897.

† *Politische Briefe Bismarcks*, p. 285; Busch, *Our Chancellor*, ii., pp. 89-92.

* "The German Emperor's Foreign Politics."

be said to belong to an essentially lower level of culture. It is true that the Emperor Napoleon III. described Russia as "barbarian," but he said exactly the same thing of the United States. We are, it seems to me, deluding ourselves with a phrase derived from a meaningless hypothesis of the anthropologists. At any rate, it is certain that Russia is not barbarian in the sense of Turkey, whose stunted and deformed growth represents the maximum development of her civilization. Nor is she barbarian in the sense of the thinly veneered Japanese. In face of these two examples, indeed, it scarcely lies in our mouth to level this reproach against her, for we have been the patron and ally of Turkey, and we have not been far removed from a similar relationship with Japan. The argument from forms of government, too, has little value. Russian statesmen are content to defend the autocratic system on its merits, and not as a mediæval survival, and certain recent constitutional experiences in Western Europe have unquestionably not tended to weaken the cogency of their contentions. In general social conditions Russia is a few generations behind us, but her civilization is substantially ours and her potentialities are wholly ours. At the rate at which she is now travelling, and with the aid of the appliances of our own civilization, she will soon catch us up. Under the influence of her close association with France, and of her rapidly growing industrialism, a liberal transformation of her institutions is inevitable. We may already recognize this bias in the wide-reaching system of state socialism she has found herself compelled to apply to her agriculture and export trade,* in the great strikes which took place last year at St. Petersburg and Lodz, and in the scheme of compulsory elementary education which the Ministry of Public Instruction has lately been ordered to submit to a special commission.†

There is one more question which every one must ask when the present political position of Russia is made

clear in the sense that I understand it. What is likely to be the effect of this Cossack predominance on the rest of Europe, and especially on England?

So far as the Continent is concerned, we need not trouble to examine the question very closely. It must suffice to point out that the genuineness of the hackneyed protestations of Russia in favor of peace and the *status quo*, follows necessarily from the very conditions of her ascendancy. No Power, except Great Britain, perhaps, has given such substantial hostages to European peace as Russia. Her whole future depends upon the tranquil cultivation of the immense industrial movement in which she has embarked all her fortunes and all her hopes. Even when she reaps the harvest, it is unlikely that Europe will have any cause for fear. By her alliance with France she has abjured the principles which brought her armies into Western Europe in 1849. The aspirations of Pan Slavism are becoming as impracticable as the dreams of Panpolonism. Moreover, with the great vested interests which must accrue from the fruition of her present policy she will find, like England, that the greatest of all her interests, as Lord Derby once said, is Peace.

We, however, stand in a relationship to Russia somewhat different from that of the other Powers. We are not, like some of them, a European neighbor safeguarded, to a great extent, against aggression by the difficulty with which one civilized people conquers and assimilates a portion of another, and by the permanent perils to European peace which the Polish and Alsace-Lorraine questions have shown to be involved in such dismemberments. We are, like Russia, a great Asiatic power by right of conquest, and, as Russia aims at being, by right of trade. We are neighbors in regions where our subjects on both sides are of alien race, and we are becoming competitors in markets where it is our policy and interest to preserve the local freedom and independence, and where it is the policy and interest of Russia to extend her dominion and her protectionist tariff. Hence there are serious dangers for us in the Cossack triumph which the other nations

* Peez: *Zur Neuesten Handelspolitik*, p. 103.

† *Neue Freie Presse*, September 4, 1897.

of Europe do not feel. But these dangers are contingent, not absolute. For the moment they scarcely exist. While the *recueillement* is in suspense, we are, indeed, as safe from Russia as any of the other Powers, and for the same reasons. The question for both of us, then, is how this breathing space may be utilized so that an eventual collision shall be avoided.

It is a mistake to imagine that an industrial democracy is necessarily less aggressive than an earth-hungry autocracy. On the contrary, it may easily become more aggressive because it is more selfish and less easily controlled. As the industrial movement spreads and intensifies in Russia, the former dream of empire appealing to the idealism of the few, will become transmuted into a dream of empire plus a craving for sole markets appealing to the material interests of all. This national and pocket earth-hunger will find itself confronted by a not less powerful feeling of the same kind in the British democracy which must also grow into a menacing shape when the inevitable effect of Imperialism on wages and graduated taxation is brought home to the mind—as it unquestionably will be—of the British working man. Now if ever the relations of the two countries are allowed to reach this pass, we shall be in a very disagreeable plight, for we are far from being a military power, and we may be certain that when Russia fills up and her communications are perfected, the destinies of Asia from China to Cilicia will be settled by land and not by sea.

There are, I conceive, three courses open to us. Either we may join the Triple Alliance in permanent union, or we may place our military strength on a conscription basis, or we may come to a friendly arrangement with Russia. Herr Popowski, the most conspicuous and the weightiest of recent writers on this subject, has strongly pleaded for the first of these courses.* Unfortunately, since his views were published a great change has come over Europe, and it is questionable now whether the Triple Alliance would

be in a position to offer us such guarantees as we might need. The second course is open to objections not less serious. Apart from the strong public sentiment in this country against conscription, we have to remember that a conscription system on an adequate scale would prove a tremendous drain on our working population, as well as a burden on our finances, and hence might hamper us very seriously in our industrial production and competition, and consequently in that very foreign trade which it is our supreme object to protect. Hence I am disposed, as I always have been, to advocate the third course. I am convinced that in both countries a friendly and definite understanding with Russia would be hailed with delight. Certain it is, that when, toward the end of 1894, such an arrangement was thought to be in progress, it was very cordially entertained by both peoples.

There need be no question of our joining the Dual Alliance as such. All that is required is that we should follow out with Russia, and to some extent with France, in China, Persia, and Asiatic Turkey the policy we inaugurated with France in Indo-China and Yunnan in 1895, and which Austria and Russia have in principle adopted in regard to European Turkey. We should come to an arrangement by which, jointly with Russia, we should guarantee the integrity of the Asiatic States in question, provide for freedom of trade and equal privileges in all three countries, pledge ourselves to action of a definite and effective kind for reforming and reinvigorating their internal administration, and finally mark off the respective spheres of influence and action of both contracting Powers in the event of a collapse of any of the three States proving inevitable. This is, of course, only the broadest and sketchiest outline of the arrangement I contemplate; but if such a scheme is practicable, it ought to place the future of our relations with Russia and of our destinies in the East beyond the reach of anxiety. It ought, however, to be negotiated quickly, while the immediate advantages of peace have a higher actuarial value than the possible prizes of war, and while yet there

* Popowski: *England and the Triple Alliance*.

is no such international scramble in Asia as in Africa. Provided this is done, the triumph of the Cossack can have no terrors for us. If it is not

done, a struggle may one day occur which will shake the world.—*Fortnightly Review*.

ALFRED LORD TENNYSON.*

BY ANDREW LANG.

IN writing on Lord Tennyson's "Memoir" of his illustrious father, it seems unnecessary to say much of the method employed. The compiler has done his work in the only way possible for him. A son naturally abstains from a critical estimate, and it is by the Laureate's own wish that the author's hand "is as seldom seen as may be." Lord Tennyson thinks that "no biographer could so truly give him as he gives himself in his own works," an opinion in which every one who has lived much with these works will agree. Perhaps there is not a trait of character, taste, belief, or sentiment revealed in Tennyson's "Memoir" which has not long ago stood confessed in his verse. As much might be said of Burns; his many biographers add nothing essential to what Burns's poems tell us of the man. "Merlin and the Gleam" was practically intended for the Laureate's autobiography, but all Tennyson's poetry is self-revealing. Yet "people naturally wish to know something about his birth, homes, school, college, friendships, and the leading events of his life," so his son tells them what they naturally wish to know. He publishes letters, journals, and reminiscences of friends—biographical material at large. He puts forth nothing which the great poet could have wished withdrawn. A singular shyness of reserve was, it appears, almost the only notable defect in the Laureate's noble character—for it is a defect to care about "what they say," or even to be too conscious of what "they are saying." It would indeed be ungrateful to criticise severely a memoir written under the limitations imposed on the Lord Tennyson *de nos jours*. We can blame no

man for not being : Boswell, for not making notes of the conversations between his father and Mr. Browning. But perhaps a chapter on Tennyson's literary *dicta* might have been given : we have to hunt for scattered sayings up and down the book.

Considering the poet as here set before us, we ask why are the facts of his life so much less interesting than those in the lives of Johnson, Byron, Burns, Scott, Voltaire, or Swift? It is not for lack of genius, of virtue, of patriotism, or of humor. Tennyson was not only born to a rich heritage of intellect, but to splendid gifts of physical health and strength. "No little lily-handed *Laureate*, he." He was no weakling, and he could interest himself in all sorts and conditions of men. Yet his life is without adventure, almost without incident. He did not mix with the world, like Voltaire, Scott, Johnson, Swift, or Burns. His existence was almost purely literary. He was not even a great letter-writer, in any sense of the word "great." He disliked letter-writing, and when he did write it was not as a man of letters. Byron's letters, Burns's, Gray's, Cowper's are all excellent. Scott's are full of facts, humor, and anecdotes. Thackeray's are pure Thackeray. Tennyson says what he has to say as concisely as may be, and is done. Unluckily for us, but very naturally, he destroyed his letters to Arthur Hallam. His social experience was large, but leaves few traces. He saw the people highest in place, and his relations with her Majesty and her family were happy and touching. To the burden, "almost not to be borne," of the Queen he brought sympathy and relief, both by his works and as a friend. He was intimate with Mr. Gladstone, but not as Swift was inti-

* By his Son (Macmillan).

mate with Harley and St. John. Royalty he knew, but not, of course, as Voltaire knew the great Frederick. He was not, like the others whom we have named, immersed in the movement of life. He was even more remote and withdrawn than Wordsworth, though never a recluse in the same sense as Gray and Cowper. For this that over-sensitive reserve of his may be responsible. To a brother, who was miserably shy as a schoolboy, he said, "Think of Herschel's great star-patches, and you will soon get over all that." But he himself never got over all that, and therefore his biography cannot possibly have the interest that charms us in the lives of many other great authors. Nevertheless, the prose of an existence which we know so well in verse is full of entertainment, "full of matter."

The genealogy has no especial interest. "Heredity"—the doctrine thereof—learns nothing from the genealogy. The poet's grandfather "dabbled in verse"—many people do, as the Laureate was obliged to learn, but their children are not poets. Alfred was "born to be so," we know not why, and even in childhood gave unmistakable promise of genius. His "literary letter," written at the age of twelve (vol. i., p. 7), is startling in its precocity. At about twelve he wrote an epic of six thousand lines, in the manner of Sir Walter. Being chiefly educated at home, he read the best English authors—which he could not easily have done at school. As a boy he reeled off hundreds of lines, such as these :

"When winds are east, and violets blow,
And slowly stalks the parson crow."

The extraordinary thing is that the Tennysonianism of Tennyson is wholly absent from the very disappointing *Poems by Two Brothers* (1827). One can see no promise in it, no originality. Yet he was, in fact, as a poet already himself, and his voice had already its own accent. This is obvious to any reader of his volume of 1830, in which some of the things most like himself are marked as "written very early in life." Of these he kept the *Ode to Memory*.

It seems that his original and telling early work was thought too *bizarre* for the public of 1827. Many, or all, of the unpublished pieces given in the *Life* chiefly prove the poet's tact in rejection and selection. But the lines suggested by *The Bride of Lammermoor* (vol. i., p. 27), composed about the age of fourteen, are positive proof that the boy was a born poet. Though crude, they are absolutely novel: he learned this art from no man; never had this note been struck before. If the piece had been given in *Poems by Two Brothers*, we need not have looked for the signature.

More than once in this volume Mr. Froude says that, for our sins, we cannot expect a poet in several centuries. Great as our sins may be, they do not affect our chances of having a poet. This boy was "born to be so," as another boy may be born so to-morrow—we cannot understand the mystery of why genius comes into the world now and again. The wind bloweth where it listeth!

Almost alone among recent poets, young Tennyson looked like a poet. He went up to Cambridge, where he is described as "six feet high, broad-chested, strong-limbed, his face Shakespearian, with deep eyelids, his forehead ample, crowned with dark wavy hair, his head finely poised, his hand the admiration of sculptors. . . ." The world already knows about the constellation of genius and talent that was grouped at Cambridge in 1828-30. Arthur Hallam is most conspicuous for his "unfulfilled renown," and Thackeray for renown fulfilled. Both men wrote on *Timbuctoo* :

"I see her sons the hill of glory mount,
And sell their sugars on their own account."

One knows Thackeray's *Timbuctoo* best. Tennyson, with considerable *toupet*, furbished up an old piece, in blank verse, on the "Battle of Armageddon"! The examiners who gave it the prize must have been most extraordinary men. Why are their names not published? Very little is said about Thackeray here; about Thackeray at Cambridge scarcely anything is recorded. Perhaps Tennyson did not know him so well at college as he knew

Thompson (afterward Master of Trinity), Spedding, Monckton Milnes, Spring Rice, Blakesley (later a Dean), and others. But of all the letters to the poet on his successes, the most delightful is Thackeray's, when the *Idylls* were published, in 1859.

"My dear Old Alfred,—I owe you a letter of happiness and thanks." The epistle was inspired by "a bottle of claret. . . ." "The landlord gave two bottles of claret, and I think I drank the most. . . . Gold, and purple, and diamonds, I say, gentlemen, and glory, and love, and honor, and if you haven't given me all these why should I be in such an ardor of gratitude? But I have had out of that dear book the greatest delight that has ever come to me since I was a young man. . . ." It is also a great delight to hear even a few new words from that kind, gay, melancholy voice of Thackeray, whom we love, though we never saw him nor heard him speak. "I may tell you," the poet answers, "that your little note gave me more pleasure than all the journals, and monthlies, and quarterlies which have come across me; not so much from your being the Great Novelist, I hope, as from your being my good old friend, or perhaps from your being both of these in one."

It is a pleasure indeed to find these men on such terms, and to observe the loyalty and love of Mr. Browning, so free from rivalry, and the love and loyalty of Fitzgerald—"your poor old Bedesman," Fitzgerald, who always says about the poems, "the old is better." Perhaps Fitz was right. He could not endure Browning's poetry. (Mr. Browning, in Fitz's letters, is sometimes vainly disguised as "X.") No doubt Fitz was jealous for his friend. No man of our age, surely, was more fortunate in his friends than Tennyson. Concerning the affection between him and Arthur Hallam one does not care to speak; the topic is not for comment, or certainly not for mine. But every reader observes how sincerely and warmly it was shared, and how worthy each man was of the other.

For the Cambridge Society of Apostles Tennyson wrote, but was "too

shy to deliver," an essay on "Ghosts." He saw none; as he remarks, they are not seen by imaginative people. "Do not assume that any vision is baseless," he says in a surviving fragment. He was much interested in these topics; more, I think, than one gathers from his Memoir. It is odd to find him writing to a friend about the apparition of Professor Conington, in Oriel Lane. This appearance was viewed by myself, but I do not reckon it as a good case. If any man could mistake somebody else for Conington (which was not easy) that man was I; moreover, though the Professor was on his death-bed, in Lincolnshire, when I met him in Oxford, he did not actually expire till, I think, two days after the incident. Not being aware of his illness, I took the gowned figure for the Professor himself and smiled at the sight of his strange melancholy face.

As is well known, were it only from a passage of *In Memoriam*, Tennyson was subject to a kind of conscious trance, which he could induce by repeating his own name to himself. "In the body or out of the body, I cannot tell," was his phrase, in the words of St. Paul. On this "Plotinus side" of his nature the author of the Memoir begs Mr. Frederick Myers not to dilate, but to confine himself to the side Virgilian.

With all these "psychical" leanings, Tennyson, even at college, tended toward a hypothesis of human evolution "from the radiated, vermicular, molluscous, and vertebrate organisms." The idea was "in the air" before the later and greater Darwin. In *In Memoriam*, which is pre-Darwinian, the poet argues that later men may think it desirable to imitate the monkey, but, of course, even if we do descend from "the greater Ape," there is no reason why we should copy our supposed ancestor. Tennyson had Lucretius's interest in physical science, especially in Astronomy, as the Poems sufficiently prove. This, of course, distinguishes his treatment of nature from that of Wordsworth. One cannot here discuss his religious ideas. He did not allow scientific discoveries in matter (as far as they have gone) to destroy his profound conviction that matter is not

everything, that spirit also exists. His personal emotions, among other things, made him certain of that. But, as we do not know what matter is, or what spirit is, these venerable words are mere paper money of the brain, about which the less said the better.

I lately read, in a French essay, that Tennyson was a great poet, with no capacity for thought, and that Browning was the crabbed delight of professors and old maids. These remarks appear to ignore the residuum of poetry in Browning and of thought in Tennyson. We are born to be Brownings or Tennysonians, and, for one, I am of the latter party. But it would be very unjust to make this Memoir an opportunity of depreciating Tennyson, or of glorifying Browning, as will probably be done. It was, obviously, easier for Browning to appreciate Tennyson than for Tennyson to appreciate Browning: this may be read in their letters. One is not sure that Tennyson quite appreciated Mr. Matthew Arnold or Mr. Swinburne. Here were two poets, not of his own generation, whom he might, as one thinks, have welcomed with some warmth of enthusiasm. I can imagine no greater intellectual delight for both sides, no companionship more profitable for both. After a deluge of imbecile rhyme from the incompetent, Tennyson might have taken joyously to real poets like these juniors of his. But this hardly seems to be a habit of aging poets. Mighty little recognition did Tennyson get, little warmth from the fading fires of Wordsworth and Coleridge. He himself says, leniently, that Coleridge, an old man much pestered with poetry, did not, probably, give very careful attention to the early Tennysonian works. He too, when old, may have been equally remiss, as he remarks. One could have wished him to be more sympathetic to *Atalanta in Calydon*, if only for its merits in metre. These, indeed, he recognizes, but we looked for a warmer recognition, such as "Take thou the vanguard of the Three." But Wordsworth did not readily take to Tennyson, and Mr. Arnold did not think highly of any of his contemporaries. For purposes of appreciation and enjoyment, as regards work done

in our own day, we of the public have an advantage over artists. Tennyson seems to have been absorbed almost as much as Wordsworth in his own poetry, his own methods. One does not blame him for talking much of his own verse: his hearers heard him gladly. But, after his first youth, Scott could not be induced to talk about his work, for to him literature seemed an unimportant thing, compared with life. One may prefer the Sheriff's attitude—Shakespeare's doubtless it was—but Tennyson lived more than almost any man but Wordsworth for his art. Though truly a patriot, he existed to "meditate the Muse," and this appears to have been a condition of his success. It is, however, one of the causes which prevent his biography from rivalling those of Swift, Byron, Scott, Burns, and Johnson—of men who lived for life—in human interest. These qualities and limitations were to be observed in Tennyson even as an undergraduate. His "Poems" of 1830 had already an enthusiastic, if narrow, Cambridge audience, an advantage which Mr. Browning lacked. Arthur Hallam's review was inspired by friendship, and was justly inspired. Already he saw, and said, what was essential. But the public was unmoved. No poetry was being written: Mr. Murray gave up publishing poetry at that very time. Here was a new voice; being new it seemed *bizarre*, and was disregarded. Tennyson now went with Hallam to the Pyrenees to subsidize some Spanish friends of freedom. The result was *Ænone*, and, thirty-one years later, *All Adown the Valley*. The travellers met a child of Liberty who desired "*couper la gorge à tous les curés . . . mais vous connaissez mon cœur.*" "And a pretty black one it is," thought Tennyson. He was not a good Revolutionist.

The Hesperides were of this period. The poem is beautiful, and is open to the objections of Lockhart. Lord Tennyson does not seem to have forgiven Lockhart's *Quarterly* article. Tennyson himself saw "no gleam of humor" in it, as he wrote to Christopher North in the letter so strangely recovered by my friend, Mr. Falconer. Well, the article seems to myself very

amusing—and unjust. Lockhart's criticisms were, for the most part, accepted by the poet, an unique example of wisdom. But in 1842, when the two volumes which secured Tennyson's fame appeared, Lockhart behaved well. He knew that Sterling was very ill, he knew what Sterling would like to do. So he asked him to review *any book he pleased* for the *Quarterly*. Sterling, of course, reviewed Tennyson favorably, and Lockhart had to endure tribulation from Croker for this act of delicate generosity, if also of tardy justice. This does not appear in the Memoir, and is mentioned in justice to J. G. L.

Tennyson was always extremely sensitive to unfavorable criticism, while he got little pleasure from praise. The reception of his books damped him; then came the blow of Arthur Hallam's sudden death. He was not silenced; he wrote a few of the pieces of *In Memoriam* and *The Two Voices*, and soon began that masterpiece, the *Morte d'Arthur*. But he made no appeal to the general public for ten years. He read German and Italian, and science. One of the most beautiful of his least-known pieces is of this date:

"Here often when a child I lay reclined"

(vol. i., p. 161). I think the second line was originally weak—

"I took delight in this vicinity."

This is now altered.

Now, too, was the date of *The Two Voices*, which represents the lowest deep of his personal unhappiness in the years that followed Hallam's death and his own apparent failure. The art of a nature fundamentally sound disguises a misery which we might take to be a purely dramatic presentation. Yet this was really his dark hour; after this he had vanquished fate, *strepitumque Acherontis avari*.

Locksley Hall was also written about this time, and, of course, was *not* autobiographical, as a vain people took joy in believing. The poet was betrothed to the wife who made his an ideally happy marriage, and now his life began to brighten, though the wedding was long delayed. He was working, "though not what you professors call working," he wrote to Mr. Lushing-

ton. His poetry seemed to "come to him," sometimes very rapidly, but much that "came" was rejected, or was not even written out. He went to London in 1842, and now was the period of the "Plump head waiter at the Cock," who slightly resented his own immortality. Carlyle made Tennyson's acquaintance, and took joy in him, after talking some of his usual random sillinesses about dead dogs and dunghills. The old dog's bark was much worse than his bite, and he soon proclaimed Tennyson "a most restful, brotherly, solid-hearted man." The young men knew Tennyson now, and Stanley quoted a line of his in a prize poem. "Shakespeare, I suppose," said the Professor of Poetry. I remember quoting Mr. Swinburne in a Latin college essay at Balliol, about 1866: "Poeta ille noster." "Milton?" said Mr. T. H. Green, who had been at Balliol with the author really cited.

Wordsworth by this time admitted to Mr. Aubrey de Vere that two of Tennyson's pieces "are very solid and noble in thought. Their diction also seems singularly stately." But a new poet must look to the young men, who, to be sure, daily announce that we possess many new Immortals. There was an encounter in which Tennyson, overcoming his shyness, told Wordsworth of his debt, and Wordsworth "was far from indifferent." It is not easy to speak on such occasions, as Heine found when he met Goethe. Only once I had a chance of a few words with Lord Tennyson, and then was in such terror of boring him and such general alarm that I modestly pleaded guilty (in reply to his question) of being "the author of Theocritus." Probably strangers who met Tennyson usually either "gushed" or were dumb—such are the fortunes of greatness—and the Laureate could not be expected to like meeting strangers.

At this period Tennyson lost his little patrimony in some astonishing scheme for combining philanthropy with wood-carving by machinery! His pension of £200, wrung by Carlyle from Monckton Milnes, and by Monckton Milnes from Peel (who had not read the poet), was all the more welcome. Already "rascals send their MSS.

from America," and, of course, the British and foreign amateurs were now let loose on Tennyson. No day came to him without one or more batches of verse, printed or written. Any gentleman or lady who bores strangers with his, or her, rhymes is, *ipso facto*, condemned. "To the day of his death" Tennyson always tried to help literary men "deserving and in difficulties"—a task well nigh impossible. The "deserving" are seldom heard of by people who could be of use to them.

In 1846 came Lytton's cheap satire, *The New Timon*. It was unlucky for a man of Lytton's powers to provoke, or incur, attack or reply from Lockhart, Thackeray, and Tennyson. In the last case his flood was on his own head. Tennyson hated literary brawls, but his riposte was *foudroyant* when it did come.

The Princess (1847), with all its many beauties, was, in fact, a medley, and perhaps rather a "sport," or freak, among the Poems. In 1850 came *In Memoriam*, and we have a version of the famous review, known to me as "This is a volume of sacred poetry, apparently by the widow of a military man." In that great book of consolation, *In Memoriam*, every reader finds what he brings, and he who brings neither faith, nor hope, nor anything but popular science, will spurn the emotional factor in the argument, and is very apt to miss the poetry. Our "fight with death" each of us must fight for himself; no mortal can be our champion. The poetry of the book, at its best, is certainly immortal, as it is certainly new, strange, never uttered by man's lips before. Therefore a certain typical Mr. Madan—"whose bumps one would like to feel," as Charles Lamb said—asked Tennyson whether he had copied Statius, or Ovid's *Epicædion*, or the "Sorrow of Arcadius Etruscus," or the "Melancholy of Podonian the Elder," perhaps.

Tennyson was a good deal vexed by the pedants who were always hunting for obscure originals of his verses. Like Virgil, he reset some ancient gems; Martial, for instance, yielded.

"Of his ashes shall be made
The Violet of his native land."

Tennyson was a "plagiarist" as Virgil, Burns, and everybody worth mentioning is a plagiarist. Other men would have disdained the plagiary hunters, with all the rest of the "mosquitoes." But he felt their bite and buzz; detecting in them the meanness and stupidity of the stupid and mean, who "inflate themselves with some insane delight" in the slips of the great. Of course there was no "slip" either in his accidental coincidences with or his intentional reminiscences of ancient authors.

In 1850 Tennyson married the lady whom he had loved for ten years. "The Peace of God came into my life before the altar when I wedded her," he said. M. Taine would not have been surprised to learn that nothing is said of any other love. The life of Tennyson, as M. Taine observed, differs much from that of Alfred de Musset, or, indeed, from that of most poets. But the wanton young bards and critics of our day must remember that he had not their lights. "It is not enough to be fast, a man should also be modest" in censuring poets so very unlike Verlaine as the Laureate.

On November 19th, 1850, Tennyson dreamed that Prince Albert came and kissed him, whereto he replied: "Very kind, but very German!" Next day he received, through the Prince's admiration, the offer of the Laureateship. Rogers had declined it, on account of his great age. After passing from Southey to Wordsworth the bays were not, at that time, ridiculous, as they were when Scott refused the crown of Pye and Cibber. Tennyson had not been living in longing for the Laureateship, and did not hurry in a cab to a newspaper officer with a threnody on Wordsworth's death. That development of enterprise is modern. He accepted the bays, Venables assuring him that they would secure for him the liver wing when he dined out.

Here occurs a story which may, or may not, be true; I have forgotten my authority. Tennyson was at a dance when a young man, and, in a fit of poetical abstraction, or seeking a place wherein to smoke, strayed into the supper room. One old gentleman was

there, who said, "Young sir, if you have come for the livers you are too late. I have eaten them all."

At this time Tennyson met the Duke of Argyll, who became his friend and kept a severe eye on his natural history. Tennyson writes a humorous letter, as "the defendant" on a question of the habits of the kingfisher, "the sea-blue bird of the spring." By dint of perseverance the Duke got Macaulay to admit Tennyson's merits. When the *Idylls of the King* appeared, Macaulay tried to make critical reservations, but broke down into: "Oh, it is very beautiful!" Would Tom Macaulay have liked to be Laureate himself? Infinitely worse bards have swaggered in the bays. The parodies in *Bon Gaultier* are amusing to read, concerning the poets of that period. "The Daisy" was written during a southern tour in 1851. The poet was justly proud of inventing the metre. "I am reading lots of novels," he says. He read most of the moderns, but his favorites were Scott, Thackeray, and Miss Austen. At Lyme Regis he went straight to the Cobb, where Louisa Musgrave made her unlucky jump. The Cobb is what every just person goes to see first at Lyme Regis. As to literature in general, it does not appear that he was minutely read in our old authors. Shakespeare he idolized (as Ben Jonson would have thought); Ben he regarded as moving "in a sea of glue." He admitted that Wordsworth sometimes seemed "thick-ankled." After boyhood he did not care for Byron; Keats "promised securely more than any poet since Milton." Burns he regarded as a truly immortal poet, preferring his lyrics. Wordsworth, *au contraire*, esteemed the *Cottager's Saturday Night*. Tennyson had a good word for Mr. Watson among the new generation, and for Mr. Kipling's "Flag of England."

But perhaps too many contemporaries thrust their poems under Tennyson's notice. Of Rossetti not much is said; like most people, Tennyson wished Mr. Matthew Arnold to write more poetry. Homer, Theocritus, and Pindar were his chief favorites among the Greeks; in French, Molière; in Latin, Virgil—of all poets the poet

most akin to himself in genius. His *Idylls of the King* are his *Æneid*; often exquisite, but not the work of a great dramatic and narrative genius.

Unlike Virgil, Tennyson is the most various of poets; no one has attempted so many classes of subjects. It is, indeed, astonishing that the author of *The Lotus Eaters*, *Mariana*, the *Morte d'Arthur*, and *Ulysses* could cultivate the obvious sentiment of *The May Queen*. Nor does the attempt at rugged force, where he makes it, in *The Revenge* and *The Balaklava Charge*, seem (to my own taste) successful. But he undoubtedly struck with such shafts as these a public which did not care for *Ulysses* or *Tithonus*, just as the sentiment of his *Grandmother's Apology* succeeded where the passion of *Fatima* or the songs in *Maud* would have failed. Thus he became—and, as Mr. Arnold said in banter, "deserved to be"—our most popular modern poet. For those who had no ear to detect the subtleties and splendors of his diction, he had matter which came home to their bosoms. One can remember no writer so varied, none so unwearied in the search for novelty, nor so fortunate in finding it. In this respect *Maud* was not happy, at first. It is the earliest of Tennyson's books of which I remember the appearance—being then a small boy; and, looking into it too young, I have never quite overcome a slight early prejudice. I do not care for *Maud's* young man. To be sure, he is not presented as an immaculate hero. The reviewers were let loose, and Tennyson was threatened with an *écartement* "by that mighty man, that pompholygous, broad-blown Apollodorus, the gifted X." The gifted X. must be the Apollodorus of *Firmilian*. "Gifted Gilfilan." Jowett seems to have dreaded the result of these attacks by "mosquitoes," but they did not interfere with the progress of *The Idylls of the King* (1859). These brought Tennyson's reputation and popularity to high-water mark. He had always cherished the idea of an epic, more or less allegorical and symbolical, on King Arthur. That figure of the mists has strangely haunted poets, Dryden and Milton; but it is not easy to see how

the Arthur of the mediæval books came to seem, to Tennyson, a kind of type of conscience. What may be said against the *Idylls*, from every side, has been conscientiously urged till one wearies of the sound of it. The *poetry* remains unscathed, as in the original fragment, *Morte d'Arthur*, and in "The Passing of Arthur," as well as hundreds of lovely passages throughout the whole work.

He who writes can remember no such fresh and poignant pleasure in books as reading the first four *Idylls* when a boy, undisturbed by criticism. One only wanted more. So did the converted Macaulay, who insisted on a poem about the Holy Grail, but Tennyson feared that this would be "too like playing with sacred things."

Tennyson's later years, and later works, are more within the memory of most readers, nor have I here space wherein to linger over them. To the very last he remained the "God-gifted voice of England," the trumpet of her cause, the support and consoler of her Queen. Of his dramas, or of any dramas, I have no right to speak, but of his little fragment of the *Iliad* in prose (ii., p. 15) one may say that here, at least, is an example of Homer as he should be translated. That Tennyson learned Hebrew for the unfulfilled purpose of translating the Book of Job will be new to most readers. The youngest will remember "Crossing the Bar," a poem which showed Tennyson, like Sophocles and Titian, undefeated by age.

One has ventured to say that this great poet's biography has not the rich and varied human interest and adventure of certain other lives. But the closing scenes will live always in men's memories with the immortal last pages of Lockhart; both are things that cannot be read with dry eyes and voice

unshaken. This is the result of deep and sincere feeling, and expression of the utmost simplicity. Here, at last, the author's hand must be seen, and his self-restraint finds its reward. For even his father has written nothing more beautiful, nothing with more power to raise and purify our hearts, than the few simple sentences which tell the story of that father's death: "the sweet wise death of old men honorable." The life of him who gave to all the English world so much of the purest happiness was, we may gladly remember, happy in itself. Not torn by the mysterious agony of Swift; not darkened for many days by the melancholy of Johnson; not storm-tossed by passion and remorse, like the lives of Burns and Byron; unharassed by the fatal cares and final struggle of Scott, Tennyson's existence broadened tranquilly from year to year, and so swept out to sea,

"On such a tide as moving seems asleep."

His age, like his youth, knew one great sorrow, of such sorrows as are part of human destiny.

One sometimes thinks with regret on the good things which generation after generation loses by coming too soon. But we that, for our brief day, are "heirs of all the ages" are fortunate above all in this, that we did not come too early for the latest gift of the Muse, the poems of the great Laureate. In a rapid sketch of his life there is no room, as verily there is no need, to estimate these. In joy or sorrow, doubt, or hope, or regret, in the meadows, beside the rivers, on the mountains, by the sea, Tennyson's words are in our ears, like Homer's and Shakespeare's are, and in the wind's note we hear that voice which, from infancy, he heard in the wind.—*Longman's Magazine*.

HER SILENCE.

BY F. A. HOWDEN.

CHAPTER I.

"Oh *jamais!* tu es un mot plus grand que la mer!"

—*Cantique de Brétagne.*

"THANK you," she said quietly, and began to fasten the bodice of her dress, with fingers which trembled a little.

He laid his stethoscope upon the table, and looked at her keenly, pitifully.

"I wish you could have been saved this knowledge," he said, after a moment's pause; "it can do so little real good, and may do harm by depressing you. Why did you come alone? It would have been so much better in every way for me to have told some friend or relation," and the doctor's voice had a tinge of that irritability which is born of impotent sympathy.

With all the dainty care of a fastidious woman, she gave the finishing pats and touches to her attire; then lifted a pair of calm gray eyes to the clever, lined face opposite.

"I am quite alone," she said, "except for an aunt with whom I am now living, but she is very old, and a confirmed invalid. So, you see, I had no choice but to come alone to consult you," and her deprecatory smile was rather wistful. "Tell me," she went on quietly, "you are quite sure that this form of heart-disease is fatal? There is no possibility of mistake in your diagnosis?"

"Humanly speaking, none," replied the specialist. "It seems such a brutal thing to say to you, but, as a doctor, I am bound to speak the truth."

"Shall I suffer much?"

"Only occasionally, and that not more severely than you have already done. You will probably find that, as time goes on, you will feel weaker and less capable of exertion; but otherwise you will be much as usual."

"And the end, will it be sudden?" The lovely voice was quite clear and steady, and the gray eyes looked him through and through.

Dr. Walton had had many trying moments in his long and arduous ca-

reer, but not often had he felt so thoroughly puzzled and sorry as he did under the quiet questioning of this woman, who had just received her death-warrant.

Tears, exclamations, swoons he was well used to in that oak-furnished, Turkey-carpeted consulting-room, but his present patient's calm was almost inhuman.

"Yes, quite sudden," he answered, with a nervous little cough.

"When?" And as she laid the guineas on a corner of the writing-table, she took up her sable muff, and smoothed the glossy fur mechanically with her slender gloved hand.

"That no man can say. Try not to brood over the subject."

The January sun was trying to stab out the fire with its pale gleams, and brought out clearly the rather superficial loveliness of a Greuze which hung above the mantelpiece.

A tiny shudder shook her.

"You are *certain* it will not take long, just at the very end? No pain, either? I do so hate pain!"

"Only those could say who have been through the ordeal themselves; but I should fancy it will be a sudden dizziness, a confused, deadened consciousness of sight and sound, a rush of thought, and then blankness."

"One comfort is, that it is such a clean death to die!" And she held out her hand as she spoke, with frank unconventionality.

He pressed it warmly, with fatherly kindness, and said—

"Come and see me again if any fresh symptoms show themselves, or if you get frightened—probably you do not wish to tell your aunt, as she is old and delicate?"

She gave him a grateful look.

"No, you are quite right: I must keep it to myself. I shall tell no one."

"Well, get that prescription made up, and remember to take the medicine regularly. Follow my directions about diet, and, above all, try to avoid any mental worry. I dare not tell you

that you can ever recover, or that your life will be a long one—the mischief is too deep-seated for that—but, with exceptional care, you *may* live for some years yet.”

She gave a slight smile, having a shrewd suspicion that he was trying to administer a mental tonic for the depression which he feared.

Then she went out into the winter afternoon. At first, as she walked down the gray length of Harley Street, Anne Savile felt numb and dazed, and only dimly conscious of her surroundings, but presently she roused herself, and beckoning to a passing hansom, told the man to drive to Paddington.

She leant back against the leather cushioning, with a sensation of physical relief which was almost pleasure. She might allow herself the blessed luxury of not thinking, during the short drive to the station: there was no time just now to unfold the bundle of hideous thoughts which must be faced and reasoned out, one by one, before she reached Colthurst that evening, and her mind was so tired that it was good beyond words to rest.

To rest, yes, to rest the aching, quivering brain by idle noting of the objects fleeting past, the tall, narrow houses, the gaudy shop-fronts, the stream of passers-by, the tired horse's head bobbing up and down against the dwindling perspective of drab-colored street.

But then, she must think about Paul—hush, hush! Not *yet*, not till she was safe in the quiet railway-carriage, with a couple of hours' journey before her, in an express train. She must see about her parcels, too, which she had arranged to call for at the cloak-room—those parcels which were the ostensible reason for her day's expedition to London. That would keep her busy at the station, and for the present she would force herself to take an interest in the outer world.

What a dear little girl that was, all fluffy and white in her winter furs, and such a clever-looking man just behind her—so like Paul!

Was it *no* use, then? Could she not have this one short respite from torture? She felt very cold, and the face

reflected in one of the little side-mirrors looked white and drawn.

A few minutes later she was seated in an empty compartment of her train, and the guard locked the door with that assiduity which is tip-produced.

There lay her parcels, large and small, on the dusty blue cushions opposite; the overheated foot-warmer tainted the air with an acrid smell, and she mechanically let down one of the windows. It struck her as rather odd that she should object to a stuffy atmosphere, when she was going to die so soon, and was moreover going to plot and plan for Paul to marry Effie. But then Anne had always had a mania for fresh air and cleanliness. Well, the Fates were not altogether cruel: as she had said to Dr. Walton a while ago, death from heart-disease was a clean way to die.

How odd it was to watch the people on the platform, those happy people who had not received their death-warrant, and who hurried or lounged, smiled, scolded, and fussed, in the gray gloom of the crowded station.

Anne wondered if that handsome, ulster-clad young man was the husband of the fragile little woman whose bag and wraps he was so carefully carrying; he looked as if he would keep the very winds of heaven from blowing on her too roughly, and just as they passed the carriage, she glanced up at him with a look in her big dark eyes which made Anne wince. So many, many happy people in the world, and she would have been quite content with a very few years—with Paul—and then she would have gone quietly.

But now, she was going to have no years at all, and Effie Alleyne was to have Paul.

The dull suburban streets and terraces slipped past, the cold winter light filled the carriage, and Anne set open wide the door of her thoughts.

She saw herself, now nearly two years ago, taking up her life again when it seemed broken by the death of her idolized father in the dear North country home, and choking back her tears, to smile upon the poor old aunt into whose lonely days she meant now to bring cheerfulness and love. She felt anew the peace and growing con-

tent of the first few months, and then the stealing warmth and sweetness when Paul Heriot came back from India, and began to drop in for tea at Gable-Ends, and the friendship grew and strengthened.

Then the sharp pang when local gossip told of an attachment between him and Effie Alleyne, before the fever for shooting big game seized upon him, and he set off on the modern equivalent for the Grand Tour. Bright, happy Effie, with her rosy face and curly hair, her cycling and golf, her thorough enjoyment of this world, and unwavering belief in an even more enjoyable future state. The Squire's eldest daughter, her mother's right hand in all things domestic, the stay of the rector, the prop of the Sunday-school. And now, this one more thing was to be added to her store of joys, to her, already so richly dowered with love and youth and health—Anne was going to give back Paul to her. If, indeed, he had ever really loved her.

But if Anne proved cold and distant, if he deemed her fickle, and her manner froze the fatal words upon his lips—if he never told the love, of whose existence she was as certain as her own—then no rapture would have to be buried deep in the damp earth of her grave, and he would find happiness in the arms of Effie Alleyne, his first, and, as manlike he would think, his only love.

What did it matter if Anne's heart broke in the process? In any case it could not last much longer, and her loss would be Paul's gain. Any suffering, any trial, only to save him from pain.

The train was in the heart of the country now, and the brown ploughed lands lay to left and right. A misty purple which tinged the distant mass of beech-wood told how the sap was swelling, and the sky to westward began to redden for the sun's setting. A dull calm seemed to take possession of her, as unlike peace as morphia-dreams are to healthy slumber. The bitterness of death was past: she knew the worst, and her mind was made up. While she had desperately hoped that the odd fainting-fits, the occasional spasms of tearing pain, which had been easily

hidden from the loving but dimmed eyes of her old aunt, were but some passing indisposition, and not symptoms of the fatal complaint which had carried off her father, so long had she kept at bay the possibility of parting with Paul; but now that all doubt was at an end, she would be brave for his sake, and carry out her plan with all the resolution of which she was mistress.

The speed of the train was beginning to slacken, a chilly twilight shrouded the landscape, and Anne sat upright with a slight shiver.

The dreaded journey was ended, and the victory over self won. It remained to be seen if her strength would hold out to the end.

The old-fashioned brougham, with its fat brown horse and gray-headed coachman in his sober livery, was waiting for Miss Savile outside the station of the country town; the man touched his hat respectfully as she came out of the lamplight into the dusk, followed by a porter carrying her bulky parcels.

"Has my aunt been well all day, Stevens?" she asked, with her foot on the carriage-step.

"Yes, m'm," answered the old man, and touched up the lazy horse with his whip.

The carriage rolled leisurely along between the dusky hedgerows toward Gable-Ends, and Anne closed her tired, strained eyes in the darkness.

CHAPTER II.

"Since nothing all my love avails."

—*The Last Ride.*

The butler gave it as his opinion that Miss Savile was with her aunt, and departed to let her know of Mr. Heriot's visit.

Paul strolled over to the fireplace, and let himself drop into his favorite arm-chair. It stood near the hearth, well within the cheerful glow of the logs; and with his head resting against its high-cushioned back, Paul could survey the dear old room at his leisure.

The warm light, partly that of the wintry sunset outside, and partly ruddy firelight, fell softly on the quaint Japanese birds and flowers on the walls, and beautified the tender, faded tints

of the old brocade curtains and hangings, which might have looked shabby in the white glare of noon. The glazed chintz coverings of couches and chairs, the groups of stiff silhouettes and indifferently painted family miniatures which dotted the walls, the heavy buhl cabinets and marble consoles, all told of a bygone generation, but Anne's taste and presence had made themselves felt here and there in modifying touches.

A tall slender glass filled with copper-colored chrysanthemums stood on a clumsy claw-footed table, violets made a dim sweetness on the low Cairne stool near her chair, the furniture had been skilfully disarranged from its original stiffness of position, and some downy frilled cushions, and new books and magazines, gave the finishing touches of comfort.

It was a room which had been lived in, where men and women had talked and laughed, dreamed and worked—perhaps, sometimes, sorrowed and wept.

Paul Heriot loved the drawing-room at Gable-Ends for its own sake, for that intangible charm which such old rooms possess for sensitive natures, but chiefly he loved it as a harmonious background for Anne's sweet personality. It seemed so admirably to suit her gentle dignity, her low voice, her refined tastes; its very incongruities were pleasing, not jarring.

How many quiet talks he and she had had in it, by winter firelight, amid summer scents and sounds; and now, he was hoping to take her away, to transplant her to the bareness of his bachelor home. But if she would come, if the gentle friendliness in her kind eyes should ever brighten into love, if indeed she could give him a tithe of the devotion which he was ready to pour out at her feet, then she should work her sweet will at Rushcote, and all his life would be transformed.

He could not tell if she loved him—Anne was too self-contained and self-respecting to wear her heart upon her sleeve; but he dared to hope.

The opening door made him start up. She came in quickly, quietly, as was her wont.

"I am so sorry to have kept you waiting, but I was writing a rather important letter for my aunt, which had to go by the afternoon post. It is finished now, and we will have some tea."

"How is Mrs. Lorraine?"

"As well as usual, thank you, but of course that is not saying much. Her patience is marvellous, and her gratitude for the tiniest services sometimes brings a lump into my throat!"

He looked at her keenly, across the ruddy hearth, whose glow the gathering twilight seemed to intensify.

"You are tired," he said, almost abruptly.

"I think not," she replied nervously, and began to pour out the tea which had just been brought in, making quite unnecessary inquiries about cream and sugar, with evident intent to divert his attention from herself.

But Paul was not to be baffled. He crossed over to the tea-table, and drawing up a low chair near her, began to stir his tea absently.

"Why do you prevaricate? It is so unlike you. You *are* tired, and you know it. I believe you got fagged out yesterday—what took you up to town?"

"How did you know I was in London?" with a startled inflection in her voice.

"I was informed of the fact when I called yesterday afternoon. I was much disappointed, as I had not seen you for nearly a fortnight."

"What a good memory you have! I am afraid I could not boast such accuracy as to dates." Her laugh was a little forced, and a pained look crossed his face. She saw it, the first pained expression *she* had ever brought to the face she loved so well, and her heart ached at her own success.

"Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte:" that is not always true—not when the way to be trodden lies over a loving woman's heart.

Her cup rattled a little as she set it down in the saucer, but her voice was quite even as she said—

"Have you been hunting this week?"

"No," a little shortly. Then, as if conscious of his ungraciousness, he added, "I have been rather busy over that article which you encouraged me to write. I found it entailed a good

deal more expenditure of time and trouble than I had expected."

"What article?" she inquired, in a voice which sounded horribly insincere in her own self-conscious ears.

He started up angrily.

"Upon my word, Anne, you *are* odd to-day—I cannot make you out at all! Why, I should never have dreamed of spoiling paper, and courting editors' snubs, with my futile scribbling, if you had not urged, almost commanded, me to try and write out some of my experiences of sport in India, and send the result to Maga, and now you coolly ask *what* article? It is hardly kind or fair," and striding hastily to the big west window, he stood looking out at the fading glories of the cloud barred sunset, with angry eyes which recked nothing of its beauty. It was the first time that he had called Anne by her Christian name, but they were both too much agitated to notice it. She clasped her little thin hands till the knuckles showed white beneath the straining skin, but she sat rigid, silent. *His* pain was nothing to *hers*, and she was but hurting him a little now, to save him from future agony.

"Oh, I remember now, of course—how very stupid of me to forget! And so you find it troublesome to write? I am *so* sorry. Won't you have another cup of tea? I don't think the sunset is worth looking at now; it was glorious when I was in my aunt's room. I could hardly attend to my writing for watching it. But now it has almost faded, so do come and amuse me."

He pulled himself together, already more than half ashamed of his outburst, and left the window. Only he did not seek the low seat near Anne's tea-table, but sat down in the arm-chair opposite. She took up her knitting, and began to knit rapidly, seeking, by the mechanical movement of her fingers, the poor feminine substitute for that mental sedative which men find in tobacco.

True to her sex, she made the first attempt to break the oppressive silence. Often before had there been quiet, restful pauses in their happy talk, but never this strained and conscious stillness.

A piece of charred wood fell noisily

on to the tiled hearth, and Garry, the old Skye terrier, moaned uneasily in his sleep.

In desperation Anne uttered the first triviality which occurred to her.

"The Wilsons are going to Florence this spring, I believe, and want to let their house for six months."

"So I heard," rather stiffly; "I cannot imagine any one being foolish enough to take a place like The Beeches during that half of the year when there is neither hunting nor shooting. The Wilsons must be very optimistic, if they really expect to get it off their hands!"

"I fancy they will go abroad in any case: the girls have never been out of England, and their mother, quite rightly, thinks it only fair to give them a chance of enlarging their minds."

"Not before it was needed—I don't think I ever met a duller girl than May Wilson, and her younger sister is almost as bad."

"But they are *so* good-natured," said Anne vaguely.

Such dreary vapid talk between Paul and her! It could not go on. Both seemed to feel it. He got up, and crossed over to his old seat.

"Put down your knitting," he said peremptorily, and the look in his dark eyes belied the tone of his voice.

A sudden fear seized her. It was coming now, the moment which she dreaded, which she had been striving so hard to ward off; it would be upon her immediately, unless she proved herself brave, prompt, cruel.

Her resolution triumphed over her weakness, and she raised her eyes to his, with a well-feigned glance of unkind surprise; she knew only too well how the look would cut him.

He reddened in the dim light, and sat awkwardly watching her busy fingers.

Bewilderment, pain, anger, even a species of fear, were all tugging at his heart, and confusing his brain: was this indeed Anne Savile, his gentle, courteous Anne, so uniformly sympathetic and gracious, and in whose gray eyes he had of late hoped that he saw a response to his love?

Must he bring himself to believe that it was merely a cold reflection of his

own devotion, that there was no real warmth below their clear surface? Twice already had she wounded him by word and look, during this short half-hour, and he felt sore and ruffled.

Paul Heriot had that hasty temper and easily roused pride which often accompany much manly gentleness, and in the first access of hurt feeling he almost resolved to rise and go, to try if some weeks of his absence might not bring Anne to a kinder frame of mind. But his love for her was very warm and eager, and he resolved to stay a while longer, and see if he could not win back his gentle lady. Perhaps the fatigue of the day before had in truth been too much for her: it was always a source of regret to him to notice that Anne's will often outstripped her physical strength, and probably this strange alteration in her manner was merely the result of overtaxed nerves. So he resolutely tried to be his usual cheery self, and racked his brain to think of interesting topics, but Anne did not change: perfectly polite, but obviously bored, she took her share in the stilted conversation, while her knitting-needles clicked and glittered in the firelight, and her heart felt like a stone in her breast. It ached so maddeningly that she feared lest, in truth, the pain might be partly physical, and the latent dread of possible illness in Paul's presence still further froze her lagging thoughts. He must not, should not, guess her secret—the wall of her resolve would never stand against the rushing flood of his love and pity.

"What are *you* going to do this spring?" she heard herself asking; "are you going to emulate the Wilsons, and go abroad also? You once mentioned something of the sort."

"Ah! you remembered that, then?" he exclaimed eagerly. It was good to find that he had not lost all interest in her eyes.

"Yes; why not? Effie Alleyne reminded me of it the other day, when she was regretting the possibility of your not being at their annual picnic to the Dene Woods—you know they always celebrate her birthday in that way, if it is fine weather."

Her words fell coldly and clearly; no trace of personal interest lurked in

their chilly tones. He caught his breath in what was more a sob than a sigh, and stooped to pat Garry, who was now awake, and looking up at his troubled face with kind doggy eyes, the color of the sun-flecked shallows of the Highland river whose name he bore.

Heriot moistened his dry lips before he spoke. Then he said, in a low, curiously tense voice—

"*That* plan was made months ago; I think it must have been as long since as last August that I first spoke of it. Lately, the idea of going away has grown very vague."

Anne gave an imperceptible start, and her cold, nervous fingers dropped a stitch.

Weeks afterward she found that unheeded slip grown into a veritable "Jacob's Ladder," and she smiled bitterly as the irony of the connection struck her: if she took sufficient pains, she could pick up the material stitch, and restore order again to her work—but what pains or striving would bring back her happiness, hopelessly spoilt and ruined by her own act, that winter afternoon. And yet, even then, in the dreary calm of her accomplished sacrifice, she knew that she would not have recalled the past, even had it been possible.

"If I thought," went on Heriot, and Anne gazed at him as if fascinated, unable to formulate any interruption, "that my going or staying would be of the very least interest—"

His speech remained forever unfinished: the sudden opening of the door let in a flood of lamplight and a slight girlish figure.

"I've exactly *two* minutes to spare, dearest Anne," exclaimed a fresh young voice, and a fresh young cheek, cool from the outer air, was pressed against Anne's tired face.

"Oh, how do you do, Paul? I didn't see you at first in this dim light—how fond you are of keeping blind-man's holiday, Anne! Oh, *do* give me some tea, darling; I am simply famishing, and there are some of those dear little cakes I like so much!"

Effie Alleyne sat down on the rug at Anne's feet, and turned up a rosy face to meet her smile.

"I think you are always hungry, Effie," said the elder woman, as she handed her guest a cup of tea, and placed the dish of little cakes at her elbow. How young and fresh the girl's face looked, in the light of the tall lamp which the butler had just brought into the room.

"I believe I am," said Miss Alleyne, with her frank laugh, "but I really have some excuse to-day: I have been frightfully busy all morning, and ever since lunch mother and I have been paying calls. I don't think I know anything more exhausting."

"To one's temper," said Paul Heriot, with a rather rueful smile. He had felt desperately annoyed at first by Effie's sudden interruption, but he could not long resist the charm of her bright manner, and her merry laugh seemed to clear the overcharged atmosphere. Besides, perhaps after all it would be wiser to defer speaking of his hopes to Anne, until she had become her own serene self again.

"Mother dropped me at the lodge, and is to call for me there at a quarter to six; I promised to be punctual, so as not to keep the precious horses waiting. She owed a call at Mrs. Coventry's, and I persuaded her that she could quite well pay it alone. It seemed such ages since I saw you, dear," and the girl laid a plump, capable-looking hand on Anne's knee.

"Last Sunday, was it not?" looking down at Effie affectionately.

"I suppose it was, but it seems longer somehow. But what have you been doing, your dear thing, that you look so tired? Paul, doesn't Anne look worn-out?" Heriot looked doggedly at his boots, as he replied—

"The same thought struck me, but I fancy Miss Savile does not like comments on her appearance."

Anne flushed, and Effie looked puzzled.

"Well, at all events I shall say what I think, and that is that Anne has been overtiring herself, and ought to be petted and cosseted till she is well again."

"I think the art of petting is one you rather excel in, Effie," said Paul, "judging from my recollection of how you used to spoil the small brothers

and sisters, and put yourself as a buffer between them and righteous retribution."

"The Manor would get on badly without Effie, I think," said Anne softly; "some more tea, dear?"

"Half a cup, please—just for a drink," as Bobby and Sue are so fond of saying. Have you been away from home, Paul? Father says you have not been hunting lately, and regretted that you should miss such capital runs."

"Mr. Heriot has been occupied with literary work, Effie: he is busy over an important sporting article."

"Paul turned author! Dear me, I shall feel quite frightened of you. Oh, Paul! I did not mean to vex you," exclaimed Effie in distress, as she caught sight of his quick frown. "I am really immensely interested, only I am such an ignoramus that I can't help feeling a little in awe of any one who *writes!*"

"Miss Savile is under a misapprehension," said Heriot coldly, not even glancing toward Anne as he spoke. "I foolishly began an aimless effusion regarding some of my Indian experiences, and still more foolishly had the fatuity to mention the fact to Miss Savile. But I have not the least intention of continuing now."

The emphasis on the last word spoke volumes to poor Anne, but she held her peace, as Effie said, with laughing censure—

"Oh you very indiscreet person! I believe Paul wanted to keep the whole matter dark, and then suddenly to surprise us all by appearing in print!"

Effie never doubted, in her loyalty and ignorance, that Paul's contribution would be thankfully received by the most obdurate and critical editor.

"If he had confided in *me*," she added rather reproachfully, and looking full at Paul with her honest brown eyes, "I should have been as secret as the grave!"

"I fancy the question of respecting a confidence depends very much upon the importance one attaches to it, Effie," said Paul Heriot, and he rose as he spoke. He felt that he must go: the warmth of the wood-fire and the scent of violets oppressed him—he

wanted to be outside in the crisp winter air.

Anne had been cold and indifferent and bored, and he had tried to be patient; but this unkind, almost mean, violation of confidence was so utterly unlike the act of the woman he had known and loved, that he felt oddly out of place in the familiar drawing-room. It was as if some uncongenial stranger were clumsily trying to entertain him in Anne Savile's absence.

He would feel better outside, walking down the avenue beside his little friend Effie, with the grassy borders crisping in the frost, and the low moon just swinging into sight over Rushcote Beacon.

She at least was frank and true, always the same reliable, sympathetic companion: their eyes met again just then, and a little warmth seemed stealing back to his chilled heart.

"I must be going now, Effie, and if you don't want to keep Mrs. Alleyne waiting, I think you ought to be moving too. If you will let me, I will walk with you as far as the lodge."

"Oh, thank you, Paul, I shall be only too glad of your company! There is such a dark, creepy turn in the drive, just after you pass the old oak, that I always dislike passing through alone," she added hastily, trying ingenuously to account for the gladness in her voice.

Anne rose also, and fastened the girl's furs carefully under the round white chin. The gray eyes and the brown met and rested for a moment; and the man, who stood just outside the yellow circle of lamplight, noted with an odd reluctance how the vivid coloring and youthful curves of the younger seemed to accentuate the pallor and fragility of the older woman.

He felt sure that Anne was ill, but she evidently would have none of his sympathy.

Well, time would show what were her real feelings, and it was worse than useless to linger now.

"Are you ready, Effie?" he said almost curtly. She kissed Miss Savile impulsively on either cheek, and caught up her muff.

Paul held out his hand to Anne. She laid her ice-cold one in his for a

second, then let it drop wearily at her side. For a moment he hesitated, as if about to speak; then with a hasty "Good-bye, Miss Savile," he joined the now impatient Effie, and next minute the ponderous hall-door slammed after them.

Anne stood quite still for a moment or two, a tall, slender figure in the silent room; then a sudden impulse drove her to the window which commanded the drive.

She was just in time to see the two figures crossing a wide patch of moonlight, before disappearing into the black shadows cast by a belt of trees, and something hard and cold seemed to grip her heart as she gazed.

The man looked so tall and strong, so fitting a life-companion for the girl who walked briskly beside him, her warm furs and winter gown appearing of a uniform tint in the blanching moonlight.

Doubtless the charm of her sweet reasonableness and happy vitality was already at work, smoothing away the furrowed irritation caused by Anne's unkindness, and insensibly renewing the old habit of confidential intercourse with the friend of her childhood and youth.

The tree shadows suddenly blotted out the couple, and Anne pulled down the blind with a nervous jerk.

She was beginning to clearly realize what it means to "*toucher le fond du fond de la douleur.*"

CHAPTER III.

"Sate down beneath the beech
Which leans over to the lane."

—*Bertha in the Lane.*

The July sun was very powerful that warm afternoon, and Anne was glad to turn from the glare and dust of the highroad, into the green shade of the little lane which led down to the river. She had been visiting an old *protégé* of her aunt's who lived in a cottage about a mile from Gable-Ends, and the stuffy atmosphere of the one-roomed dwelling and the brooding heat of the day had sorely tried her failing powers. A year ago Anne would have laughed at the idea of being overtired by a two-

mile walk, but for the last few months she had been conscious of the slow oncoming of that lassitude of which Dr. Walton had warned her. It had been creeping over her slowly but surely, here a little and there a little, while her old occupations and interests dropped from her one by one.

Now and again the gray lethargy in which she lived would be rent asunder by the tearing flash of sudden pain, and she would creep to her room to battle with the agony alone: of the fainting-fits which sometimes overtook her she had sternly forbidden any mention to her aunt. And Miss Savile's word was law at Gable-Ends. She had not repeated her visit to the London doctor, for her malady was following precisely the course which he had foretold: almost as undeviatingly as Paul and Effie had been walking in the way that she had marked out for their feet.

Anne reached the end of the lane, where the dry cart-ruts sloped down to the ford and lost themselves among the pebbles which lined the shallows; she sought and found the spot which she had been longing for during her hot walk through the parched meadows and along the dusty road, which had indeed for days been haunting her sick fancy like a mirage. "I should like to die here, if I might choose," thought Anne to herself, as she felt the cool softness of her mossy seat and leant back against the smooth gray curve of a low-growing beech bough.

The fierce sunlight was here filtered into a golden rain, which flecked with shining splashes the tawny carpet of last year's leaves at her feet and the mossy bank on either hand. The placid river slipped along in shining reaches, or babbled lazily over the shallows of the ford, and the lane rose steeply again on the farther side.

Anne sat so still that quite a number of wagtails kept up their erratic hoppings on some stones at the river's edge, and a little field-mouse stopped for a minute and peeped at her with bright inquisitive eyes. It was too hot for the singing-birds to make themselves heard, but the tireless grasshoppers kept up their monotonous creak, and seemed thereby only to increase the feeling of solitude and peace.

Anne took off her hat, and pushed the ruffled waves of hair from her heated forehead.

She felt herself slipping back into the accustomed groove of thought, to which her mind always reverted when alone—that obsession of the *idée fixe* which is but too well known to certain temperaments, and which is so much more torturing than physical suffering. The nerves ache, the brain is unutterably tired, but back come the pricking gadflies of morbid thought, and the very effort to ignore only makes their existence more real.

Paul and Effie, Paul and Effie . . . and herself outside.

Ah! she was a good diplomatist, a capital manager: she had carried out all she had planned, and her puppets danced as she decreed. Only a well-feigned coldness, a wilful misrepresentation of herself, her feelings and views and interests, a resolute maintenance of the strange behavior which had marked that miserable January afternoon, and the rest followed.

Paul Heriot's visits to Gable-Ends shortened and dwindled, and finally ceased: an opportune blank came when his stay in town coincided with the Alleynes' six weeks at The Grand, and since his return he had contented himself with an occasional groom-sent basket of the famous Rushcote strawberries, and inquiries for the health of Mrs. Lorraine.

Anne had seen Effie two or three times since she had come back to the Manor, and on each occasion Paul's name had somehow crept into the conversation, with a brightening flush on the girl's cheek, and a happy consciousness in her eyes. He seemed to have been constantly with the Alleynes while in town, and in almost every account of Effie's festivities some mention of him occurred, but always with that shy, smiling hesitation which tells so much. To Anne it had felt, each time, like the turning of the knife in the wound. All was going so well, and yet the bitterest pang of all was caused by the thought of how easily Paul had been deceived—how soon he had sought, and found, comfort in the sunshine of Effie's familiar companionship.

A rustling among the dry beech-leaves made her look up, and there before her, a very incarnation of her insistent thoughts, stood Effie Alleyne. She wore a cool-looking blue linen dress, and her broad hat made a sweet shadow above her brown eyes and curly hair.

She held out both her hands to Anne with a glad gesture.

"So *here* you are! How glad I am to have found you. I was on my way to Gable-Ends, and just as I was passing the top of the lane, I saw old Garry hunting about among the trees, so I guessed you could not be far off. Isn't it hot to day?"

She dropped upon the moss beside Anne, and laid a quick kiss upon the pale cheek.

Anne submitted quietly, though a strange dull anger was troubling her: could she not even have this quiet refuge undisturbed—must Effie invade it also? Then shame at her unreasonable fancy took hold upon her, and made her voice very sweet and kind as she said, "Were you coming to see me, Effie? That was good of you, and I am glad we did not miss each other after all. I turned aside to rest a little after my hot walk from old Pollard's cottage—this is a favorite nook of mine."

She had given up so much to the fresh young creature beside her, that after all this little green hollow of silence might as well be surrendered too: probably next time she came there, she would find Effie ensconced on her own mossy seat, with sketch-book, dogs, and—perhaps—Paul.

Effie did not speak for a moment or two, but sat idly trying to plait three blades of grass together: the blades were short and brittle, and the fingers a little nervous, so her attempt was unsuccessful. She tossed them away abruptly.

"Anne?"

"Well, dear?"

"Do you think? Do you suppose—" she broke off in confusion, and began to wantonly pick and throw away the trefoil leaves and tiny lilac-veined flowers of the wood-sorrel which starred the moss.

Anne laid a restraining pressure upon

the destructive fingers, and asked gently, "Do you want to consult me about something, dear?"

"Oh, I don't know—it seems so silly and egoistic when I try to put it into words—but *do* you think I could make Paul happy? Does he really love me, or is he only *fond* of me because he has known me all my life? I wish I knew, because—"

"Because what, Effie?" The knife hurt badly, as Effie's dimpled hand turned it in the raw wound.

"Because he said something to me yesterday, and I told him I could not answer right off; so he gave me till tomorrow to make up my mind. Oh, Anne!" and the curly head dropped to Miss Savile's knee, "I don't feel as if I had any mind to make up: I only know that I love him!"

A passing breeze shivered in the beech-boughs overhead, and sank into silence. Anne rested a gentle hand on the bent head, waited till a drifting patch of foam had slipped out of sight down the stream, and she could trust her voice, and then said—

"If you love him, and he says that he wants you, why should you hesitate? Don't trifle with your happiness, Effie—don't fritter away with morbid scruples what many women would give their right hands to possess!"

Her low voice sounded almost harsh from intense feeling, and Effie sat upright and gazed at her with astonished eyes.

"I morbid! Oh, Anne, what an odd thing to accuse me of! All that I am afraid of is lest Paul should ever feel disappointed in me. I'm practical enough, and all that, but I'm not a bit intellectual. I used to think that you and he had a great deal in common."

"Even our liking for you, non-intellectual young person though you are," smiled Anne with white lips.

"Yes, I know. I can't imagine what he sees in me!"

"Can't you? I think I can. If bright unselfishness and sympathy and tactful common-sense are worth nothing, then I confess I wonder at Paul's choice; but I do not think they are a worthless dower, Effie."

"Oh, Anne dear, you do not know

how horrid I often am : you think that I have a good temper, and I boxed Bobby's ears this morning !"

Her tones were tragic, and through all her misery Anne could not repress a smile.

"No doubt he richly deserved it. But it does not follow that you will box Paul's ears."

Effie looked rather shocked, and the other's quick sympathy warned her that the girl thought her flippant.

"I was only joking—it was foolish of me ; you ought to know by this time that it is an old bad habit of mine. But seriously, you have asked me for my advice, and most seriously, most solemnly, I give it to you : put away your conscientious fears, and take your happiness in both hands. *Both* hands, Effie !"

She held out her own, with pathetic realism, as if to grasp the joy which had fled very far away.

Effie's eyes filled with sudden tears, as she seized Anne's little trembling hands in her own warm clasp.

"Oh ! you are so good to me, so good," she said brokenly, as she kissed the cold fingers. "How I wish—" She checked herself hurriedly, and began to straighten the crumpled ribbons of her hat.

"What?" said Anne, sharply.

"Nothing, nothing ; my stupid tongue runs away with me."

"Nay, Effie, but I think, having begun, you ought to finish your sentence."

Effie gave a little nervous gulp, and then the words came in a soft rush.

"I was only wishing that *you* had some one to love you and take care of you, dear Anne : your loneliness makes me feel selfish."

Perhaps this was the hardest moment of Anne Savile's martyrdom : the feminine impulse was strong upon her to tell the girl beside her how she owed all her happiness to the woman whom she pitied, and that even now, if she so willed, Anne could win back Paul to her side. But her selfless love for him, far more than her fondness for Effie, mastered the fierce impulse : she would not allow a moment's weakness to render valueless the self-control and slow torture of the past months.

"Don't worry yourself about me, Effie. I have dear Aunt Felicity to look after ; and besides, I think I am a very self-sufficing sort of person. Shall we be moving ? I fancy it must be nearly tea-time."

Effie felt a little chilled and cast back upon herself, but she was too sweet and cheery for the feeling to last, and during their homeward walk she talked so busily that Anne had small need to speak. A word here and there kept the stream flowing. And it was not foolish talk, either : just the frank outpouring of a happy girl, full of home news and interests, and flavored by a little harmless gossip.

That deeper, nearer subject was not touched upon again, but each woman was conscious of it in her own way : Effie felt as if some jewel of price lay hidden in her breast, to be taken out and gloated over when alone ; and Anne, poor Anne, was living over again that dread quarter of an hour in the Harley Street consulting-room, when the Greuze simpered down upon her, and she heard Dr. Walton's grave voice pronouncing her doom.

Once again she had received her sentence of death, and this was even harder to bear than the former. But still she felt it was well, very well : Paul would be saved from pain, and the rest mattered little.

Effie accompanied her most of the way to the lodge-gates, merely for the pleasure of being with her, for the Manor lay in the opposite direction : when the old wrought-iron gates etched themselves against the green background, she kissed Anne affectionately, and turned back along the white, dusty road.

Anne walked wearily up the shady avenue, with dragging, languid footsteps, and a strange feeling of aloofness, as if she were watching the actions and pitying the sorrow of some other woman.

When she reached the house, she went straight to Mrs. Lorraine's room, where the patient invalid was lying in the shaded quiet, and roses made the cool air odorous. The old lady held out a feeble hand of welcome, and Anne knelt down beside her sofa, and laid her aching head on the soft silken pillow.

"Tired, darling?" said the dear old voice, and the dim eyes peered anxiously at the loved face.

"A little, auntie: it is such a hot day outside, but here all is so cool and quiet."

A pause, while a big bee blundered in at one of the open windows and filled the room with his buzzing hum. Anne nestled her cheek a little closer to the softly withered face so near her own, and asked tenderly—

"Have you missed me, dear? Have I been too long away?"

"I never want you to hurry home on my account, darling; but you know well how glad I am when you are with me."

"How did you manage before I came, Aunt Felicity?"

"It was lonely, Nannie, very lonely. I am selfishly glad that I am so much older than my child—I could not do without her now," and with difficulty the little old white hand was raised, and Anne's face softly patted.

A new pang shot through Anne's soul: only now did she realize that she could not save *both* her dear ones from suffering.

Effie's love would more than make up for the slight regret that Paul might feel at her own death, the faint remorse which might assail him as he remembered past days; but who would prevent the old aunt from feeling "lonely, very lonely"?

Anne rose to her feet, as if to escape from the new pain, and saying, "I shall be back directly to pour out your tea, auntie—I am just going to take off my hat," she left the room.

CHAPTER IV.

"Apaisé soudain par l'Éternel Oubli."

—*Fort comme la Mort.*

"I think I shall go into Colthurst this afternoon, Aunt Felicity; there is some shopping which I must do, for Mrs. Benson came to me this morning with a list of portentous length."

Anne was filling the flower-vases in her aunt's room, and she glanced at Mrs. Lorraine as she spoke.

"Very well, dear, but be sure you

take the landau; don't attempt such a long walk. You have been looking tired lately, Nan, and I do not like to see your cheeks so pale."

"I am always pale, auntie, and I think this thundery heat is trying for everybody. I used to be laughed at when I was a girl, for revelling in Kingsley's "Ode to the North-East Wind." You know how I enjoy, and flourish in, cold weather. But I promise that I will drive into town, darling, so don't bother your dear head about me. There," and she laid a fragile, long-stemmed white rose upon Mrs. Lorraine's silken coverlet, "that *Niphetos* is too lovely and sweet to be crowded into a glass with other roses: it deserves to be admired and enjoyed all by itself."

It was a close August day, nearly a month since Anne had sat beside the river in her little green bower, and Effie Alleyn's engagement to Paul Heriot was now an established fact. She had been over several times to Gable-Ends, to confide her raptures to Anne, and had been received with kindness and sympathy; but each visit had left Anne a little paler and wearier, a step nearer the end of her journey.

Paul she had not seen—that at least had been spared her. He had called once since the announcement of the engagement, but she was out at the time, and the visit had not been repeated: a little note of congratulation from her had elicited a polite reply from him, and he had remained "hers sincerely."

Anne looked at her own tired face in the glass, as she dressed for her drive into Colthurst, and the thought crossed her mind that the end could not be very far off now. The mental worry, against which Dr. Walton had so earnestly warned her, had been busy at its hurtful work, but it had been fatally aided by a deeper, surer cause than any worry: with the final loss of Paul's love, Anne felt her feeble hold on life slacken and slip.

And now came those brooding August days of thunderous heat and drought, when her very soul sickened for a breath of crisp, cool air, and a feeling of dust and hot discomfort crept even into the wide grounds and

gardens of Gable-Ends, all parched and dry beneath the late summer sun.

Each morning Anne woke to the renewed hope of hearing the cool patter of rain on the broad leaves of the magnolia outside her window, and each return to consciousness only made her aware of the oppressive warmth, and the irritating brilliancy of the shaft of sunshine which pierced the opening of her window-curtains, lay in a bright band across the carpet, and sent quivering reflections from the water in her wide bath to play upon the ceiling. "Oh, to live till the cool autumn comes," she used to think, as she buried her face in her pillow, "just to feel cool again, and to see the beeches golden against the blue—the deep, cool blue of October, so different from this misty haze of heat!"

And then a little creeping whisper would make itself heard, and suggest that as the longed-for autumn days would probably see Paul and Effie made man and wife, perhaps after all life might hold worse possibilities than to die in the hated heat.

Then Anne would rise from her bed, and go about her daily duties: but still the haunting fancies crawled and crept.

"I shall not be long, auntie," she said, as she looked into Mrs. Lorraine's room to say good-bye. "Sarah has taken her sewing into the next room, so you will not feel deserted, will you?"

Somehow the little shrunken figure looked more pathetically lonely than usual in the large, flower-scented room, and Anne felt loth to leave her; but the sweet patient smile lit up the old face, and dispersed Anne's nervous scruples.

So she kissed her aunt again, with lingering fondness, and drove away in the antiquated landau, drawn by the fat brown horse.

She stopped at the lodge for a few minutes to speak to the woman who lived there, the down-trodden wife of one of the gardeners, an excellent workman, but surly and selfish in his home. Anne knew that matters had, of late, been worse than usual in the little cottage, for Reuben had begun to frequent the "Harp and Crown" half a mile

down the road, and his sullen temper sometimes alternated with bursts of passion.

Both Mrs. Lorraine and she felt that the man ought to be dismissed; but their sympathy for his miserable, delicate wife tempered their justice, and he had not yet received warning to leave.

Anne tried to speak a few comforting words to the poor sobbing woman, and took the puny baby into her tender arms, while the elder child came and leant against her knee, and stared up fearlessly at her with round black eyes.

"And he used to be so kindlike, once, miss," wailed poor Mrs. Smith, "and would do many a hand's turn for me if I was tired—but now it's all so different!"

Anne softly hushed the fretting infant, and tried to cheer the mother by diverting her attention to her children; but the weak tears only flowed the faster.

"Ah, they might be some sort o' comfort to me if they was strong and hearty, but what can you expect of children whose mother is always ill and miserable? Baby, he does naught but fret, and little Maggie there is *that* nervous that she creeps out of sight when her father comes home."

The sloe-black eyes filled with sudden tears, and the baby-lip began to quiver, as the little lassie heard her mother's words.

Anne laid her hand on the pale, thin hair, and said, cheerily—

"If Maggie looks in that little basket on the table, perhaps she will find some nice biscuits."

The little creature trotted off contentedly, with the quickly restored serenity of childhood, and Anne said to the mother with gentle reproof—

"You must be careful what you say before Maggie: she is very intelligent, and it is a pity to increase her fear of her father."

"Ay, she's sharp," said Mrs. Smith with weak pride, and ignoring Miss Savile's gentle censure. "I'm sure I thank you kindly, miss, for bringing her the biscuits," she added.

"I thought they would be a treat for the dear little maid, and you will

find one or two little trifles for yourself in the basket; you might fill it with some of your beautiful sweat peas when you return it, Mrs. Smith," she said hastily, trying with delicate tact to remove any feeling of obligation. "You have quite a hedge of them at the back of the lodge, and they are almost over up at the gardens—ours were so much exposed to the sun."

The woman's poorer intelligence could not appreciate the feeling which prompted Anne's words, but she was dimly conscious of the charm of her manner, and clumsily tried again to thank her.

"It's not many ladies, who have everything that they can want in this world, as would bother themselves to think of a poor woman's troubles, like you, miss! I don't mean no offence, but sometimes, as I sees you going past the lodge, I can't help thinking how lovely it must be to be *you*! Nothing to trouble over, from morning till night—except your poor aunt's health, miss," she added hurriedly, as if afraid that Miss Savile might feel her wanting in respectful sympathy.

Anne smiled vaguely, murmured something about not keeping the horse waiting any longer, and left the cottage.

As she drove away, some words of Gustave Flaubert's flashed into her mind, and dwelt there: "*Nous sommes tous dans un désert. Personne ne comprend personne.*"

Old Stevens drove very leisurely, and Anne had ample time for thought as the carriage rolled along the dusty roads, but her mind felt strangely blank; only that dreary little French phrase obtruded itself with odd persistency.

She was very tired, more tired than her slight morning occupations should have left her, and she could have fancied that her large sunshade was an oppressive weight to hold up, if the thought had not been too absurd.

The old horse's hoofs made a rhythmic thudding upon the hard road, and "*Personne ne comprend personne*" set itself to the sound with maddening iteration.

Paul would never understand her, never look at her again with the old

kindly light in his eyes—never any more.

Had she done well, had she indeed acted wisely? Could Effie ever satisfy him? The thoughts came thronging now, though Anne tried vainly to stem their rush. They seemed to have broken loose in her tired brain, and the merciful blankness was fast becoming a confused whirl of kaleidoscopic thought.

"Stop!" she cried aloud in her agony, and Stevens looked round inquiringly.

"No, no—it is all right! Drive on, Stevens," she said hurriedly, in answer to his unspoken query.

This calmed her a little, for the momentary lapse warned her of her danger. Anne was a proud woman, and she was resolved not to betray herself. Bodily weakness she could not prevent, but while she lived she would control her mind.

The road had been winding up a rather steep hill, and as the carriage topped the rise two figures on horseback appeared close at hand: they were Paul and Effie.

The girl made as if she would rein up, but her companion merely lifted his hat and rode on; so she contented herself with a beaming smile and a wave of her gauntleted hand in Anne's direction.

The latter turned her head and hungrily watched the two till they disappeared down the hill; then she leant back again, and sat very still.

As the coachman drew up before the first shop he had been told to stop at, a low mutter of thunder was heard in the distance, and he respectfully remarked to Miss Savile that it was a good thing that old Dobbin did not mind a thunderstorm. "For a storm is coming up, miss," he added, with an uneasy glance toward the east, where a livid rampart of cloud was slowly rearing itself against the hot blue sky. His mistress did not seem to hear, but walked slowly into the little stationer's shop. The old man shook his head gravely as he flicked the flies from patient Dobbin's ears, and a puff of dry wind raised the dust and bits of straw on the uneven pavement, and blew them into whirling

eddies which sank as rapidly as they rose.

"Miss Savile ain't been looking herself, not this long time past," he soliloquized sagely. "She'd ought to have been in her bed to-day, instead of driving out in this infernal heat—it's neither good for man nor beast."

He thought regretfully of his cool harness-room, and nodded once or twice drowsily.

Anne's light returning footstep made him start, and as she looked up to give him her orders, the kindly old servant was struck anew by her strange pallor.

The lumbering Gable-Ends carriage called at the butcher's, corn dealer's, and ironmonger's; then it drew up at the principal draper's of the little town, and once more Anne wearily descended, crossed the pavement, and passed between the huge bales of striped flannel and malodorous linoleum which flanked the shop doorway.

Mr. Thomson himself was out, but his shopman bustled forward, eager to have the honor of serving Miss Savile, and one or two unoccupied assistants hung idly about, making believe to be busy with piles of coarse dusters and bundles of tape; while farther up the counter an old country-woman laboriously chose a piece of stuff for her Sunday gown, and two girls giggled awkwardly over a crude mass of artificial flowers. Their whispers and giggles jarred on Anne's nerves, and the flaring colors of the flowers made her eyes ache: she turned to the obsequious shopman and asked to see some ribbon, with an odd hesitancy in her usual clear tones.

The box was brought out, and she began mechanically to turn over the colored rolls of ribbon, but she seemed to forget why she had asked for such a thing; all her attention was concentrated on the curious thumping of her heart, and her hands felt strangely clammy.

She held a roll of light blue satin ribbon between her finger and thumb, and gazed at it vaguely; the shopman coughed apologetically, and began to praise the article in question.

"Such a beautiful color, madam, quite the newest shade, I assure you;

and then the quality! Why, that ribbon will last forever, so to speak!"

"Yes, yes," said Anne, softly, hesitatingly. Surely the shop felt very hot, and why did the floor sway up and down? The man's voice sounded very far away, very far and faint . . . and she *hated* to see the dusty motes dancing in the sunbeams! They were dancing now, madly, dizzily dancing in the broad flood of scorching sunshine which streamed in through the fly-spotted window-panes.

Anne longed to go, to hasten out of the oppressive atmosphere, but though her head felt odd and light, she seemed glued to her chair; she could not move her feet, only her hand idly played with the glossy blue ribbon.

The old woman put down the length of claret-colored merino which she had been anxiously examining, and moved a pace or two nearer the pale young lady; but the two girls kept up their chatter over the flowers, and indulged in subdued chaff with the youth who was serving them.

Anne saw green boughs waving now, and heard the water flowing; surely she was back again in her beechen bower, and Paul was coming toward her through the shade. What did it matter if she was too weak to rise and meet him? A glad smile was on his dear face, and she would nestle very close at last.

Close, close, as she had never even allowed herself to fancy in the bad days that were past.

She stretched out her hands toward the vision, and the old woman caught them in her horny clasp.

"Poor lady, she's fainting! Bring water, water," quavered the kindly old voice; but Anne's eyes opened wide and gray upon her, and the slender hands wrenched themselves away with a violence their gentle owner had never been guilty of before.

The spell was broken, and for one moment, one lightning flash of consciousness, Anne realized all: she was dying. This was the moment foretold so long ago by the specialist's grave voice, and it found her—in no cool green solitude, with only the trees and the sky overhead, but in a stuffy draper's shop, with the shopmen star-

ing at her open-mouthed . . . and the motes dancing in the sunshine.

She reeled and fell, and her dying hand clutched the nearest object, the roll of ribbon : she lay her length upon the dusty floor, and yards upon yards of the gaudy blue ribbon coiled and settled upon her prostrate body and startled dead face.

It was only one more example of Fate's squalid ironies.

Late in the afternoon of the following day Paul and Effie stood together in the library at the Manor. His arms were round her, and her head rested on his shoulder. She had been crying, but her tears were dried now, and Paul's close clasp was very comforting.

"Poor, poor Anne," she murmured, sadly ; "I cannot bear to think of it, Paul. *Anne* to die in a vulgar little shop, with all the shopboys gaping at her ! Oh, it is *too* horrible," and her eyes brimmed over anew.

Heriot stooped and kissed each red-

dened eyelid, and his heart was very full of love as he did so. How wise he had been to find out, before it was too late, how sweet and good and true was the girl whom he now held in his arms.

Poor Anne Savile, hers was a sad fate, and a strangely reserved nature : it seemed to him almost unwomanly never to have confided her secret to any one. And yet she must have been ailing for long.

He gave an impatient sigh, and then began to stroke back the little soft curls from Effie's forehead.

The sun suddenly emerged from behind a cloud, and flooded the book-lined room with its golden evening light. Beyond the open window all looked green and refreshed after the storm and rain of yesterday ; now and again a sleepy thrush let fall a few clear liquid notes, and the clean scent of mignonette rose from the border just below the window.

"Don't cry, sweetheart," said Paul Heriot, softly.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

IMPRISONED SUNSHINE.

I HEAR the Sky a-weeping,
For he has lost the Sun.
To all the stars, the small ones,
He tells the mischief done.

My maiden holds the Sun-globe
Within her little hand,
Tied to a golden threadlet,
And to her service banned.

Imprisoned in a lantern
Wrought all of silver bright,
The Sun must for my maiden
Shine now throughout the night.

And through the world so proudly
I sing both loud and bold,
That mine own sweetest maiden
The Sun itself doth hold !

—*Nineteenth Century*.

AMONG THE BOERS.

BY E. H. S.

I.

NEVER, if I live to attain the age of Methuselah, shall I forget the feelings of dismay and dire foreboding which filled my mind upon the occasion of my introduction to the place which, for indefinite years, was to be my future home.

My husband, who had preceded me from England by some months, was already in possession of a large practice among the Boers of his district, having settled in a small village at the top of the colony, close to the borders of the Orange Free State, and I arrived in Cape Town about the middle of May—the commencement of the South African winter—to join him. The climate on the coast was as warm as the height of summer in England, and the sun shone brightly all day long. After about a week's pleasant stay in the town—spent mostly in exploring the many beauties of Table Mountain and the lovely surrounding suburbs—it became high time that my husband, who had come down to fetch me, should return to his work. We started, therefore, by the night mail, one Wednesday night, for the nearest point to our destination, and, as the village for which we were bound was five hours' drive from the nearest railway line, we had arranged that our Cape cart and horses should meet us at the nearest stopping-place, with an extra cart for luggage.

As our train slowly ascended the higher plateaux, which commence almost immediately the coast is left behind, the air, which before had been mild and balmy, became cold and raw, and rain fell incessantly.

In the upper part of the colony it had been raining already for some days, and the aspect of the sodden veldt, stretching away into the misty horizon, broken here and there by chains of low stony kopjes, was mournful in the extreme. The further away from the coast, the barer and more stony the country seemed to become.

Hour after hour passed away, with absolutely no change to be noted from the carriage windows; a deadly quiet brooded over the gray, barren plains, with, at long intervals, a dragged, disconsolate-looking ostrich stalking hungrily about, or a small, miserable mud cabin, tenanted by the owners of the "farm"—heaven save the mark!—through which we were then passing, as the only breaks in the awful monotony of the landscape.

Even the exuberant spirits possessed by the occupants of the train—boys just out from England, *en route* for Mashonaland, with elaborate outfits and wonderful guns, and the firm conviction of returning in a year or two with fortunes made (and what further can be necessary to make glad the heart of youth?)—even these were considerably damped in ardor as the dismally monotonous panorama glided slowly by. Quoth one youth, who had been a fellow-traveller with me from home, as he clambered along the foot-board of the carriages to enter another compartment of congenial souls, "I say, doesn't it look as if we were travelling through the mountains of the moon?"—a flight of imagination that my sentiments agreed with exactly.

The trains, at the time of which I write—now nearly five years ago—were so wearisomely slow that it was quite easy to walk from one carriage to another during a journey. There were no saloons running then, and the stopping-places—where small corrugated iron stations have since been built, in which there are lavatories, and where tea and coffee, of a sort, can be procured—were then simply distinguished by a board, with the name painted thereon, stuck up in a wilderness of veldt, and nothing else whatever.

At length, after a forty-eight hours' journey of cold and bodily discomfort, such as I hope sincerely I may never experience again, we arrived at our "nearest point." There was the usual board standing at the side of the rails, with a watering-tank for the engine

beside it, and a tiny tin shanty some yards away in the veldt, with a small dilapidated sign outside displaying the inscription "Cofe & tea."

The rain was still falling steadily from a leaden-gray sky; no cart was to be seen; desolation reigned supreme. However, out we had to get, and, with our bag and baggage, were deposited, a disconsolate heap, upon the sodden ground, there to await events with what fortitude we could muster.

As the train laboriously steamed away into the distance, leaving us the only human creatures in the weird and fast-darkening landscape, I felt as if the last link binding me to civilization had snapped, and that I had indeed arrived at the end of the world.

My meditations were soon interrupted, however, by the welcome sight of a dark spot on the horizon, which, in the course of time, resolved itself into the missing carts, both horses and vehicles a mass of mud, demonstrating forcibly the condition of the roads we had yet to traverse. We were packed away under the roomy tent—after some delay occasioned by resting and feeding the horses—and started on the remainder of our journey. After what appeared an interminable period of alternate outspans and slow progress over the heaviest roads imaginable, full of holes, and covered with water in some places, with huge boulders and rocks cropping up in others, over which I momentarily expected to be capsized, we arrived at the village which was to be my future home.

It consisted of a straggling collection of small, iron-roofed, whitewashed Boer houses, with a few young trees planted sparsely on either side of the broad muddy waste that did duty for the main road; a few—very few—tiny gardens were attached to some of the houses, but the majority of them were built side by side, with a small yard at the back, and a high stone stoep, more or less dilapidated, jutting on to the sea of mud that was termed a *strett*. A few stores were visible, with the tin billies for Kaffirs, and colored blankets dangling just within the small, stuffy interiors; and, towering over all, a huge, hideous, square brick building, fenced in upon a plot of ground, with

a bell beside it, hanging from a wooden framework, proclaimed itself the Dutch church.

From this dreary little cluster of habitations the flat veldt stretched away on every side to the horizon, the main street beginning and ending in one of the tracks to and from the village. A more depressing spot, viewed for the first time in the rain and the fast-falling twilight, it would be difficult to discover, and I must confess my heart sank very low when I reflected that this was the place in which my life, for an indefinite period, must be passed.

After a good night's rest, and the first shock of the village's appearance had been overcome, however, I began to settle down happily enough. The two Kafir servants that had been engaged for me were not free for about a week after our arrival, and, pending their appearance, we were obliged to board at the village hotel. I often used to smile to myself, and wonder what my people at home would have thought, if they could have seen me sitting in the frowsy little public dining-room, the solitary woman present—on one side of me the village carpenter, and opposite, the potboy of the bar, with one or two very dubious-looking commercial travellers, or unwashed Boers on their way from one place to another, as the sole remainder of the company.

Our house was one of the largest in the village, and I had it all to arrange and make as pretty as I could, for my own satisfaction if for no one else's. The storekeepers' wives took much surreptitious interest in my arrangements, and I soon saw barefaced imitations of my nice frilled muslin curtains and broad ribbon ties, that I had brought from home with me, on every side, they having ransacked their husbands' goods mercilessly for the purpose.

Some things, small in themselves, but very trying to my English notions, went much against the grain at first. To be expected, for instance, to cordially shake hands with the greasy little German Jew storekeepers behind their counters, and with the barman of the canteen, dignified though it was by the name of the "Royal Hotel,"

was, I must confess, a sore trial to my feelings; but the novelty wore off in time, and after a few months I took things of the sort as a matter of course.

Soon after my arrival, the vrouws of the numerous Boers owning the outlying farms in the district began to make visits of inspection to me and my belongings, and really became, for the time, the greatest trial of my existence. They would bear down upon my unfortunate house in twos or threes at a time, never singly, as most of the enjoyment they extracted from their investigations would have then been lost, for I was unable to speak or understand a word of Dutch, and they knew, or professed to know, no English. Their mode of procedure had very little variation, and was generally as follows. They would stalk slowly and solemnly in, and, being women of enormous bulk, carefully select the most fragile of the chairs in my little drawing-room upon which to deposit themselves. A long and awful pause would follow, during which they minutely and openly took stock of my personal appearance, dress and surroundings, freely commenting in Dutch to one another during the inspection. My husband, to whom, if in the house at the time, I used to rush to assist me in extricating myself from these fearsome experiences, would afterward enlighten me as to the tenor of their conversation, consisting generally, as I was by no means a fleshy individual, of remarks the reverse of complimentary, and expressive of the opinion that I must be very delicate, and would soon die, interlarded between badinage of a would-be lightsome nature, regarded as highly humorous among themselves, but which would certainly not bear translation from the original tongue to ears polite.

I was always careful to see that coffee was ready on these occasions, as not to have offered it would have been a grave breach of hospitality; and after drinking it, they would get up, and without apparently considering it necessary to ask permission, make a tour of the entire house, entering all the rooms, picking up and examining my silver toilet brushes, etc., with the most evident amazement, and finally, to my in-

tense relief, departing to the nearest Dutch house to relate all the extraordinary things they had seen.

I do not wish, however, to give the impression that all the Dutch are barbarians, for during my four years' residence up-country I met with one here and there that resembled a shining light among the others; but, according to my experience, the average Dutch woman is anything but a pleasing sample of her sex. In the first place, nearly all the Dutch are of extremely uncleanly habits, and this even among the well-to-do, for whom there is no excuse whatever, except that of inclination, which is perhaps rather an explanation than an excuse.

The unmarried girls of a farmer's family will each possess a loud and expensive dress, with an execrable hat *en suite*, probably made in Capetown, and costing nine or ten pounds; these will be donned once a week, when they come into the village nearest to their farm to church; but they never dream of changing any of their undergarments for weeks at a time, and very rarely take off their clothes at night, the dress and shoes being removed before lying down, and that is all.

There are no conveniences to be seen in their houses for washing, and if the subject was broached, they would probably tell you that if they took a bath they were sure it would give them a dangerous illness.

These habits and opinions naturally do not prepossess one in their favor, and when, in addition, some years of fairly close acquaintance with them open one's eyes to the unpleasant fact that both men and women, albeit outwardly devout, and most diligent churchgoers, are exceedingly untruthful and dishonest, it is scarcely unnatural to regard them collectively as a nation to which distance distinctly lends enchantment to the view.

Often have I missed trifling articles from my rooms after a visit from some well-to-do Dutch vrouw; and in the surgery all small articles of value were kept under lock and key. While I have been in a store, standing near the wife of a rich farmer, she has picked up my sunshade, unnoticed, as she imagined, by me, and concealed it be-

neath her cloak ; but the limits of my forbearance in that case had at last been reached, and a prompt restitution was demanded by me, being acceded to with a broad grin on the part of the delinquent, as if the incident had been rather amusing to her than otherwise.

Two dear old ladies, however, remain in my memory as a delightful contrast to all the others, for they were good-nature and true hospitality personified. They were sisters, married to two rich farmers of our district, men of a superior and better educated sort than the majority of their brethren. Many a basket of ripe figs or juicy peaches has Tant' Annie or Tant' Sannie sent me, in the glaring days of midsummer, when in the shadeless heat of the dusty village life seemed hardly worth the effort of living ; and many a delightful hour have I passed in the cool green of the orchard, with the little stream singing along the bottom of it, which was attached to Tant' Annie's homely and, marvellous to relate, fairly clean farmhouse. But both Tants lived some way from the village, much too far to walk, so that except on days, few and far between, when work was slack, and the cart was not required, I was not able to get there. One day I received an invitation from Tant' Annie to a dance, to be given that same evening in honor of a son's birthday. Of course we both accepted ; and as I wished to do justice to the festive scene, I attired myself in a pretty white gown for which I had considerable affection. My husband, having already been a participator in a similar dissipation, expressed misgivings as to whether I should appreciate the evening's amusement ; however, go we must or hurt Tant's feelings forever, so we started off to the farm in our Cape cart, arriving shortly after eight o'clock. We had been asked for half-past seven, but thought that hour a little early to commence, except for those determined to make a regular night of it.

As we approached the front door, the strident tones of an accordion and a banjo announced that the fun was already in full swing, and after alighting and ceremoniously shaking hands

with our beaming hostess, who was attired, by-the-by, in a fearful and wonderful garment of pale green nun's veiling with gold bead trimming, I entered the house, and a most unwonted spectacle it was that burst upon my gaze.

At one end of the long narrow dining room, which had been cleared of all furniture, sat two Kaffirs, both pounding out of the aforesaid instruments a dismal and monotonous chant, consisting of the two opening bars of a well-known polka, which they gave over and over again, with positively maddening reiteration. The mud floor even at this early stage of the proceedings was sending forth clouds of malodorous dust beneath the energetic feet of about ten couples of bouncing Dutch girls and young Boers. The dance being concluded—a matter of another twenty minutes or so—the panting performers retired to the stoep, or the neighboring “sit-kamer,” to refresh exhausted nature ; meanwhile the floor of the dancing-room was liberally watered, in order to thin the atmosphere a little. In the “sit-kamer”—i.e., the parlor of the house—refreshments were set forth, consisting of cookies of rather dubious appearance, unlimited coffee, and various sorts of konfyt in solid chunks, such as water-melon, whole oranges, etc., beautifully preserved, but which, as one was expected to demolish whole saucerfuls entirely alone, was a slightly cloying prospect. The men had drinks of an enlivening nature, such as *dop*, i.e., Cape brandy, provided for them *ad lib.*, and at a very early stage of the proceedings began to grow very hilarious indeed.

I pleaded a damaged foot as an apology for not joining in the mazy dance, for I could not summon up sufficient heroism to sacrifice my nice gown upon such an altar, and so stayed for a time sitting beside my hostess, watching the others. The men wore their Sunday black broadcloth attire ; the girls, cheap satin bodices in bright colors, and cashmere skirts of a different shade, the contrast being generally vivid enough to set one's teeth on edge. None of them could have been called pretty—dull, heavy features, and clumsy, badly formed figures being

characteristic of all. As the evening wore on, the heat, the stifling dust, the powerful odor of the unwashed, mingling with that of cheap scent, became more and more unbearable, and when we retired from the festive scene, on the plea of early visits to be paid to patients next morning, they were proceeding as vigorously as ever. I heard afterward that no one left before five next morning, and then it was the hostess who speeded the parting guest.

For some time after this unwonted burst of gayety things went on very quietly, until rumors began to circulate with regard to the approaching wedding of one of the belles of the district. This was the daughter of a Dutchman who kept a small hostelry in the village, a fair stout girl of about eighteen, but who looked twenty-five at the least. The prospective husband was a farmer of the district, well-to-do, and it was considered a very good match for the girl, consequently the preparations were to be on a grand scale, embracing a reception at the bride's house after the ceremony, and a dance in the evening.

The bride's mother, a day or two before the wedding, invaded my little drawing-room one morning as I sat sewing, and fixing me with a glassy eye, formally invited me to be present at the proceedings, also to come to the dance in the evening. I accepted meekly, firmly resolving on the spot that my share in the entertainment would stop short at the dance, the extra rejoicings incidental to the occasion prophesying to my imagination a decidedly lively night of it, particularly as I knew the bridegroom was going to provide free drinks all day at the bar of his father-in-law's house.

The eventful morning arrived, and as it was extremely hot, I evaded the ceremony at the church, contenting myself with putting on the brightest gown I possessed—which I knew would be regarded as a compliment—and when I saw the procession returning, proceeded to the hotel for the reception. This, I discovered, was a decidedly trying ordeal, demanding some nerve on the part of a novice. I found the bride and bridegroom sitting on a bench, side by side, at the end of a

room, which had been denuded of all furniture, with the exception of a row of chairs round the walls. Each guest walked in turn up the room until directly in front of the happy pair, who then rose up simultaneously, reminding me strongly at the moment of "Jack-in-the-box;" and solemnly shaking the hand of each in turn, the guest was supposed to deliver some felicitous remark suitable to the occasion; then he or she retired, and gravely taking a seat on one of the chairs round the room, watched the similar proceedings of the remainder of the company. The bride and bridegroom sat down again as each one finished his or her remarks, and the constant bobbing up and down nearly upset my gravity; but, thank goodness, not quite, or I should have covered myself in that solemn company with disgrace forever.

Having, in my turn, acquitted myself with as much *aplomb* as possible under the circumstances, I sat down to watch the others. The bride's dress was quite of the regulation order—white satin, veil, and wreath complete; her husband wore his Sunday best, and immense white cotton gloves, which apparently caused him much uneasiness of mind. After an interval of silence, it became apparent that all the guests had paid their *devoirs*, and then Cape sherry of a fiery nature, and a very slack-baked wedding-cake cut in small pieces, were handed round without a word being spoken. The proceeding then terminated by the happy pair getting up, making a grave and comprehensive bow to the assembled company, and retiring to the back of the house, whereupon we all dispersed to prepare for the dance and supper of the evening.

I took a surreptitious peep at the preparations for the feast, and feast it might well be called. Upon a long table was set forth turkeys, ducks, hams, half a fat lamb, a whole small pig, two enormous pies, which I discovered had been made in washing basins, tarts, cookies, and konfyt without end, and, between each plate, bottles of wine and brandy were put all down the table.

Until a very early hour next morn-

ing I heard, rising and falling on the light breeze of the night, the tum-tum of banjo and concertina, and occasional shouts and yells that gave evidence of the glorious time they were having.

I was told rapturously by one of my Kaffir maids, who had been borrowed to lend a hand at the festivities, that all the men were very drunk indeed, and altogether it was quite the grandest wedding she had seen.

After the unusually dissipated rejoicings of the entire village, a natural reaction followed, chiefly the result of an energetic and decidedly personal denunciation from the pulpit on the following Sabbath by the minister, who, I was informed, "went for" the principal participators in the revelry by night in the most impressive manner; repentance manifested itself in redoubled vigor of attendance at the numerous church meetings and services, and an extra lusty bawling of the dreary, interminable chants with which the proceedings on Sundays were enlivened.

If there is anything in the world calculated to give the finishing touch of misery to a depressed, nervous organization, and drive the unhappy listener to rid himself of this troublesome life, it is a residence in close proximity to a Dutch Reformed church. There is something inexpressibly mournful in the long, drawn-out dirges, pitched in a minor key, performed by the congregation in place of singing, and as the services generally commence at about nine in the morning, and continue till half-past twelve, with an equally lengthy programme both afternoon and evening, it can well be imagined that Sunday hardly comes under the definition of a day of rest, either to those who belong to the flock, or to those unfortunates who, although outside, are compelled to fly the village in search of peace and quietness.

I had many experiences of the curious customs of the Dutch when illness is in a house, for my husband would often take me for the sake of the drive to outlying farms, when he had been summoned to attend a case. If it was not very far, and the horses had not to be outspanned, I used at first to say I would prefer to remain outside in the

cart, instead of entering the small and stuffy rooms. I soon discovered, however, that this gave such dire offence that it was imperative I should go in (unless I wished to do the practice a serious amount of damage), and, what is more, pay a visit to the sick person—man, woman, or child—no matter from what they might be suffering.

It appears to be a point of etiquette with the less educated Dutch that friends and relations from far and near should, on the intimation of sickness in a household, flock to the bedside of the sufferer, and there remain, relieving each other in turn. I have seen ten or a dozen people, both men and women, packed in a stifling little pestiferous den, by courtesy termed a bedroom, all staring with eyes of stolid curiosity at the sick person, and beguiling the time by recounting to each other the various gruesome stories bearing upon similar cases with which their memories are so richly stored.

It is impossible to make them understand that fresh air and quiet are necessary. If they are driven out of the sick-room, they simply hang about until the doctor leaves, and then swoop down again like a flock of vultures. In many cases where it has been strictly forbidden by the doctor to admit more than the attendant person into the room, I have known them place a sentinel outside the door to give warning of his approach, and all bundle out until the coast was clear again. With such dense ignorance to battle against, it is no wonder that the profession of medicine at times appears a very disquieting one, as any doctor, no matter how earnestly he may endeavor to do his best for his patient, is very heavily handicapped in his struggles with disease and dirt.

There is a widely spread superstition among the Dutch that the hair and nails must on no account be cut during an illness, "because it is so weakening." The same idea applies to any form of ablutions. My husband once said something to a vrouw with regard to the advisability of giving her youthful family a bath, as the children, who were recovering from the measles, looked in a dreadfully dirty state. "Oh, doctor," said she in a horrified

tone of voice in Dutch, "I can't wash any of them yet; it's hardly a week since they got well from the measles." Upon being asked to explain further, she said that of course no one would dream of using any water until they were quite recovered from an illness, or they would catch cold and die from such a rash proceeding.

Surreptitious doses of favorite Dutch concoctions are frequently given to a patient, alternately with the doctor's medicine, often being the means of causing much deep cogitation and anxiety in the medico's mind with regard to the erratic temperature and singular symptoms of the unfortunate sufferer.

My husband was a very keen sportsman, and when work allowed a day off we used to go to farms some distance away for a little shooting. Wild duck, partridges, hares, korhaan, and a few other birds which I never discovered the proper names of, were, as a rule, to be found in abundance, and afforded a most enjoyable day's sport. It was at the farmhouse upon whose lands we happened to be, however, that our penance for the day's pleasure was exacted, as we were expected to swallow a villainous concoction, termed by courtesy coffee, before we were allowed to depart in peace, and this prospect, I confess, always clouded my horizon. The mixture the Dutch drink as coffee is partly composed of horse-beans and partly of chicory. I fail to believe, from personal experience, that any coffee can possibly enter into the compound at all. It stews all day on the top of the paraffin stove, and is constantly replenished from the kettle with hot water as it runs low. About four in the afternoon, therefore, the quality of the drink can better be imagined than described. It is further aggravated in its nastiness by being drunk without milk, and as sweet as treacle. My fondness for fruit, which I generally ate with satisfaction, considering that, at any rate, it was clean, received a severe shock upon perceiving my hostess on one occasion carefully wiping each luscious apricot, before offering me a plateful, with an absolutely filthy, greasy black cloth. This article, known as a *faddhuk*, hangs in every Boer's living-room, and

is used for all conceivable purposes, from dusting the furniture to wiping the noses of the younger members of the family. My appetite on this particular occasion, therefore, was not enhanced by its assiduous use upon my prospective dessert.

It must always be borne in mind, however, that the Boer, in offering one his hospitality, gives the best that lies in his power, and his views upon food and general cleanliness differ so widely from those of an English person that it is a practical impossibility for him to comprehend the repugnance the "uitlander" naturally feels at his mode of living. Remembering this, therefore, I always did my best to refrain from hurting my host or hostess's feelings by exhibiting any distaste to their little ways, and flatter myself I succeeded in my harmless deception fairly well, but with what violence to my martyred feelings I did it no one will ever know.

About twice a year a bazaar used to be got up by the members of the Dutch church, in aid of the funds, and marvellous entertainments they used to be. The main display upon the stalls was of eatables, and a kind of high tea was always provided in the evening at so much per head, furnished from the comestibles that remained unsold on the stalls during the day; konfyet and cookies were always much in evidence, and met with much appreciation at the hands of the high tea-ers. I used to make a point of going early in the morning, as soon as the bazaar opened, and buying some fowls or ducks ready for cooking, this being a safe purchase, allowing me to rise to what was expected of me at the same time. The fancy-work stalls were always a source of dreadful fascination to me, for such hideous bead mats, crude Berlin wool-work and paper flowers could surely nowhere else be seen gathered together in this century. These artistic trifles, however, were considered exceedingly "mooi" by the fat vrouws who came as purchasers, and rapidly disappeared to make eyesores in the various best parlors of the farms around for many a long day.

Some of the stories that I extracted from time to time during my visits to

the farm of a friendly old Boer, who spoke a little English, all about the dreadful and mysterious animals that live in the veldt and the Orange River, were most curious. Many of the Dutch have a firm belief in these mythical creatures, and so have the Kaffirs. One, known as the "Dassie Adder," is supposed to live in holes and under stones on the kopjes; it is half a dassie (rock rabbit) and half an adder, but I am unable to say which half is which, as my informant was never very explicit upon this important point. However that may be, it is a very terrible and ferocious animal indeed. The "hoop-snake" is another; this unpleasant animal, if its anger is aroused, places its tail in its mouth, and thus forming a hoop, rolls after its aggressor faster than a horse can gallop, so that there is not much chance of escape. When it catches the person up it unhoops itself and jumps up, biting the legs or feet, after which death is certain, and that speedily. Another creature is a large black spider, as big as the palm of the hand, which lives in holes in the veldt. This, if its path is crossed, will commence to run in large circles round the intruder, gradually coming closer and closer until it arrives near enough to bite, which it promptly does, death being the inevitable result. Curiously enough, soon after I had heard these gruesome anecdotes of natural history, I was out shooting in the veldt near the Orange River with my husband, and having dismounted to give the horses a rest, I walked some way along the stony ground; suddenly, among the scrubby little bushes, on a patch of bare earth, I saw a black spider—not very large, I allow, but about the size of an ordinary big garden spider in England—distinctly running round and round in complete circles about three feet across; that was quite enough for me. I immediately thought it must be a junior member of the family, doubtless mamma and papa being not far off, and I am ashamed to say I scampered away for dear life, holding up my habit skirts in a manner that I afterward felt thankful there was no member of polite society present to criticise.

There are some wonderful insects to

be found in that part of the country; enormous hairy spiders—tarantulas, I believe—are to be seen in numbers on the sandy margins of the river. Their bite is very severe, and when taking a rest on the ground they are things for which it is wise to keep a sharp lookout. Huge crickets live in the willow trees and make a humming noise so loud that one can hear them a long way off. Little tortoises also are there in any quantity, and now and then a bird with brilliant plumage will flash among the tree branches that overhang the water's edge.

The thick bush grows only on the steep, high banks of the river; beyond that the bare veldt immediately commences again, and the sharp contrast of the luxuriant woods for a hundred yards or so, and then the arid, desolate-looking plains directly encircling them, gives the country a very singular aspect.

There is another superstition among the Dutch that in the Orange River there lives an enormous serpent large enough to swallow an ox. A story is told among the farmers that some young Boers one day saw it sunning itself upon a sand-bank, half in and half out of the water, but it was so enormous that they were afraid to tackle it by themselves, and went back to get more men and guns; when they returned with reinforcements, however, it had disappeared, but the marks were still upon the sand where it had lain, "as if two oxen had been there, one behind the other."

On another occasion a farmer was obliged to ford the river shortly after dusk with a drove of cattle, but for a reason he could not discover the oxen for a long time refused to enter the water; at last, with a great amount of trouble, he succeeded in driving them in, and was crossing behind them on his horse, when he suddenly felt a heavy thick body graze his leg, and continue slipping past him still touching for so long time that he felt certain it must have been at least fifty feet long. The oxen made a terrible commotion in front of him, and scrambled out of the river as fast as they could, and, on counting them over, he found one of them missing. He then

knew he had encountered the dreaded snake of the river, and that the ox had been carried off by it. This remarkable tale, which I have repeated as nearly as possible as it was told to me, was related by the sister of the man to whom it happened; she evidently was perfectly convinced of its veracity, and declared she had herself seen the marks on the sand the creature made when it came out of the water to sun itself. The farm on which these people lived was bounded on one side by the river banks, so they had ample opportunities to watch for its appearance.

There is a large yellow snake, marked with black, that always makes its home near water. My farmer friend assured me that this particular sort of snake

would come after any one if disturbed, and that he himself had been chased from the orchard right up to the house door by one of them, and also the Kaffir boys working in the garden were often terrified in the same way.

It can be imagined after this that I kept a very wary eye upon the long grass in the said orchard whenever I went within its precincts, but was fortunate enough never to encounter the much-dreaded reptile. In after days I often wondered whether it was not a subtle ruse on the old gentleman's part to restrain me from making too disastrous inroads upon the tempting contents of his fruit garden. *Quien sabe?*
—*Temple Bar.*

DOES AMERICA HATE ENGLAND?

BY ANDREW CARNEGIE.

THIS question has been much discussed of late in Britain; and the answer has generally been given in the affirmative; even the *Spectator*, a powerful and true friend of the Republic, has been reluctantly driven to that side.

But the correct answer to this inquiry depends upon what is meant by hatred, for this may be of two kinds—one deep, permanent, generally racial, which creates hereditary antipathy and renders the parties natural enemies; the other only temporary and skin-deep; indignation and resentment aroused by specific questions which pass with their settlement, leaving no serious estrangement behind.

That several causes exist, which must always create more or less irritation in the United States against Great Britain, is obvious. The Canadian question must always do so. Imagine Scotland Republican, owing allegiance to the United States, and constantly proclaiming its readiness to attack Britain at their bidding. The industrial question also has its effect. A score of articles "made in Germany" are causing irritation in England. What can a thousand articles "made in England" be expected to do in the

United States? Industrial competitors, and the workmen employed by them, are very sensitive and easily irritated; and in our day, when every nation of the front rank aspires to manufacture and produce for its own wants, "Foreign Commerce" and "Free Trade" do not always make for peace and goodwill among nations, but the contrary. Nations are disposed to resent industrial invasion, Free-Trade Britain not less than Protective Germany.

But deeper than these causes of irritation there does lie at the core of the national heart of the Republic a strong and ineradicable stratum of genuine respect, admiration, and affection for the old home. The pride of race is always there at the bottom—latent, indeed, in quiet times, but decisively shown in supreme moments when stirred by great issues which affect the safety of the old home and involve the race. The strongest sentiment in man, the real motive which at the crisis determines his action in international affairs, is racial. Upon this tree grow the one language, one religion, one literature, and one law which bind men together and make them brothers in time of need as against men of other

races. This racial sentiment goes deeper and reaches higher than questions of mere pecuniary import, or of material interests. The most recent proof that this pride of race exists in America in an intense degree was given, even at the very height of the Venezuelan dispute, when it was suspected that a combination of European Powers was behind Germany's action in regard to the Transvaal, which had for its aim the humiliation and ruin of Britain, and was taking advantage of the family quarrel to begin the partition of the possessions of the only other member of our race. When the plucky little island took up the challenge and prepared without a moment's hesitation to meet the world in arms, the American continent, from Maine to California, might be said to have burst forth in one wild cheer, a cheer which meant more than prosaic people will believe, and more, perhaps, than even the American knew who could not help the uncontrollable outburst; nor can one tell how far this impulse, which he could not check, would lead him when once in full swing. Senator Wolcott only expressed in the Senate what the outside millions felt; the average American just said to himself, "This is our own race, this is what *we* do; this is how *we* do it; of course we have some difference of our own with her, and we do not intend to let even our Motherland light the torch of war upon our continent; she must arbitrate all questions concerning territory here—but this is a little family matter between ourselves. It does not mean that German, Russian, and Frenchman, or any foreigners, may combine to attack our race to its destruction, without counting us in. No, sir-ee."

No combination of other races is likely to estimate at a tithe of its true value the strength of this sentiment throughout our race, or correctly gauge how very much thicker than water our race blood will be found if it is ever brought to the test.

The message which President McKinley sent to Queen Victoria at her Jubilee was another evidence of race pride, and was no mere formal effusion. More men in the United Kingdom than in the United States would

hesitate to compliment and praise her Majesty and sing "God Save the Queen" with enthusiasm. She is universally recognized there as the truest of the true friends of the Republic, for she stood a friend when a friend was needed.

It is strange that such evidences of race unity at bottom, and of genuine, cordial friendship, should not outweigh some alleged lack of courtesy of expression in a message written by a President to his own Congress or by a Secretary of State to his own Minister. Yet the *Spectator* concludes that Americans hate England, and this opinion it bases upon such trifles as these.

Much stress has been laid in the discussion upon American schoolbooks reciting the facts of American history; this is held to make every American boy and girl a hater of England. This is undoubtedly true; and the pity of it is that there is no possible escape, for American history begins with the revolt of the colonies and their struggle for the rights of Britons. The Republic has never had a dangerous foe except Britain, for the short campaign against Mexico made no lasting impression upon the nation. It is impossible to do otherwise than state the facts as they occurred; and even if there were added the further facts that some of the greatest and best of British statesmen opposed the attempt to tax the colonies even at that early day, and that now the kindness and consideration with which Britain reigns over her colonies gives an example to the whole world, these things would make no impression upon children. The young American must begin in our day as an intense hater of England; and this we must accept: generations will elapse before it can be greatly modified. On the other hand, it is impossible for any American to acquire further and more detailed knowledge of the struggle for independence, of the later treatment of her colonies by Britain, and of British history and the part his race has played in the Old World without becoming her admirer; and should he have British blood in his veins—which most Americans can boast—without being very proud of his race. It is upon this foundation that we have to

build our hopes of closer union between the old and the new lands. Englishmen and Hessians fighting Washington must give place in the minds of the young, as they grow older, to other pictures in which Britain and America are seen standing side by side, the two great pillars of civil and religious liberty throughout the world, and the sole members of our race. Later must come the knowledge of Shakespeare, Milton, Burns, and Scott; then the political history of England, Cromwell, Sydney, Russell, Hampden, Chatham, Burke, and the many others, until the young American learns that from Britain he has derived, not only his language, but his laws, religion, and even his free institutions; and that the political institutions of the two countries are similar—one crowned, the other uncrowned—yet both Republican, since in both there is government of the people for the people and by the people, which is the essence of Republicanism. This is the chief point which influences the ardent young politician, and gives the old land at last a warm place in the heart of young America. From this time on, the race sentiment grows stronger and stronger in his heart as knowledge increases.

How different with the young Canadian and Australian, who learn with their first lessons that the rights of Britons have never been denied them, and find in Britain the most generous, most illustrious, and kindest of mothers, whom they reverence and love from the beginning. Such the opposite results of tender and proper regard for colonies and dependencies and of denial to them of the rights and liberties enjoyed at home.

Whether at this day seeds of future hatred or affection are being sown in the hearts of the millions to come in various parts of the world, should be the vital question for statesmen engaged in Empire-building. What an expanding nation would here do "highly, that should she holily," for assuredly Empire founded upon violent conquest, conspiracy, or oppression, or upon any foundation other than the sincere affection of the people embraced, can neither endure nor add to the power or glory of the conqueror,

but prove a source of continual and increasing weakness and of shame.

While, in the opinion of the writer, there is no deep-seated, bitter national hatred in the United States against Britain, there is no question but there has been recently a wave of resentment and indignation at her conduct. This has sprung from two questions:

First, Ambassador Pauncefote and Secretary of State Blaine, years ago, agreed upon a settlement of the Behring Sea question, and Lord Salisbury telegraphed his congratulations, through Sir Julian Pauncefote, to Mr. Blaine. The two nations were jointly to police the seas and stop the barbarous destruction of the female seals. Canada appeared at Washington and demanded to see the President of the United States upon the subject. Audience was denied to the presumptuous colony; nevertheless, her action forced Lord Salisbury to disavow the treaty. No confidence here is violated, as President Harrison referred to the subject in a message to Congress. Britain was informed that if she presumed to make treaties in which Canada was interested without her consent, she would not have Canada very long. It will be remembered that Canada took precisely the same position in regard to international copyright. It is this long-desired treaty-making power which Canada has recently acquired for herself, at least as far as concerns fiscal policy, so that she need no longer even consult her suzerain. She can now appear at Washington and insist upon being received when new tariff measures are desired, having suddenly become a "free nation," according to her Prime Minister. There are surprises in store here for the indulgent mother.

The repudiation of the Behring Sea settlement aroused a deep feeling of resentment, not only among the uninformed, but among the educated class of Americans, who were and are Britain's best friends; and this has been greatly embittered by charges, commonly made in British publications, that the United States has failed to adhere to the findings of the Behring Sea tribunal. Nothing could be more baseless than such a charge. The tri-

bunal decided that the United States were liable for certain vessels seized which carried the British flag, and payment was directed to be made, either of a stated sum by mutual agreement, or, failing this, of damages to be assessed by a Commission. The United States Secretary of State agreed to a fixed sum with Ambassador Pouncefote, "subject to an appropriation by Congress"—those are the very words of the agreement. When the Bill was presented in Congress for an appropriation, the ex chairman of the Committee of Foreign Relations, Mr. Hitt, rose and stated that it had been discovered that the fishing-boats in question were really owned, to a great extent, by naturalized Americans. Evidence had been found that a blacksmith in San Francisco, a British subject, had been paid \$100 to take title to these boats, so that the British flag could be prostituted to cover the killing of the female seals, which was unlawful under American law. Only about one-fifth of the amount claimed was due to Canadians, the remainder of the claim belonged to naturalized Americans, who had broken American laws by engaging in this nefarious and unlawful traffic. Mr. Hitt asked that the right of the Government, under the award, to have these claims examined by a Commission, be exercised. Congress agreed to this, and the Commission was promptly appointed and ratified by the Senate unanimously. It is now sitting, and the result, we venture to prophesy, will vindicate the contention of the United States Government—viz., that a fraud has been attempted. Yet many British papers at intervals have repeated the charge that the United States Government has been false to its obligations under the Behring Sea award. Charges of national dishonor—and such a charge involves this—always cause intense bitterness. Writers who make them falsely, as in this case, have much to answer for.

Much offence has been taken in Britain at Secretary Sherman's recent message about the destruction of the seals. It is said that he has not observed the usual diplomatic reserve and courtesy. Granted; but had he not some excuse for plain speaking? It is stated that

before Mr. Sherman's letter was written—to his own Minister, be it remembered, not to the British Government—Lord Salisbury had already refused a conference on the subject. After that letter, Lord Salisbury thought better of it, and agrees to the conference, which is to meet immediately in Washington. How this matter is viewed in America is shown by the following cable from Washington in to-day's (Sept. 20) newspapers:

"The officials of the State Department are not disposed to comment upon the correspondence which has been published relating to the fur seal question between Great Britain and the United States. They say, however, that it shows that the object sought by the Government of the United States for the past three years has been attained by the agreement of Great Britain to participate in a conference to be held in October. They point out that the refusal of the British Government heretofore to consent to such a conference led to the transmission to Mr. Hay, United States Ambassador in London, of Mr. Sherman's note of May 10, which was followed by Lord Salisbury's reply agreeing to hold a conference."

The whole Behring Sea business has been mismanaged by Britain—as is believed contrary to her real wishes—simply because she could not govern her colony; the colony has governed her, as she will under Sir Wilfrid Laurier and his successors hereafter, as time will show.

The second cause of the bitter hostility which has been aroused recently against Britain is her conduct upon the Venezuela question. Let us look at the facts in this case. For many years the United States Government urges upon Great Britain in the most courteous manner that the territorial dispute with Venezuela, her small Republican neighbor, should be settled amicably by arbitration. The sixteen American Republics having agreed to settle their disputes by arbitration, it is hoped that Britain will not attempt to light the torch of war upon the American continent. Mr. Gladstone's administration, through Earl Granville, Foreign Minister, agree to arbitrate. Lord Salisbury enters upon office, and immediately withdraws from the agreement and refuses to arbitrate. Repeated requests from the United States are made without result. Final-

ly, President Cleveland appears upon the scene. Now President Cleveland has one great wish—namely, to bring about a treaty of arbitration between Great Britain and the United States. It was my privilege to introduce the first Parliamentary Committee that approached him upon the subject. The interest he took in it was surprising, and his intimate friends well know that the consummation of the treaty of peace lies nearest his heart of all public questions. He is, beyond all things, a believer in the peaceful arbitration of international disputes.

He asks Britain for a final reply. Will she, or will she not, arbitrate this territorial dispute with Venezuela? Upon his return to Washington one evening from a journey, he reads the refusal of Lord Salisbury, and writes his message before he retires for the night. It gives great offence in Britain, but this is because the British people do not know that for fifteen years the United States Government has been begging Great Britain to arbitrate this question, and that Britain has agreed to do so. The message is not addressed to the British Government but to the American Congress, and the President concludes by stating in effect that it will be the duty of the United States Government to protect Venezuela should Britain presume to enforce her own views of her territorial rights.

There is no question but that the United States would have fought, or will to-day fight, any nation—even Britain—in defence of the principle of peaceful arbitration upon questions relating to the territorial rights of foreign Powers upon the American continent. Sixteen of the seventeen American Republics have agreed to arbitrate their differences, and why should a European Power be permitted to make war on that Continent thus dedicated to arbitration? Nations have their red rags. Every one knows that Great Britain would fight in defence of her right of asylum. Every one knows that she would defend her colonies to the extent of her power. There should be no mistake made by the British people upon this point, that the United States will not permit any European nation to attack an

American State in consequence of a territorial dispute. These claims are to be settled by peaceful arbitration.

It is not alone the uninformed masses of the American people, whose passions would be inflamed in support of war in defence of this principle, but the educated classes, who will be found most determined in its defence; and it is upon these educated classes, for reasons stated, that Britain must depend for friends, because it is with education alone that there can come a just estimate of the past, and a knowledge of the position which the British people hold to-day in regard to colonial liberties and to international arbitration. It is deeply to be regretted that, although public sentiment in Britain forced Lord Salisbury to accept peaceful arbitration, as requested by the United States Government, nevertheless the majority of the American people cannot be successfully reached and impressed with that fact. The educated people, who follow foreign affairs, do know and appreciate that the best people in America had with them the best people in Great Britain in favor of settlement by arbitration, but to the masses it must unfortunately appear that Britain refused arbitration until forced to accept it by the United States. The truth, however, fortunately for our race, is that Lord Salisbury was forced by his own people to recede from his position. The questions which Britons might ask themselves, when seeking for some explanation of the hatred aroused in the United States recently against their country, seem to be these: Does not a nation deserve to be hated which refuses to fulfil its agreement to arbitrate a territorial dispute with a weak power? Is not irritation justified against a nation which, having agreed to a treaty settling seal fisheries, repudiates it at the dictation of a colony, with which the other contracting party has nothing whatever to do?

These are the only two questions which have recently aroused the United States against Britain. In that of Venezuela, we have seen that the unfortunate hatred engendered was wholly unnecessary and caused solely by Lord Salisbury refusing to carry out the

agreement of his predecessor. Arbitration asked for by the United States has now been agreed to, and the question will soon be out of the way, and let us hope soon forgotten, although the triumph of the principle of peaceful arbitration in this case should ever be remembered.

The other question, that of pelagic sealing, is now to be in conference again, as before asked for by the United States, but also refused by Lord Salisbury—at first—and in a fair way toward settlement; and let us hope it is soon also to be forgotten, always excepting that in this case also the principle of peaceful arbitration was invoked and peace preserved through the Behring Sea tribunal, even after the treaty agreed to was cancelled upon Canada's demand.

With the removal of these two causes of hatred there remains not a serious cloud upon the horizon between the two branches of our race at present. The proposed general treaty of arbitration is again to be taken up under happier conditions. It is greatly to Lord Salisbury's credit that he proposed it; and in recognition of this service to the cause of peace and goodwill between the two nations, Americans are disposed to forgive and forget his unfortunate refusal to abide by the agreement of his country to arbitrate the Venezuelan question. As for the denunciation of the Behring Sea Treaty, which had been agreed upon with Secretary Blaine, no one conversant with the circumstances holds him responsible. He could not have successfully withstood Canada, and there was nothing for him to do but to repudiate.

The treaty, which failed of ratification, obtained, let it always be remembered, within six votes of the necessary two-thirds majority of the Senate. A greater number than these six votes was thrown against it, for reasons with which the treaty itself had nothing whatever to do. Into the personal and political history, however, of the opposition to the treaty, which President

McKinley declared it was our duty to pass, it would be unprofitable to enter. It is impossible to obtain a two-thirds majority for any measure which becomes involved in the vortex of party politics and personal quarrels. A treaty of peace between the two branches of our race is certain to come. The pulpit, the press, the universities of the United States are its ardent supporters, President McKinley and his Cabinet being among the foremost. No other question before the nation enlists such general enlightened support from the best men of both parties. There is, therefore, no reason in the world why the two nations should not now again draw closer and closer together. On both sides of the Atlantic each should be careful hereafter to give to the other no just cause of offence, and it may be taken as true that, Briton and American being of the same race, what would be offensive to the one would be equally so to the other.

Both Briton and American can dwell with the greatest satisfaction upon this fact, which recent events have conclusively proven, that there is in each country so powerful an element favoring peace within the race, that no Government, however strong, either in the old land or in the new, can decline peaceful arbitration, when offered by the other, as the Christian substitute for the brutal test of war. No small compensation this, even for the estrangement which has arisen over two questions, but which is now rapidly passing away, leaving fortunately unimpaired in the Republic that element which may be trusted to determine international action in a crisis—pride of race—a force lying too deep in the national heart to be revealed under calm seas, but which, under the recent swing of the tempest, bared its great head high enough above the surge to be seen and noted of all men—a dangerous rock upon a fatal shore, for other races in combination, to strike against—if ever they attempt to sail that unsailed sea. —*Contemporary Review.*

MATTHEW ARNOLD AS SEEN THROUGH HIS LETTERS.

BY CHARLES FISHER.

THE well-known saying of Goethe, that his works formed part of the grand confession of his life, was one which Matthew Arnold would have heartily endorsed in the case of his own poems and prose essays. It was through his writings alone that he wished all biographical hints to be made accessible to the great reading public, and so left it on record that no life of him should be written. And yet, in reading the works of a favorite author, we wish at times to have some more commonplace account of his everyday life and character with which to compare the ideal biography of him which has been insensibly forming itself in our minds. His works, especially his poetry—if he be a poet—are the outcome of some rare moments of spiritual insight; of some mood of suspense, or joy, or sorrow; of some delicate handling of a pressing intellectual problem; and our indebtedness to them for the furtherance of our deepest and truest life only serves to increase the personal interest felt for the author, and makes us wish for a more detailed account of his life than those indirect hints which his literary productions can suggest. And of such an account, in spite of the fact that no regular biography is to be written, we are not deprived in the case of Matthew Arnold, whose letters, published in two volumes, exhibit the writer in an admirable light as a most devoted son and brother, husband and father, and a perfectly charming friend to those whose correspondence with him has found a place in these volumes.

Altogether, and read in conjunction with his published works, they supply biographical matter of the highest importance, and thus lessen our regret at his strict injunctions against a written life.

One main source of the charm experienced in reading these letters is the perfect frankness and naturalness with which everything is set down. As they were never composed with an eye to future publication, there is a complete absence of all posing, and addressed, as

the majority of them are, to members of his own domestic circle and family relations, they contain what is uppermost in the writer's mind at the moment: matters relating to school inspection and educational reform, the preparation of an Oxford lecture, the issue of a new volume of poems, the criticisms—favorable or adverse—passed by friends and current journalism upon his writings.

The aspects of Nature, too, which his periodical rounds of school inspection in different countries, or on the Continent, enabled him to observe are lovingly recorded; and his life-long devotion to fishing, by rendering him keenly sensible to the prevalence of east winds, and the wetness or dryness of the seasons, imparts a freshness to that much-worn topic of epistolary news—the state of the weather—which he is often careful to mention. Then, too, his love for the things that are more excellent in Life, in Literature, and in Society, his patience, his cheerful acquiescence in the routine of official drudgery, his unselfish care for others, his playfulness and tenderness toward children, his fondness for dumb animals—all these traits in his character, clearly revealed as some are in his poetry, gain an additional lustre when displayed in that everyday setting of ordinary affairs, of which these letters, dating from the year 1848 to the year 1888, form an uninterrupted chronicle.

It is evident then from what has been said thus far that these letters can give us exactly that sort of information necessary to confirm, if at times also to correct and supplement, the ideal biography of Matthew Arnold which we had formed for ourselves from the study of his poems and prose essays. With this object in view, it will be best to collect from the abundant material at our disposal in these letters such passages as have a bearing upon the multifarious occupations of his busy life—his work as a school inspector, his more congenial literary labors as poet and critic, and his hours of re-

laxation in the society of his family and much-loved and sympathizing friends—in order that a portrait of the real man may outline itself in our minds.

The most interesting letters, on the whole, are those to his mother, of whom he justly said: "She had a clearness and fairness of mind, an interest in things, and a power of appreciating what might not be in her own line, which were very remarkable and which remained with her to the very end of her life." The first letter in the collection, dated January 2, 1848, is addressed to her, and until her death, at the age of eighty-two, in the autumn of 1873, there is a constant interchange of letters between them. There was no concealment on his part of the modification which his own views underwent in matters of gravest import as the result of his constant endeavor to turn "a stream of fresh and free thought and feeling upon our stock notions and habits," and that in his mother he always found a sympathetic, if not a convinced, reader, is shown by his own words about her letter to him on the publication of what to many religious souls was a very disturbing book—"Literature and Dogma." "It was a wonderful letter. I can think of no woman in the prime of life, brought up as my mother was, and with my mother's sincere personal convictions, who could have written it; and in a woman past eighty it was astonishing."

Very interesting are those letters—and they are fairly numerous—in which Matthew Arnold alludes to what the work-a-day world would call the main business of his life—his duties as an inspector of schools—though he himself was conscious that his true vocation lay elsewhere. "Yet, after all," he says in one of his letters, "it is absurd that all the best of my days should be taken up with matters which thousands of other people could do just as well as I, and that what I have a special turn for doing I should have no time for."

But in the higher departments—in all that related to the theory and principles of education—he took the warmest interest. Letter after letter proves what care he bestowed on the drawing up of his reports, and how constantly

they formed the subject of his anxious thought. He was always foremost in pressing upon the Education Office the need of reforms, and it was a vigorous article of his in *Fraser's Magazine* that occasioned the discomfiture of the late Lord Sherbrooke and his Revised Code. It is pleasant after all this to come upon the following sentences in a letter to his mother bearing upon his educational work: "Altogether I am in request just now, for I am being taken into their secrets, *very confidentially*, by three different centres of educational power at once. I think and hope I have been of some use; I do not mean to them, but to the cause. These confidences come when I can truly say that I do not wish to turn them to my own private account, or to use them to trip anybody up, but I do not even care whether they come or not. If I am wanted in the work, my influence is sure to come to tell upon it somehow, and if it does not come to tell upon it, it is because the work can go right without me." Even what was most peculiarly distasteful to him in his official work—the perpetual looking over examination papers—merely finds expression as it were, *passim*, and with a kind of playful humor, in occasional letters. But the humor has an element of tragic pathos in it when we read of him sitting up by the bedside of his dying child until four o'clock in the morning and correcting papers all the while. Really, when we come across a statement to the effect that for two or three official years the average number of papers to look over was fifty or sixty a day, or the mention, on one occasion, of a consignment of seven hundred closely written grammar papers to correct, we can only admire the unflinching good-humor with which he harnessed his Pegasus, and kept him down on his mundane course, when he might have soared with him into the higher realms of thought and feeling to which the natural bent of his genius inclined him. But his duty was plain, and he never wavered. The words which he wrote his wife just after he had been appointed an Inspector of Schools in 1851, at the age of twenty-nine, indicate the spirit in which he undertook his work, which inevitably brings in the long run

that sort of appreciation alluded to in the letter quoted above: "I think I shall get interested in the schools after a little time; their effects on the children are so immense, and their future effects in civilizing the next generation of the lower classes, who, as things are going, will have most of the political power of the country in their hands, may be so important."

Lovers of good poetry will eagerly turn to these letters to discover how it was that so exquisite a poet, who has interpreted for them certain phases of modern thought and feeling as no other great contemporary writer has succeeded in doing, discarded the art in which he had produced such remarkable work, and devoted himself to prose essays and political pamphlets. Nor will they be disappointed; for in a letter dated August 6, 1848, after a passing reference to some favorable reviews on his tragedy "Merope," an instructive passage follows, containing a tolerably clear hint of the reasons which induced him to give up writing poetry: "Indeed, if the opinion of the general public about my poems were the same as that of the leading literary men, I should make more money by them than I do. But more than this, I should gain the stimulus necessary to enable me to produce my best—all that I have in me, whatever that may be—to produce which is no light matter with an existence so hampered as mine is. People do not understand what a temptation there is, if you cannot bear anything not *very good*, to transfer your operations to a region where form is everything. Perfection of a certain kind may there be attained, or at least approached, without knocking yourself to pieces; but to attain or approach perfection in the region of thought and feeling, and to unite this with perfection of form, demands not merely an effort and a labor, but an actual tearing of one's self to pieces, which one does not readily consent to (although one is sometimes forced to it) unless one can devote one's whole life to poetry."

That he himself regretted the absorption of his powers in the ordinary routine work of inspection, and in the various critical writings which the state of the intellectual and social condition

of his countrymen induced him to issue from time to time, is clear from a passage in a letter to his mother, dated August 15, 1861, when he was in his thirty-ninth year: "I must finish off for the present my critical writings between this and forty, and give the next ten years earnestly to poetry. It is my last chance. It is not a bad ten years of one's life for poetry, if one resolutely uses it, but it is a time in which, if one does not use it, one dries up and becomes prosaic altogether." Nearly three years later, writing to Sir M. E. Grant Duff, he says: "One is from time to time seized and irresistibly carried away by a temptation to treat political, or religious, or social matters directly; but after yielding to such a temptation I always find myself recoiling again, and disposed to touch them only so far as they can be touched through poetry."

But as years went on the temptation to treat these matters *directly* proved too strong for him, and his "Criticism of Life" more and more took the form of the prose essay and pamphlet, his fondness for the latter as a vehicle of opinion being attributed by him to inherited tendencies from his father, of whom he writes:

"Whatever talent I have in this direction I certainly inherit from him. for his pamphleteering talent was one of his very strongest and most pronounced literary sides, if he had been in the way of developing it. It is the one literary side on which I feel myself in close contact with him, and that is a great pleasure."

Nevertheless, there is a remarkable passage in a letter to his mother, dated June 5, 1869, showing what importance he himself attached to the "Criticism of Life" embodied in his poetry. The case for himself is put pretty strongly, and may cause considerable demurrings on the part of the unconvinced—that is, those who are not prepared to assign Matthew Arnold a very high place among the representative Victorian poets. But to the already convinced, who will bear in mind some pregnant observations at the beginning of his lecture on "Heinrich Heine," about distinguishing the *master-current* in literature, which illustrate the particular

passage referred to in this letter, the words will not savor of self-complacency, being, as they feel them, the utterances of one who had an honest conviction that the special gifts with which he was endowed fitted him to produce an effect in this line of literature. The passage reads thus: "My poems represent, on the whole, the main movement of mind of the last quarter of a century, and thus they will probably have their day as people become conscious to themselves of what that movement of mind is, and interested in the literary productions which reflect it. It might be fairly urged that I have less poetical sentiment than Tennyson, and less intellectual vigor and abundance than Browning; yet because I have perhaps more of a fusion of the two than either of them, and have more regularly applied that fusion to the main line of modern development, I am likely enough to have my turn, as they have had theirs."

His mother and sisters seem to have been his best friends in what he calls "the early and needy days," of his poetry, and so whenever any favorable notice appeared in the reviews, or any distinguished literary person expressed the pleasure and profit he or she had derived from reading them, mention is always made of it in the next letter to the Westmoreland home, with the perfect frankness which such dear and intimate relationships admit of, and yet with no suspicion of conscious self-laudation. Thus, in a letter to his mother (May, 1853), he mentions the saying of Lord John Russell that "In his opinion Matthew Arnold was the one rising young poet of the present day;" and in a letter to his sister, in February, 1876, he alludes to the opinion of George Eliot, who says: "That of all modern poetry mine is that which keeps constantly growing upon her;" and again, in the June of the same year, writing to this correspondent, he speaks of the following warm encomium upon his poetry: "I am going to dine with the Bishop of Derry on the 3d of July. I could not refuse a man who told me that my poems were the centre of his mental life, and that he had read many of them hundreds of times."

Nor were humbler admirers wanting

who ventured to write and thank him for intellectual and spiritual benefits no less sincerely felt, as in the case of a young man in America, too poor to buy books, who wrote to him a letter of thanks on behalf of himself and a friend, to whom, in his last illness, he had read from a newspaper his poem entitled "A Wish."

But what gave Matthew Arnold especial satisfaction was the appreciation felt for him by distinguished French critics, such as Sainte-Beuve, Scherer, Renan, and George Sand, the latter of whom said once to Renan about him that "Je lui faisais l'effet d'un Milton jeune et voyageant." Some very interesting facts are related about the composition of "Thyrsis," which he was meditating two years, and made several excursions to the Cumnor country in the vicinity of Oxford, for the purpose of reviving the early impressions of that quiet upland district, with which he wished to connect the memory of Arthur Hugh Clough. Of "Thyrsis," when it was published in *Macmillan's Magazine*, he wrote to his mother: "It is probably too quiet a poem for the general taste, but I think it will stand wear." Numerous as are the references to his poetry, the allusions to his prose writings are more frequent still. Most, if not all, of the famous "Essays in Criticism," the essays "On Translating Homer," and those "On the Study of Celtic Literature," were originally delivered as lectures in Oxford during his tenure of the Professorial Chair of Poetry, and references to their composition, the date of their delivery, the manner of their reception, and the name of the magazine in which they subsequently appeared, occur again and again in these letters. When he entered the arena of political, social, and religious discussion, and raised a storm of controversy, he vindicated the turning of his powers in this direction on the ground that he was carrying out the work of his father, Dr. Arnold, of Rugby—in spirit, that is, and making allowance for the changed times and different modes of thought.

That Matthew Arnold had a deep sense of the abiding spiritual presence of his father, as a power at work in the world, is evidenced by the delight with

which he traces its influences in the lives and works of men, both in England and America—in the sermons of men like Dean Stanley and Robertson of Brighton—and its far-reaching effects upon the people of New England in the United States. In his letters to his mother and sisters every notice of his father met with in books and reviews, every evidence afforded by personal testimony of the weight of his example, is lovingly recorded.

Of his prose writings he set much store by his "Culture and Anarchy," attaching great importance to those chapters on Hebraism and Hellenism, as might have been expected, and the knowledge that the distinction there drawn met with the approval of so notable a man as the late Dean Church of St. Paul's gave him much pleasure; but the following passage from a letter to his mother, written in 1869, is interesting as revealing a new quarter in which the book found sympathetic readers: "I heard the other day from Morier, the British Resident at Darmstadt, that Princess Alice is quite fascinated with my 'Culture and Anarchy,' uses all its phrases, and knows long bits by heart. The Crown Princess is now reading the book. You will see that it will have a considerable effect in the end, and the chapters on Hellenism and Hebraism are in the main, I am convinced, so true, that they will form a kind of centre for English thought and speculation on the matters treated in them."

Fifteen years later, when cheap editions were being issued of "Literature and Dogma" and "God and the Bible," he sends a copy of the latter to Professor C. E. Norton in America, "because in preparing it for the press I seem to find in it some chapters to be the best prose I have ever succeeded in writing."

The mention of America at once recalls his visit to that country in the winter of 1883-84 to deliver a course of lectures in various cities of the United States. They were an immense success, and the gratification he felt at the reception everywhere accorded to him is expressed in all his letters to his relatives and friends at home in England. But what gave him most satis-

faction were the indications that his writings were leavening the minds of the more thoughtful American public, as he says in one of his letters to his sister: "What strikes me in America is the number of friends 'Literature and Dogma' has made me, among ministers of religion especially, and how the effect here is conservative;" and again, in another letter: "'Literature and Dogma' has certainly done good here in New England; at a critical moment it has led many back to the study of the Bible, and has given reality to the study of it."

The letters in these two volumes addressed to personal friends are few in number compared with those written to members of his own family, and the majority of them are to three correspondents only—Lady de Rothschild, M. Fontanés, and Sir M. E. Grant Duff. To M. Fontanés he seems to have written at regular intervals, sometimes in French, sometimes in English, on many interesting topics—the state of public affairs in England and France, notable English books which he wished his friend to read, news of friends dear to both, as Dean Stanley; of such matters, in short, as would tend for intellectual and spiritual purposes to bring England and France into a closer bond of union. To Lady de Rothschild some charming letters are addressed. She was throughout one of the most consistent and sympathetic readers of his books, and it was to her that he owed an introduction to some of the most prominent men of the age, including the late Lord Beaconsfield and others. Being thus brought into touch with the centres of political life, the letters make it clear that he strove to improve these opportunities by pressing home upon those responsible for the administration of public affairs such reforms in the matter of education as his large practical experience, no less than his reflections upon the principles of the subject, seemed to him to be necessary. In other directions, too, he worked for the good of his countrymen, and his love for his country was deep and sincere, as is unmistakably expressed in several letters. The following extract shows in what direction he wished to help her forward: "That England may

run well in this race (*i.e.* of the nations and men who have carried the intellectual life farthest) is my deepest desire; and to stimulate her and to make her feel how many clogs she wears, and how much she has to do in order to run in it as her genius gives her the power to run, is the object of all I do."

To Sir M. E. Grant Duff, a friend whom his poetry won for him in his earlier life, he imparted his views on subjects of religious, political, and social interest, with digressions every now and then of a botanical nature. For flowers of all sorts, but especially wild ones, Matthew Arnold had a great fondness, and this friend induced him to carry his interest a step further, and acquire some scientific knowledge about the species, which added greatly to the interest he took in the American flora when he visited the United States on his lecturing tour, as his descriptions in his letters home to this friend and his sister, who shared his love of flowers, sufficiently prove.

During the long journeys on the Continent, which his official work sometimes compelled him to take, as well as on the occasion of the visit to America, his love of Nature comes out in the descriptive sketches, taking the place of a more formal journal, which he wrote to the various members of his family at home; and a strong historic and antiquarian sense (always traced to his father) is evinced in the references to the famous cities in which he happened to stay. These letters, as might be expected, are not without their record of the trials and sorrows incident to our common humanity, and it is here that the spirit of fortitude and resignation, which he had not cultivated in vain, found ample scope for its exercise. To a tender and affectionate parent like Matthew Arnold the loss of three sons must have been a heavy grief. In the letters which have reference to these sad events he places a rare self-restraint upon himself. But the feeling breaks out occasionally, and when the last of the three boys died at Harrow in 1872, a letter to his mother on the subject of his loss closes with the words: "I cannot write his name without stopping to look at it in stupefaction at his not being alive."

That the poet of the "Forsaken Mer-
man," who could write the letters to his remaining son and two daughters which find a place in the second of these two volumes—letters playful, tender, and unselfish, as if the obligations of love were all on his side—should carry the same spirit of kindness into his work of school inspection will occasion no surprise; and the following extract from a letter to his mother, dated December, 1867, is an eloquent comment on his ruling principle, "The great thing is humanity": "What I like best is such a letter as I saw the other day to the Council Office, not meant for me to see, from a teacher defending his school against a severe report of mine. He finished by saying that he had not a word against the inspector, whom he would rather have had than any other he had ever come in contact with, 'as he was always gentle and patient with the children.'"

In conclusion, we rise from the reading of these letters with the conviction that in them there is unfolded the character of a genuinely good man. More nearly confined, as the majority are, with the exception, perhaps, of Cowper's "Letters," to the circle of home, they exhibit to us one who was admirable in all his family relationships, bestowing upon those who were connected with him by ties of blood or friendship such an amount of unselfish affection as only a truly loving and lovable nature can impart or receive. In his public official work of thirty-five years we see him ever striving to realize the Englishman's highest conception of duty, and helping on the cause of education in this country, both elementary and secondary, by his writings and personal influence upon the various leading public men with whom he was brought into contact.

In speaking of his literary life as a whole, the eulogy which he pronounced on his friend, Arthur Hugh Clough, at the conclusion of his "Lectures on Translating Homer," at once occurs as the most just and natural tribute that can be paid to his own unique gift. "His interest was in literature itself, and it was this which gave so rare a stamp to his character, which kept him free from all taint of littleness. In the

saturnalia of ignoble personal passions, of which the struggle for literary success, in old and crowded communities, offers so sad a spectacle, he never mingled. He had not yet traduced his friends, nor flattered his enemies, nor disparaged what he admired, nor praised what he despised."

Who can doubt but that the prayer to the Spirit of the World, with which he concludes his lines on "Heine's

Grave," was largely fulfilled to Matthew Arnold?

May a life
Other and milder be mine !
May'st thou a mood more serene,
Happier, have uttered in mine !
May'st thou the rapture of peace
Deep have embreathed at its core ;
Made it a ray of thy thought,
Made it a beat of thy joy !

—*Gentleman's Magazine.*

SOME FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

BY WEMYSS REID.

THE irrepressible globe-trotter, who believes that a sojourn of forty-eight hours in any country entitles him to pronounce an authoritative judgment upon its social and political characteristics, is hardly an admirable character. But that there is something in first impressions—even the first impressions of the merest outsider—is undeniable, and occasionally the fresh view of things familiar to others which is taken by such a person may have a certain measure of interest. Thus it was my fortune, the other day, to pay a flying visit to four European capitals which I had never seen before ; and though my glimpse of St. Petersburg, Moscow, Stockholm, and Copenhagen was nothing more than that of the mere tourist, it taught me some things which I had not learned from my visits to all the other capitals of Europe. The Baltic and the countries which border it are becoming as familiar to the English holiday-maker as the Mediterranean was twenty years ago. Every year two or three yachts, conducted on the co-operative system, visit the Gulfs of Bothnia and Finland, and give their passengers an opportunity of seeing more of Northern Europe than could be seen by any, save a few adventurous travellers, even so recently as thirty years since.

My co-operative yacht was the *Garonne*, a fine vessel of about 4000 tons burden, in which I steamed out of the Thames on the 25th of August last, "bound for the Baltic Sea." The company on board consisted of about

ninety men and women, and one charming little boy. We belonged to different sections of society, and included the representatives of all professions save that of the Church—a rare omission, I am told, in these voyages. For a whole month we remained together in the close confinement of a ship, and for that space of time we constituted a little cosmos of our own—one which loomed so largely before our eyes for the moment, that the outside world seemed to be practically banished, and the small events of our daily life on board assumed proportions of historical importance. It is not a bad thing for the toil-worn man or woman thus to escape from the environment of everyday life, and to find a new and peculiar environment, which, though for the moment as engrossing as any other, is dropped as easily as an old shoe when the cruise is over and the tourist steps ashore once more. That there were degrees of congeniality among the members composing our little company need hardly be said ; but like gathered to like as the voyage proceeded, so that there was social as well as physical recreation in the brief holiday. One further remark must be made before I dismiss the subject of the *Garonne*. Nothing could well have exceeded the attention paid to the comfort of the passengers by those responsible for the management of the cruise. If each of us had been a millionaire travelling in his own private yacht he could hardly, in some respects, have enjoyed greater attention and comfort. The food, too,

was so excellent that even the attractions of the best restaurants of St. Petersburg and Stockholm were readily put aside in favor of dinner on board ship. I need say nothing of the convenience of carrying one's own home, one's own little bed-room, from place to place, and of thus being spared the usual disagreeable attendants upon foreign travel—the packing and unpacking, the change of beds, and change of servants. Every yachtsman knows the luxury which this implies.

The Baltic Canal was the first novel sight presented to the passengers on board the *Garonne*. It was one which exceeded the anticipations of most of us, and especially of those who are acquainted with the more famous canal of Suez. The magnitude of this engineering work is, indeed, hardly realized by those who have not seen it for themselves. It is some fifty miles in length, has a breadth of 197 feet at the water level, and of more than seventy feet at the bottom, while its depth is twenty-nine feet and a half. It is thus capable of accommodating even the largest German man-of-war. There are several bays on the route where ships of this class can pass each other, but the canal itself is wide enough to permit two mail steamers of ordinary dimensions to pass without difficulty. The only locks are those at the entrance to the canal from the North Sea, and the exit at Haltenau in the Bay of Kiel. Four lines of railway cross the canal, and two of these do so on viaducts 138 feet above the level of the water. The scenery on either bank is varied and picturesque, thus presenting a marked contrast to the monotony of the desert through which the Suez Canal winds its dreary way. Indeed, there are portions of the route where woods and trees, handsome villas with sloping lawns, and picturesque villages remind one strongly of the Upper Thames, so that we had the sensation of steaming on a 4000-ton vessel past Taplow and Henley. No ten hours of our trip were passed more agreeably than those which were occupied in traversing this remarkable water-way, the commercial prosperity of which is not, I am sorry to say, equal to its undoubted strategical value.

Three days after leaving the canal we cast anchor in the Roads off Kronstadt, seventeen miles below St. Petersburg. No one was allowed to land here, but it was possible from the deck of the vessel to form some idea of the immense strength of the forts which guard this portal of the Russian Empire, and render it impregnable to any ordinary attack by sea. At Kronstadt many hours were spent while the Russian police officials were engaged in the idle task of examining the passports of our party. Four gentlemen in uniform came aboard the *Garonne*, took possession of one of the saloons, and devoted themselves to the work of examining our papers. They brought with them certain huge books like ledgers, presumably containing the names of all those persons whose presence in Holy Russia is not desired. To these they referred constantly, but they did not make the slightest attempt to satisfy themselves that the passports they examined really belonged to the passengers. Their interest apparently lay solely in the papers themselves, and a dozen Nihilists, provided they had succeeded in obtaining possession of passports belonging to other persons, might have ventured into Russia with impunity. The absurdity of the passport system needed no better illustration than this. The examination concluded, the *Garonne* steamed slowly through the dangerous and inconvenient ship canal, and, entering the Neva, cast anchor almost in the heart of the city, opposite the Admiralty Pier. I know of hardly any city in Europe which can be approached so closely by an ocean-going steamer as St. Petersburg. It was as though our vessel, sailing up the Thames, had come to anchor immediately below Westminster Bridge.

Of the ordinary sights of the Russian capital it would be idle to speak. That which impresses the visitor at first sight is the stately breadth of the long streets and the sombre dignity of the palaces and public buildings which abound on every hand. The great gilded domes of the churches naturally attract attention; more, however, by their novelty than by their beauty. Architecturally St. Petersburg may fairly bear comparison with any of the great Continental

capitals. Its aspect is more substantial than that of Paris ; it is more uniformly dignified than Vienna ; it is in most respects incomparably superior to Berlin. The Nevski Prospekt, in its summer aspect, was somewhat disappointing. One must see it in its winter dress, when a thousand sledges are gliding over the hardened snow, in order to understand why it has been so loudly praised. In September it is merely a crowded street, where tramcars, droskis, and private carriages, are incessantly passing to and fro. The shops are excellent, almost as good as those of Piccadilly or Bond Street ; but they contain nothing distinctively Russian. Shopping in St. Petersburg is, indeed, a delusion and a snare. September in the Russian capital is very much what September is in London. The palaces are closed, and the fashionable people are out of town. But even this hardly accounted for the fact that not a single well-dressed man or woman was to be met in an afternoon's walk in the whole length of the Nevski Prospekt. The absence of well-dressed women, both here and in Moscow, was, indeed, remarkable. On the other hand, there were no signs of extreme poverty. One saw no rags or wretchedness, like that which meets the eye so frequently in London, and the only sign of the existence of that rigorous despotism of which we have heard so much was to be found in the law forbidding women to travel outside the tramcars.

St. Petersburg has so short a history that its points of historical interest are few in number. By far the most interesting buildings in the city are the hut of Peter the Great and the old fort of Peter and Paul with its adjacent cathedral. In the little wooden house in which the great Emperor lived while the foundations of St. Petersburg were being laid, religious service is carried on by relays of priests day and night from year's end to year's end ; and what is remarkable is the fact that devout worshippers are never wanting at these services. When I visited the place, in the early afternoon, the Emperor's bedroom, which is now used as a chapel, was crammed with kneeling worshippers, belonging chiefly to the poorer classes, while a crowd waited

outside for admission. But I am told that even at the dearest hour of the night and in the most severe season of the year, worshippers will always be found here, praying for the repose of the Emperor's soul. The house itself is singularly small and modest, but Peter's sitting-room contains some fine pieces of furniture, as well as the chair, made by himself, in which he sat and worked. The evil fame of the great fort of Peter and Paul has gone forth through all the world. Everybody has heard of the tortures endured by untried political prisoners in its damp and pestiferous dungeons. It was a relief to learn that at the time of my visit it did not contain a single prisoner of any kind. It would be an impertinence for a mere outsider to draw any conclusions from a hurried visit as to the political condition of the empire, but the fact I have mentioned deserves to be noted. The cathedral, which stands within the gates of the fort, is the burial-place of all the Czars, with one exception, from Peter the Great downward. Within and without it is guarded by soldiers, and always there is a crowd of reverential sight-seers passing among the tombs, and kneeling and crossing themselves before them. What is specially noticeable in this great mausoleum is that the tombs of the Czars are all exactly alike in appearance, and that all are of the plainest and simplest description, a mere rectangular sarcophagus of stone, with a brass plate bearing the name of the ruler who sleeps beneath. Many of them were covered with wreaths of flowers, some of which had been freshly placed there. The tomb of the last Czar was almost hidden beneath the floral tributes which President Faure had brought from grateful France a few days before I visited the place.

Perhaps the most interesting spots in St. Petersburg to the traveller of to-day are those connected with the grim tragedy in which the life of Alexander the Second came to so sudden a termination. I saw the palace, in a side-street off the Neva, which he built for the Princess —, and which he quitted on that fatal Sunday afternoon in order to transact business at the Winter Palace only a few minutes before he was struck

down. On the spot where the assassination occurred a great church is being built, and is now approaching completion. Among the unequalled collection of gorgeous state carriages, dating from the time of Catharine downward, the simple brougham in which he was riding when the bombs were thrown is still to be seen with its shattered woodwork and torn cushions, and beside it is the small sledge on which his mangled body was carried to the Palace. The Russians speak of the tragedy in the most natural way, with unaffected horror and pity, and to the passing stranger they make light of the danger of any recurrence of crime of this sort. That is as it may be. All I can vouch for is the fact that the present Emperor not infrequently walks unattended in the streets of St. Petersburg.

It is seldom that the confirmed globe-trotter meets with anything that surprises him. Moscow, however, was to me a real and great surprise. I had thought of it, as I imagine most of us do, as the decaying capital of that older Russia which is passing into the stage of tradition—a sleepy old-world city where ancient customs and national usages still survived, and little beside was to be met with. I found it a huge city, numbering nearly a million inhabitants, where, side by side with the traditional usages of old Russia, and, above all, its external devoutness of carriage and demeanor, is to be found the most marvellous development of industrial and commercial enterprise and activity. The streets were as crowded, and as full of bustle and life, as those of London or Manchester; the groves of tall factory chimneys enveloping the suburbs reminded me of Birmingham. The markets were filled to overflowing, both with merchandise and men. The shops were certainly not inferior to those of St. Petersburg, and everywhere there was the bustle, the unending activity which bespeaks the existence of a great community engaged in the full work of life. It was only slowly that what I saw enabled me to realize the truth about Moscow—the truth that it is no city of the dead, no relic of mediæval times, but the living capital and centre of a mighty nation, which, though

it may wall itself in against Western ideas and manners, has an overflowing life of its own, and an energy which it is expending freely in a thousand different directions. Those who seek to realize what Russia really is, and what enormous potentialities of growth and development she possesses within herself, must go to Moscow. Here, on what we regard as the extreme confines of Europe and of European life, is to be found a vast mart and emporium, little, if at all, inferior to any commercial centre of the West. Even granting that Russian industrial and commercial enterprise is brought to a focus here, and that we cannot judge the whole country by this one city, it furnishes abundant evidence of the fact that the Russian people are still in their prime, if not in their youth, and that no man can yet fix a limit to their future development in power, civilization, and wealth.

Of the ordinary "sights" of the place I need say nothing. The Kremlin has long been regarded as one of the wonders of the world, and those who are most familiar with other lands will be the least likely to dispute its claim to this distinction. Its towers, churches, palace, and public offices form a group absolutely unique in picturesqueness and splendor. The vivid coloring which under another sky and amid different surroundings would seem barbaric in taste, only appears to add to the peculiar beauty of the scene; and even towers and spires of brilliant green or deepest blue do not jar upon the eye of the spectator. It is curious, in these days of a Franco-Russian alliance, to enter the Kremlin between a thousand French guns, the trophies of the great war, now ranged in long lines against the ramparts. But the Russians are justly proud of 1812, and there is nothing which they like better to exhibit to the stranger than the quaint bedroom in the oldest portion of the palace where Napoleon slept on the night when Moscow was devoted to the flames, and the narrow staircase up which he climbed in order to see with his own eyes the destruction of the city and of his own empire. If the story be true that after looking upon that terrible sight he dropped his portfolio, contain-

ing important papers, as he descended the staircase, it would seem that even his nerves were shaken by the spectacle of awful ruin. The wealth of the churches in the Kremlin is notorious; but they must be seen in order that a right impression of that wealth can be formed. It is staggering, for example, to find that the walls of the Cathedral of the Assumption, where the Czars are crowned, are lined from top to bottom with graven silver, while more than one of the Icons are loaded with jewels of fabulous value. There is nothing, indeed, that impresses the tourist in a first glimpse of Russia, more than the enormous wealth which is lavished in the churches. Nowhere else in the world is to be found a similar display of silver, gold, and precious stones. If only the Russian were not the most devout of civilized men, he would have in the treasures of his churches a "war chest" that would equip him fully for a great campaign.

It is not in the older churches only that this display of riches beyond the dreams of avarice is to be met with. The modern Temple of the Saviour in Moscow is probably the most costly religious edifice that has been raised in any part of the world during the present century. Its actual cost in hard cash is estimated at two millions sterling, and the whole of this enormous sum has been raised by voluntary subscriptions. The paintings which cover the walls and ceiling of the sanctuary, and which are scattered over the whole building, are by the greatest Russian artists of our time, and some of them are of most striking merit and beauty. Here also, as in the older buildings, silver and precious stones are employed with a lavishness that suggests the possession of unbounded wealth. I attended the Sunday morning service at this church and watched the gorgeous and dramatic ritual—far more impressive and spectacular than anything to be seen in the Roman churches. The vast building was literally filled to the doors by a most devout congregation composed almost exclusively of men, of whom few seemed to belong to any other than the working class. They stood patiently for hours while the service proceeded, and whatever one might

think of their intelligence, it was impossible to doubt the reverence with which they followed the words and gestures of the officiating priests.

This brings me to one of the most noticeable of the outward aspects of Russian life as it is seen in Moscow—I mean the apparent devotion of the people to their religious duties. There are many hundreds of churches in Moscow, and there are thousands of Icons publicly exposed, some in little chapels of their own, others simply affixed to the walls of houses or towers. No real Russian—or at any rate no one belonging to the masses—will pass one of these holy emblems without uncovering his head and crossing himself after the fashion of the Greek Church on his forehead and breast. It seems as though half the time of even the busiest persons in the city must be spent in these external acts of devotion. I began one day to count the number of times my driver uncovered his head, crossed himself and murmured a prayer, but gave it up when he had done so ten times in a quarter of an hour. When being driven by this man, I stopped at a shop to make some inquiries. No sooner had we halted than he leapt from his seat, ran across the Square in which we had paused, and prostrating himself before an Icon began to pray fervently, his bare forehead resting upon the stones of the pavement. Imagine a London cabman thus engaged! From morning till night, and even from night till morning, these public acts of worship were being performed on every side, in every street, at every corner, by rich and poor, young and old alike. I have seen Turks at their worship in the streets of Stamboul and Smyrna, and Arabs, regardless of passers-by, gravely prostrating themselves on the pavements of Tunis and Tangier; but nowhere have I seen anything to approach the universality of this public demonstration of religious fervor. Doubtless those who have lived long in Russia have become used to it and no longer regard it as remarkable; but to the man who sees it for the first time it is astounding and bewildering. And it is by the side of these fervent acts of worship that one has that roar and rattle of commerce and business

which remind one of Manchester or Liverpool when passing through the streets of Moscow. Truly there are some aspects in which Russia, at first sight, presents an appearance that is unique.

The civility of the people of all classes to the stranger within their gates cannot be surpassed. And yet along with their constant desire to oblige, their meek docility and their good temper, there is a settled melancholy on their faces which produces a most depressing effect upon the visitor. Nobody smiles, laughter is never heard—prayers and business seem to engage the attention of all. I went through the Great Foundling Hospital, where on an average 2000 women are confined every year in secret wards, and where 15,000 infants who have been abandoned or surrendered by their parents are annually received. Despite the care and the kindness lavished both upon mothers and infants, the universal cleanliness, and the really liberal scale of management, this great hospital furnishes a painful spectacle. One cannot walk through the wards, filled with these wailing infants, born to shame and poverty, without asking one's self whether this is after all the highest development of rational philanthropy, this preservation every year of thousands of lives to swell the great army of want and suffering. Yet it must be acknowledged that the Russians go almost to an extreme in their desire to mitigate the miseries of illegitimate child-bearing. A mother, if she desires it, can be engaged as nurse to her own child in the hospital, and is actually paid for suckling it. Poor feeble, stunted, prematurely aged mothers! With their toil-worn faces, and humble downcast demeanor, they presented even a more painful sight than the innumerable babies did.

It is a far cry from Moscow, with its pathetic contrasts and strange significance, to Stockholm. We seem to have come back to the real world of to-day again when we step ashore on one of the beautiful islands on which the capital of Sweden stands, and enter the bustling streets, where music and laughter and song and dance seem to accompany every hour. Stockholm unfor-

tunately has been spoiled, for the present at all events, for the traveller. It is no longer the simple inexpensive place that it was of old. A great national exhibition has been held there this year, and the natural results have happened. Prices have gone up everywhere, it has been difficult to procure accommodation, and all the noise and confusion of exhibition time have pervaded the place. But nothing can really destroy the brightness and the beauty of the gay capital of the North. Here there is none of the apathetic docility, the subdued melancholy which are the prevailing notes of Russian life when seen from the outside. We are among free men, conscious of their rights; the drill-master is unknown, and everybody lives his or her own life as seems good. Theatres, shops, restaurants, parks, and even the exhibition itself, were all delightful, while the laughing good-temper was universal. A royal bride was brought home to the Palace of Stockholm during my visit—a daughter of the Crown Prince of Denmark just wedded to Prince Carl of Sweden. She was received with a demonstration of loyalty that would have done credit to London in our week of Jubilee. Bride and bridegroom came out, after their arrival at the palace, upon the balcony above the great entrance, and 20,000 men and women saluted them with enthusiasm, though their cheers were not as the cheers of Englishmen. All the 20,000 waved their pocket-handkerchiefs with tremendous energy; the Prince and Princess waved theirs in response with no less vigor; the bands played, and the Life Guardsmen in their neat uniforms made their horses prance and curvet nobly, while the sun shone down upon one of the fairest landscapes in the world. It was like a scene from an opera, and gave one the cheeriest impression of the good temper and kindly relations of rulers and ruled in Sweden. A jubilee fever had possession of the Swedes, as of ourselves in the beginning of June. Good King Oscar, kindest and simplest of monarchs, whose favorite utterance is said to be, "I know I am a King, but I am also a man," was about to celebrate his twenty-fifth year of reign, and everywhere

throughout Sweden and Norway preparations were being made for the event.

The chief charm of Stockholm lies not in the city itself, but in the delightful excursions by water which may be made in all directions among the fiords in the midst of which the capital is situated. One perfect day's excursion of this kind will long linger in my memory. I noted one thing in the course of this excursion that deserves to be mentioned. Our little steamer carried the mails, and when it reached a landing-stage one of the men went ashore with the letters. These he placed in a little box on the pier. The passers-by opened this box, which was not locked, turned over the letters it contained, and selected their own. A more informal post-office it would be impossible to imagine. Happy the country where such absolute confidence can be reposed in the honesty of the people! It will interest English readers to hear of one institution that flourishes at Stockholm. This is the English Society—an association or club ninety per cent of whose members are Swedish ladies and gentlemen, who admire and wish to study the literature and history of this country. The Society has its own rooms, and one of the rules is that nothing but English is to be spoken within them. It has a supply of English newspapers, books, and magazines, and holds periodical meetings at which discussions of English questions take place. I was invited to visit this interesting institution during my stay in Stockholm. I wonder if in all London there is a corresponding society devoted to the study of Swedish books and institutions. I doubt it. One other note must be made before I say good-bye to Stockholm. The cabs of the town are now provided with a most ingenious mechanical apparatus which tells the passenger, not only how long he has been riding and how far he has travelled, but the exact amount of the fare he has to pay to the driver. There are consequently no disputes between drivers and their fares in the Swedish capital.

The island of Gothland at which the *Garonne* touched after leaving Stockholm is historically interesting because of its capital, Wisby, one of the great centres of the Hanseatic League. The

walls and towers which enclosed Wisby at a time when it was the chief commercial emporium in Northern Europe still stand almost intact. Within them the town itself has withered away, dwindling in size with the loss of its trade and commercial importance. Of the many splendid churches it once possessed, only one remains in perfect preservation, though the ruins of the others are full of interest. Grass now grows in the streets, and the mulberry trees flourish where once the merchant adventurers of Europe held their own against Norse pirates and mediæval tyrants. But the place is eminently deserving of being visited by those who take an interest in the history of Europe, and to a nation of shopkeepers like ourselves, this city, which was the foster-mother of the world's commerce in the North, as Venice was in the South, has a special claim to respect.

Copenhagen is still, of all the European capitals within easy reach of London, that which receives the fewest visitors from England. It is difficult to say why this should be so. No doubt as a capital it is dull—devoid equally of the grandeur of St. Petersburg, the teeming business life of Moscow, and the gayety of Stockholm. When one wanders through its homely streets and empty squares, it is easy to understand why to princes and princesses accustomed to a fuller and more brilliant life, Copenhagen should be somewhat distasteful. But it has special charms of its own that ought to attract the traveller. He can buy many things here more cheaply than anywhere else in Europe—more cheaply even than in London. He will find excellent restaurants and fairly good hotels. The Tivoli Gardens form an institution which could only flourish in a community which has not yet been spoiled by the growth of luxurious living and the development of the love for display. They reminded me of the Cremorne of my youth—but a Cremorne free from dissipation, where high and low, old and young, enjoy themselves in mirthful innocence. The Thorwaldsen Museum is one of the great attractions of Copenhagen, and now there has been added to those attractions the remarkable new gallery of modern pictures

presented to the city by a private benefactor. Altogether a week may be spent very pleasantly in the Danish capital. Perhaps the most interesting feature of such a sojourn is the light which it throws upon the peculiar position of the Royal Family of Denmark and their relations with the people. When I was at Copenhagen, the Imperial Russian yachts, and the English Royal yacht, bore witness to the fact that the King and Queen were entertaining the Dowager Empress of Russia and the Prince and Princess of Wales. But a Royal visit to Denmark does not appear to entail the pomp and the consequent expenditure accompanying Royal visits in other countries. The members of the Royal Family, including those who are dear to all in this country, moved about freely, unattended, unmolested, unaccompanied either by the trappings or the fetters of their illustrious station. The palaces where they lived were like simple country houses, and even when in full occupation, strangers were permitted to wander through the parks and gardens attached to them. It would be difficult to imagine anything more simple and homely than this Royal life at Copenhagen. The eyes of some of the passengers on the *Garonne* were gladdened

one day by the sight of the Crown Prince talking, literally "over the garden wall" of his country villa, to a passer-by in the road. And yet with all this happy simplicity of life, it was clear that the dignity and importance of the family which has played so great a part in the recent history of Europe, were fully appreciated, and that no outward symbols of their position were needed to secure for them the respect of the nation. It was a curious fact that one felt that it was in Copenhagen rather than in autocratic St. Petersburg that the personal influence of the Monarchy was greatest.

A brief peep at Christiania—where of course it rained in torrents—and two days of an equinoctial gale in the North Sea, which tried even the most seasoned sailors on board, brought the *Garonne* back to Tilbury with such punctuality that, as the special train bearing its passengers steamed into St. Pancras, the clock showed the exact minute at which the official programme issued weeks before had stated that the tour would end. There the friends of a month's pleasant intercourse parted, with minds stored with new impressions, and in some cases with lives enriched by new friendships.—*Nineteenth Century*.

THE DREAM-SHIP.

I BUILT a little ship
 Out of my thoughts so fine,
 And in it swiftly sped,
 Cleaving the ocean brine.

Out of thy golden hair
 My nets all woven were ;
 And all my chosen crew
 Out of thy bright eyes grew.

There came a cruel storm
 And tore my white sails down !
 Alas ! unto the harbor
 I never can return !

—*Nineteenth Century*.

KAMBULA'S DEATH.

STANDING on the overhanging platform at the bow of his eighty-foot canoe, with some dozen of his warriors by his side and as many more on the stern platform, he was borne up and down in front of his village by one hundred stout slaves, wielding paddles whose beautifully carved blades, nearly four feet in length, were topped by another four feet of handle covered with coils of shining brass, copper, and iron wire, and surmounted with balls of ivory nearly three inches in diameter. Below these ivory balls were lashed two or three small iron bells. Inside the gunwales of the canoe were ranged the shields and fighting weapons of the hundred slaves, and a crowd of warriors stood between the two rows of paddlers. In the bow, close behind the platform on which stood Kambula and his braves, was the band, consisting of two huge wooden drums and several large ivory war-horns. Every warrior was decked with paint and feathers, and had a string of bells round each wrist and ankle; while the slaves at the paddles were similarly adorned with shells or rattling ornaments of large beads, and each had on his head a tuft of feathers. Truly, Kambula's war canoe was a spectacle worth seeing, and exceeded in grandeur all the other canoes of his fleet.

On the extreme end of the bow platform stood Kambula, a very Hercules in form, towering up in all the pride and beauty of successful manly strength. Round his ankles were castanets of small iron bells, and on his head the tall black and white cap of long-haired monkey skin, adorned with feathers and cowries. Over his shoulders flowed the royal leopard robe—the beautiful tail reaching nearly to the ground—forming a splendid contrast to the deep black and dazzling white of the monkey-skin cap, the long tail of which was allowed to hang gracefully down across the yellow and black spots of the lordly leopard. In his left hand he held his basket-work shield and a spear, on the lower end of which was an iron bell. On the under side of the shield were stuck several trombones, or throwing knives, and in his right hand he held aloft his beautiful ivory club, with which he beat time to the rise and fall of his hundred paddles. The other warriors were attired more or less in the same style, with the exception of the royal leopard-skin, worn by

Kambula alone. Amid the plaudits and shouts of the whole population, the fleet of canoes moved up stream to the head of the village, and there turned and paused in deep silence—Kambula's canoe, with crocodile-heads carved on either bow, being a little in advance of the rest. Thus they paused in brave array, the paddles holding back against the strong current, while the parrots screamed overhead, and the palm-fronds, stirred by a gentle breeze, rustled and waved under the fierce noonday sun, while the dark-brown river-flood scintillated and sparkled with the reflections from hundreds of spear-blades, bright as burnished steel.

Suddenly waving his war club above his head, Kambula stamped his foot on the platform of his canoe and gave forth a wild war-cry which instantly found an echo in a thousand dusky throats. Moved as by one impulse, every paddler in that fleet plunged his blade deep into the turbid flood; and with drums beating, horns blowing, bells and castanets ringing, they shot past the village at a speed which would rival the great white canoe of the "Tooca-tooca" (native name for white men), which is moved by chained devils goaded on by fire. An impressive sight, indeed, and worthy of the prolonged shout that greeted it as it shot past. A brave figure was the chief, as leading the fleet by half a length, he stood, foremost of all, on the very front of his bow platform, over the snouts of the carved crocodiles, his leopard skin flying out behind. Aloft he waved his club and shield while stamping time for his men with his castanetted foot, and shaking the bell at the end of his heavy spear. Crash go the stocks of the warriors' spears on the bottom of the canoe, drowning for an instant the deep boom of the war-drums and the loud bray of the ivory horns. Then Kambula, still stamping time, strikes up a fierce, wild, inspiring ballad, which is sustained by hundreds of voices. The slaves, keeping splendid time, stoop lower to their work, plunging their paddles harder and deeper as the martial music sweeps over the fleet. The long rows of dusky forms sway alternately down and up on either side of the huge dug out as the white foam rushes past, churned by hundreds of long paddle-blades rising and falling in steady cadence to the deep diapason of Kambula's war-song—

Cametë ionso Kambula iar,
Kambula, Kambula, dokélé;
Kambula shugua iartë iyo,
Dokélé, dokélé, Kambula.

Translation.

Kambula's warriors all go forth.
Kambula, O hail, Kambula!
Kambula brave he leads them on.
O hail, O hail, Kambula!

Thus did the chief of Yaponga go forth to war! Gayly down stream, with drum and horn and song, went that dusky army. Away round bend and down reach, and woe betide the Bahunga when they meet. After a time the song and music cease, and nothing is heard but the grunt of the slaves straining at their paddles and the swish of the water as it flows from the blades. Some miles below Yaponga they enter a long reach, at the end of which is a forested bend. Round this bend is the village of the chief Makuta, a friend and ally of Kambula. On entering this reach Kambula again struck up his war-song, and the fleet dashed gayly on, expecting to find the canoes of Makuta ready and waiting to go forth in Kambula's train to fight the Bahunga. Faster and faster went the paddles as they neared the lower end of the reach, faster did Kambula stamp, and faster flew the dug-out fleet, as louder swelled the music, till, with a shout or greeting they swung grandly round the bend and came in sight of Makuta's village.

A a-ah-h—the slaves dug their paddles deep and held firm as the huge dug-outs crashed into a disordered mass the churned waters surging nearly to their gunwales. There where Makuta's village had been was an open blackened plain, across which men dressed in white clothes were running and shouting. Ah—they were neither Makuta nor Bahunga. As Kambula paused and gazed, the white-shirted men gathered on the river-bank with long shiny sticks in their hands. They lifted these sticks, which spit fire and noise, and Kambula saw several of his warriors fall dead, or shrieking with agony. What could it be? Shouting to his panic stricken slaves, Kambula attempted to turn his fleet and paddle upstream, but again those cruel tubes vomited forth fire and death. As Kambula raised his arm to wave his war-club once more on high, he felt as it were a line of liquid fire pass through him, and fell to the bottom of his canoe with his life-blood spouting across his royal leopard robe. As warrior and slave continued to drop in quick succession, a dire panic fell upon the fleet. This was no human fighting; this must be Ibanza—fetish—and with wild plunges and jumps the canoes were deserted and drifted off down stream, while the poor Yaponga swam wildly through the storm of bullets to the opposite bank and wandered back in twos and threes, through miles of forest to tell the sad tale of how Kambula died.—*Gentleman's Magazine.*

MINIATURE PAINTING: ITS PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE

FOR nearly two hundred years England stood in the proud position of producing artists who practised the beautiful art of miniature painting with great success, and who brought it to a pitch of perfection that it has never obtained in any other country. As far back as the sixteenth century we find that the artists generally expressed themselves by painting in oils and opaque color. Some few of their productions were marked by great refinement and delicacy; but it was only toward the middle of the following century that the practice of painting in transparent water colors on ivory became the general method of painting for miniature portraits. The art reached its greatest perfection toward the end of the last and the beginning of the present century. At that period artists of the very highest ability often made it their principal study. Miniature portraits were the fashion,

and no family portrait gallery was considered complete without a series of these lovely little pictures. The success of the great painters and the growing demand for miniatures gave rise to a long succession of imitators whose works were marked by a sad want of knowledge in drawing, therefore the portraits they produced were utterly bad in every sense of the word, so that the introduction of photography came as a welcome relief to the patrons, who were only too glad to avail themselves of the opportunity of obtaining a more faithful likeness at a more moderate cost. In fact, photography became the rage, and the public flocked in thousands to have their portraits taken by a new mechanical process; and while those who practised the black art made their fortunes, the miniaturists starved. After a short period many of the artists, as well as the business men, saw the money there

was to be made at the new craze, and improvements were rapidly made and the different processes simplified. Competition then became keen, coloring the prints and retouching the negatives were introduced, and a new generation of what might be termed second-rate artists came into existence, and if it had not been for the encouragement given by the Royal Academy (who still reserved a small space at Burlington House for miniature portraits) the art would have been extinct. A few years ago colored photographs were seen almost everywhere. Many of them were fairly well executed—artists of more ability were employed to paint them, but as they seldom, if ever, received the credit for their work, and therefore only had small remuneration for their services, they began to pay more serious attention to their art training, especially to painting small portraits, as to them it seemed to be the best way in which they could utilize the knowledge previously obtained in purely photographic work. Some few of these artists who had real ability, and who devoted themselves to serious work, have been able to throw over the yoke of photography and have commenced painting fairly good miniature portraits, although the major-

ity are still more or less dependent upon the aid they receive from the camera. We have heard many complaints lately, that the miniaturists of the present day are far too apt to accept this aid; and one cannot help feeling that this is very much due to the fact that so many have served their apprenticeship as photographic colorists, instead of studying direct from life. But at the same time we must bear in mind that this same photography has certainly improved actual portraiture, and when these artists fully realize that the more mechanical art is not only a very good servant, but also an extremely bad master, then we may expect to see them producing far better work. Thanks to the general spread of art knowledge, the public are beginning to understand that a colored photograph, however well finished and beautifully stippled, is never a miniature; also time has fully proved that these productions are too often apt to fade, therefore no one is surprised to hear that they now prefer going to the artist for their miniatures instead of to the photographer. The success achieved by the Society of Miniature Painters at their late inaugural Exhibition in Bond Street fully proves that this branch of art is becoming more in favor every day.

A RAPPING AND TALKING TABLE.

THE varied applications of electricity in the present day surely put to the blush the deeds of wonder of the old magicians, as well as those of the modern prestidigitator. The following describes a piece of electric apparatus for an entertainment in parlor-magic, namely, a rapping and talking table. It is an ordinary small table or stand with a rather strong top, having in the middle a circular hollow surrounded by a ring shaped one. The whole is covered with a plate of wood about one-eighth of an inch thick. The foot of the table is hollow, and has at its lower end a little chamber in which is hidden a Leclanché element, and which is accessible by means of a lid. From the battery two wires lead to two springs; these again press against two half rings of metal, which are so fastened inside the top of the chamber that when the element is in action there will be an electrical contact with them. They are in connection with two wires that lead from the foot of the table upward. One of these wires is connected to a notched metal ring that lies in the ring-shaped hollow on the table-top; the other connects

with one end of an electro-magnet coil in the middle of the table-top. The other end of this coil is in electrical contact with a flat metal ring that is fastened to the thin wooden cover of the table-top directly over the notched ring, without touching it. If the open hand be now placed on the thin wooden layer directly over the two rings, the electric circuit will be closed and the electro-magnet will attract its armature, which is fastened to the thin layer. This makes a loud rap, and when the circuit is broken there is another rap. Of course the movement of the hand must not be perceptible. Each of the wires that lead upward through the leg of the table is also connected with a longer wire that leads through the lower end of the leg. Both of these are so arranged that they may be led underneath a carpet or rug and connected to a telephonic transmitter in another room. If the transmitter be now spoken to, the table will serve as a telephonic receiver and reproduce the words, much to the mystification of the uninitiated.

—*Der Stein der Weisen* (Vienna).

